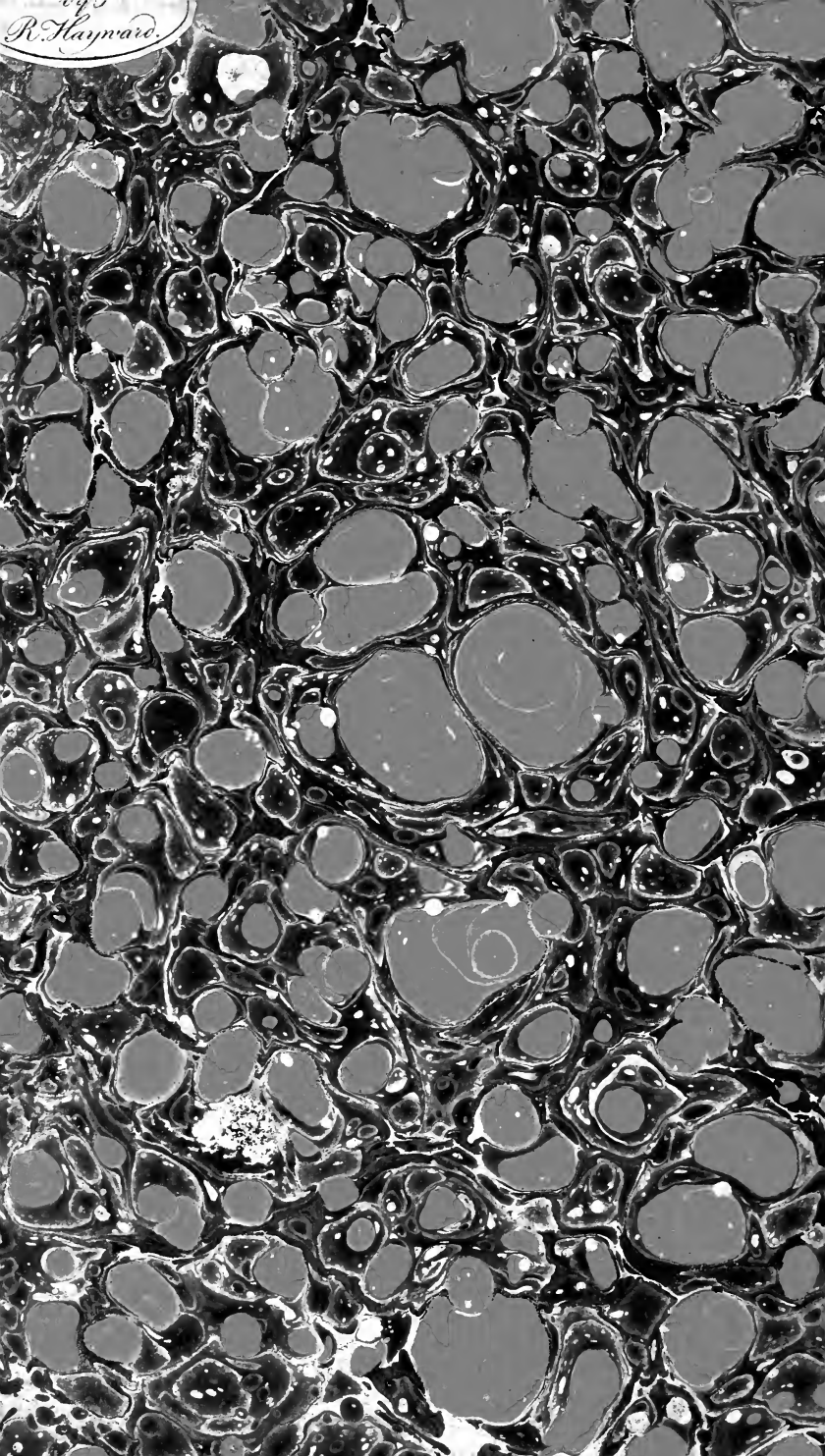
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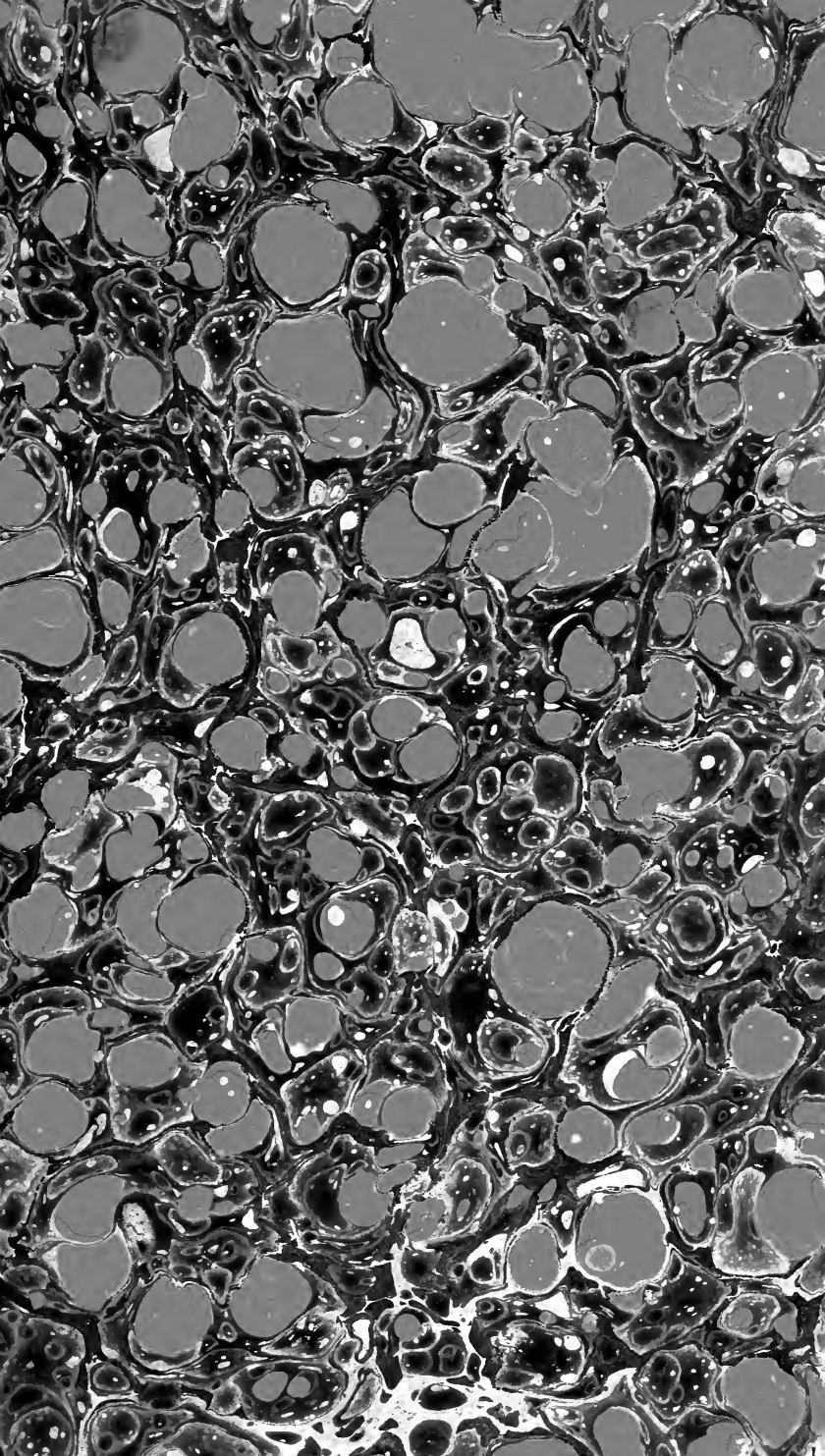

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ROSANNE;

OR,

A FATHER'S LABOUR LOST.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

LÆTITIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

Oh! quanto erra colui che'l mondo in guida
Prendesi! Ed a che strazio ed a quai pene
Ed a qual morte va che a lui si fida! FILICAJA.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,
NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1814.

A good mind easily amalgamates with religion; but one soured by discontent, or agitated by turbulent passions, will admit nothing exhilarating.

BIDLAKE'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

There is no virtue more amiable in the softer sex, than that mild and quiescent spirit of devotion, which, without entangling itself in the dogmas of religion, is melted by its charities and exhilarated by its hopes. COWPER.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH-LAURA,

COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE,

These Volumes,

HUMBLY DESIGNED TO POINT OUT,

THOUGH

BETTER ILLUSTRATED BY

HER LADYSHIP'S EXAMPLE,

THE INESTIMABLE ADVANTAGES ATTENDANT ON

THE PRACTICE

OF

PURE CHRISTIANITY,

ARE

RESPECTFULLY, AND WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF ESTEEM,

INSCRIBED,

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

LÆTITIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It must appear very presuming and very obstinate, and whatever it ought not to be—to persevere in an error which has not escaped detection, discussion, or reproof—and an error so easily corrected as that of using characteristic, or, as they are otherwise called, ‘ caricature’ names, for the personages of a work of moral fiction. The practice has been stigmatized as ‘ vulgar’ by one friend;—by lips of softer expression—but in phrase of nearly similar import, —as ‘ diminishing elegance.’

Disposed to profit by even negative instruction, there are yet some doubts to be removed; — and presuming, which will hardly be denied, that the poor creatures—the actors and interlocutors of a drama—must have *some* names, it would be kind in those who may object, to state from what source, not liable to objection, they might be chosen.

Perhaps some readers might suggest a regular march through the alphabet, on the initial and

blank-and-dash system, with reduplications as required, such as are the pointers to multitudinous notes. Blanks are confessedly of great use in pressing human inquisitiveness into the service of virtue, where attention is to be awakened; but, as Mrs. —— most admirably remarked of a work where this practice is very predominant, 'It is impossible to feel any interest in a narrative, when one is told only that R—— has cut his finger, or P—— has got a sore throat.'

The options, in a search of this kind, appear to be—Real family-names—Invented names—Characteristic names.

Now, against using the first of these, many are the objections. A work designed to correct, must be, in some measure, a work of reprehension;—and if we calculate the danger and the cruelty of an unfortunate dispensation, and the probability that some or other Mr. or Mrs. Smith or Johnson might possess precisely the failing aimed at, no considerate person—no one tender towards his own fallible species, would advise the bold adventure.—If the chances of escaping are thought in favour of the trial, let experience be heard, and it will be found that

pain has been inflicted, and subsequent caution taught.

Invented names must be creations or combinations. — Creations want usage to reconcile the ear to them—combinations may, through ignorance, turn out family-names. Of names invented, there is another subdivision,—into such as, giving a hint of character, are nearly synonymous with those decried, and such as consult only the tender ear of the reader:—the former may offend by rough associations of consonants, which distress in pronouncing, or excite ridicule by improbable sounds, which surprise in listening.

But in consulting the ear, it must be confessed, that there is a better chance of pleasing than is offered by any other mode of selection; and few would, perhaps, find fault with pretty names, elegant names, noble names, grand names, even did these qualities exist only in the fancy of the eye or ear: here, indeed, another regard interposes—a regard challenged by the writer, and arising out of a contempt that cannot be disguised, for all the meretricious arts of literature.—Where religion, common sense, firm principle, incontrovertible truth, and real

example, form the source from which instruction is conveyed, the recommendations to be borrowed from sounds are as little thought on as the colour of an orator's robe, or the frame of a first-rate picture—let each of these be but proper, nothing more is asked; and, where to do good is the sole aim, the mind disdains low praise for minute attentions—it cannot wander from its purpose even for the length of a word.

But the attractions of a corrupt species of literature—the impassioned love-story, and the unprofitable imitation of inanities of polite life, are, however a better taste may be assumed, still in force: the censure itself proves it; and, making the practice of such writers the standard, conformity to it is demanded of those whose humble endeavours are rather calculated to make their fellow-creatures feel the momentous importance of an hour, than to help them to pass it insensibly.

It is surely unfair to impose on such as would guard the inexperienced, the trappings of those who would allure them. In every other undertaking, something is allowed to harmony of style, and something to the taste of the artist; and to the style here adopted, which is nothing

above the familiar—and the taste of the writer, which is of the plainest description—similar concession is humbly requested. In works where refinement extends to syllables, the story is the principal—in this it is the subordinate part, and of use only to take off the dry didactic appearance that might alarm the patience of those for whose advantage it is chiefly designed—without it, indeed, it is to be feared, the precept might be addressed to the winds, or submitted merely to the *criticism* of the reader. The sketches are exemplifications, and serve to give animation to truth; and it is in them that the names objected to, find their proper use and place—they are in harmony with the subject, and the slight colouring bestowed on it—they cost no labour in the search—they present themselves with the object—whereas, were prettinesses sought for, an hour might be spent in deciding, and then a week in wavering; and by placing, displacing, and replacing, the reader might find his favourites begin their existence in one family, and end it in another.

But this point has been settled, long ago, by an authority that cannot be disputed; and the admission of it requires only an adjustment of

the species of literature in which a work like this may be classed. Every one acquainted with criticism, will place it in the rank of 'Comedy.' We may subdivide it, and consider part of it as entitled to the appellation of 'Genteel comedy,' part to that of Farce—still it is of the class of Comedy; and speaking of that sort of composition, Donatus, the learned commentator on Terence, says expressly, that the names used in it, ought to have a reason and an etymology *.

If a comic writer of another sort be an authority, we have Cervantes; and as defence against the heaviest part of the censure, it is to be observed, that till the sentimental comedy took place of the more humourous, characteristic names were always adopted. Every personage in Ben Jonson's inimitable 'Volpone,' has its appropriate designation; the Vulture, the Raven, the Crow, the Fly, hover round the Fox;

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* Nomina personarum in Comœdiis duntaxat, habere debent rationem et etymologiam. Etenim absurdum est, Comicum aperte argumenta confingere, vel nomen personæ incongruum dare, vel officium quod sit a nomine diversum. Hinc servus fidelis *Parmeno*, infidelis vel *Syrus* vel *Geta*, miles *Thraso*, vel *Polemon*, juvenis *Pamphilus*, &c.

TERENT. Adelphi, Not. I.

and even the young gentleman has his characteristic name: and whatever may be objected to his lower performances, in this, at least, without any diminution of the classic elegance of the drama. And if modern refinement is pleaded against the practice here justified, it should be remembered, that Miss Allscrip, in a comedy which was extolled, quite as much as it could merit, by the world of fashion, is a compound of the cant name of two of the public funds.

But, however firmly a stand may be made against imposed obedience to a denied authority in a matter of form, the confidence extends no farther. It is with a very contrary feeling that this work is offered to the public—it is in the dejecting consciousness that a subject has been chosen demanding far greater powers, more extensive information, more continuity of thought —in every way more intellect than will be found in it. The discovery was made too late to retract; the mortification attending on it can only be consoled by seeing some abler writer undertake that which has been, in spite of every deficiency, an employment of exquisite delight—the recommendation of the fear and

love of God, as an interwoven principle of human actions—as the best guide through the cares of this life, and the noblest incentive to seek the happiness of that which shall succeed it.

ROSANNE.

CHAPTER I.

Colonel Eugene died, having bequeathed to his widow the guardianship and care of their only child, a boy 'of great promise;' but who, not having completed his eighth year, promise what he might, was not, even by his admiring mother, judged quite equal to the guidance of himself, though his father had, indeed, spared no pains in making him 'a manly boy,' by introducing him amongst those of his convivial associates who were best qualified to efface the characteristics of childhood.

He was now what devouring sisters call a 'nice boy,'—what grandmammas call 'a fine boy,'—what their maiden daughters call 'a genteel boy,' and the married ones 'a darling boy,'—while fathers have their comfort that 'the young dog' has a little of 'the pickle' in him;—for, according as the various hues of natural character appeared to various by-standers, he was judged; and the mode of education under which he was rearing, was admirably suited, like the plumage of a dove's neck, to make beholders

doubt the testimony of their own eyes,—a puzzle easily contrived, where one parent says to a son, 'You must rough it through the world,' and the other recommends whatever can render the journey smooth and pleasant.

The colonel had seldom, when not in a rage, used any severer admonition to his son than 'Please yourself.'—It would, perhaps, have been too much to have added, 'and you will please me;'—for it has seldom been found that children on whom the first part of the injunction has devolved, have been able to accomplish the second.—'Please me, and you will please yourself,' an experienced parent would say;—and the trial is worth making: but the inversion of a moral axiom, like that of a pyramid, is not the best position for keeping things in their right places.

On this insulated system of self-pleasing, Frank Eugene had enjoyed many indulgences as a child, which, though perhaps contributing as little to his happiness as they did afterwards to his comfort, were of importance, by sparing him the vexation of contradiction, and the trouble of overcoming it. But whatever these effects or advantages, they served towards the formation of a character; and, like a dutiful son, he never lost from his memory the recollection of his father's standing order, 'Please yourself.'

Nor was the colonel backward in affording

Frank such assistance as might make his duty to his parent a pleasure to himself. He would, with those contortions of delight which accompany the success of a new and daring project, tell Frank in his babyhood to send away his 'nasty beef,' and bid his mother give him some nice white chicken, intimating that she was saving it for herself, and that such had been the way, more or less, of all women, ever since he knew them;—and, dear good man! so consistent was he, that but a few months before his death, on Frank's spirited refusal to sit at a side-table, he had settled the matter by saying, 'Then you must put on a good face, and shove yourself in amongst us (1).'

Such a plan, forwarded by Mrs. Eugene's occasionally entreating guests not to eat of certain dishes, 'because they were bad for Frank, and if he saw them eaten without his partaking he would cry,' might have already produced striking effects, had they not been counteracted by the ebullitions of insane anger which the young gentleman had to endure from his father. Not recollecting, probably, that a child never contradicted, can seldom be justly punished, the least inadvertence would, at times, draw down on Master Eugene expressions little short of execrations. The cane, the horsewhip, the any thing at hand, were reason, argument, repre-

(1) See the Note at the end of the Chapter.

hension; and the spoiled boy experienced severities unknown in more efficient discipline.

Again, however, with equilibrium as nice as that of water, the matter adjusted itself: the colonel never failed, with humility almost amounting to a confession of error, to ask Frank's pardon, and to beg a reconciliation, after every infliction of corporal punishment (2).

Why did he do this? Did he think himself wrong?—no: but he was fearful of exasperating his son, and losing what he had seen other parents gain by filial affection. And to this cowardly selfish fear is to be referred not a little of the prodigious solicitude just now in fashion to preserve the love of children.

What will be the harvest reaped from this mode of culture may easily be computed, by those who will take the trouble to observe what conduct most certainly wins the respectful affection of young persons, and who are the instructors most esteemed by them.—Not the too indulgent—not those who are the most lavish of praise—not those who seek popularity in the nursery or the school-room; but those who, listening to the dictate of an upright conscience, do their duty, fearlessly towards their fellow-creatures, fearfully towards a higher Power, deferring all hope of gratitude till their benefits have made themselves felt, and they themselves are out of hearing of all acknowledgment. 'T is not,' said Priscilla to Hebe, 'what you think of me *now*, that I regard: it is, my child, what

you shall think of me, if you recollect me, in the last hour of your life: then, and then only, you will estimate justly my care.'

And it is no hazarded observation to remark—it is the voice of experience that sanctions the remark,—that in the government of children, and the management of servants, nothing succeeds so well as a fair intelligible plan of justice, not submitted to their criticism, but operating to their advantage. Of this the son and the hireling can, with equal acuteness, judge; and the return from the mind of either is the same: but wherever, to save the trouble of learning to do right, we are content to be indiscreet —wherever indulgence is substituted for strictness, and a false balance is adjusted by a bribe, respect, esteem, deference are gone:—every motive becomes suspected—every obligation comes as 'tribute to whom tribute is due;' and the countenance will scarcely conceal contempt, while the hand is stretched out to receive (3).

The 'poor dear colonel,' when he had, as he said, half ruined himself to please Frank, was not a step nearer success: he wondered how he could have failed; he was, 'by all that was sacred, most extremely astonished, and much surprised, that his boy was not as affectionate as the young Gunbys; for he was sure he had ten times more bestowed on him:—he must inquire a little how the Gunbys were managed; for he began to think he could not get on much longer

on his own plan, or rather Mrs. Eugene's plan, for if Frank was spoiled, and he began to think he would be, he should always say it was her fault.'

This was a little hard upon 'poor Mrs. Eugene;' for though she had had her notions as to education, 'she was perfectly satisfied they were the best that could be adopted,' and 'were they more general,' she was convinced 'we should not hear of so many men who were bad husbands, bad fathers, bad sons.' She had always thought 'our passions and our feelings were what we ought to be guided by;'—nay, if they were not given us for this purpose, for Heaven's sake, what were they for?' She doted on feeling; and now that the 'poor dear colonel's untimely death had left her a forlorn widow, she should act so by dear Frank, as to lead him by his feelings; and by engaging them on her side, 'make herself his confidante in the more formidable reign of the passions.' Mrs. Eugene, 'poor woman!' did not suspect that she meant only to be her son's prime minister for life. She thought herself at least a second Cornelia.

Perceiving, to her great encouragement, that the feelings of her son were more than ordinarily or controlably strong, she had, in the short space of her widowhood, done all that suggested itself, by which she could add to their force. 'Quick feelings,' 'strong feelings,' 'impetuous feelings,' 'natural feelings,' and 'gentlemanly

feelings,' were, as occasion offered, themes of her eloquence and applause. Rewards and indulgences attended every proof her own Frank's good heart gave her of his possessing 'those treasures of life, without which existence was a desert.'

Lest the direction how to go right should not be clear enough without another how not to go wrong, she was equally forcible in expressing her disapprobation and contempt of those whom she named 'the whole corps of oysters,'—into which unsocial band she enlisted all 'the people of bread-and-cheese notions, who lived by clocks and bells,'—all 'the vulgar herd who lived in dread of death and the devil,'—all 'the common-place characters who were content with being content,'—and 'all the pusillanimous œconomists who, in fear of Christmas bills, gave neither balls nor suppers (4).'

But Mrs. Eugene, now called out to anxious cares, rested not her son's success on one class of recommendations. She had distinguished him, even in his nankins, from other boys of his age and pretensions. She intended him to take the lead in 'all that distinguishes the man of fortune and of talent;' and stirring up, to the best of her abilities, whatever emulation, envy, pride, covetousness, and selfishness, 'flesh is heir to,' she had the satisfaction of seeing him all she could hope, considering his years and a little opposition she had not been able to overcome in

her mother, who was Frank's godmother, and who had insisted on the dear boy's being taken to church, and brought up 'not quite like a heathen.'

Perceiving too, at the end of the year of widowhood, that 'poor Mrs. Eugene' was hurrying into every folly that could lead her to an early grave, the old lady had likewise insisted on Frank's being removed from the irregularities of London and a consumptive mother's embraces, to the discipline and more salubrious air of a preparatory school in the country, from which he might be, in due time, transplanted to the higher institutions of the kingdom. Mamma tried to compromise, by an offer of taking him into the closet of the chapel-royal whenever it happened that she was well enough to go herself, and ordering the Bible to be read in the open air of a street-garden, thirty paces in length; but it would not do:—the old lady was a very Mrs. Shylock, and had her money in her own power; and Mrs. Eugene had no other resource than obedience, palliated by every excuse she could find for detaining 'her beau' from his studies (5).

Delighted with being amongst boys, and with the novelty of stimulations, Eugene made all his tasks amusements; and regarding the precepts of the drill-serjeant and the manœuvres of the catechist, as affording equal opportunities of exhibiting his prowess, he soon gained

applause for his precision of movement and his promptitude of reply. The drilling required no commentary; but the usher's business was not finished when the verdict 'Good boys' exempted the catechumens from pains and penalties. An amplification of a commandment, or an impressive reference to the summary of Christian duties, as the rule for our action, was a part of the teacher's spontaneous labour; and Eugene's quick perceptions were gratified by the seeming discovery of latent evil in things accounted indifferent. He was convinced that the usher was 'a capital clever fellow,' and in his first visit at home, felt at once disposed to inform his mother of what he reasonably imagined new to her, and to bring her practice to the test with which he was so recently become acquainted.

Mrs. Eugene listened eagerly to the speaker if not to the subject, and suffered 'the dear boy to amuse himself his own way, and to fancy himself vastly wise.' In his hearing she uttered his witty speeches, even when they were not compliments to herself; and on his asking when she had taken pains to inform him of the motives to playing games of chance, whether this was not, *after all*, 'coveting your neighbour's goods,' she was convinced she had 'a second Daniel' for a son. She protested that he would cure her of saying naughty words, and writing letters on a Sunday: but she was mistaken: the only effect produced, was the excitation of a question in

Frank's mind, whether there were any 'capital clever fellows in girls' schools.'

Grandmamma died, and Mrs. Eugene, convinced that she had made every effort in her power, could part with Frank no more. Bribed to be quiet at home, he soon began to doubt whether the usher was indeed such 'a very capital clever fellow' as he had thought him. The matter was soon settled by his mamma's undertaking to prove that what he had taught him, 'any old woman in the parish knew long before.'

Nothing is so much to be relied on for producing shame, as the mention of an old woman; and, once brought into use, it was applied with the happiest effect, whenever 'Frank was wise,' till he left off wishing to be so.

He now reigned with perfect influence and no pusillanimous moderation over his feverish mother. The last of a numerous family, and inheriting the too common inheritance, alas! of heiresses, the maladies of many generations, she had been herself reared by care; and her pecuniary importance, and some clauses in her marriage-settlement, had made her husband continue that care.

Freed at twenty-eight years of age from restrictions which she thought unnecessary, and were always inconvenient, she got round her a set of flattering friends, who, without any serious intention of murder, but merely urged by the ordinary motives of society, prevailed on

her to ascribe her previous ill health to the restraint that had preserved her, and persuaded her to do what they might see she only wanted a pretext for doing. Under this guidance, she was, as she said, 'dragged out,' when she would not stay at home: she carried her sorrows to the card-table, and her cares to the theatre; recollected 'the poor colonel,' when the luck was against her, or the house thin; and comparing herself to Lady Randolph, led her young Norval down the dance, with the flushing consciousness that all eyes were upon the interesting couple. 'Lord! lord!' cried old Mrs. Crabtree, 'what is it people would not do, if they were but sure of being looked at?'

In these exertions, Mrs. Eugene closed her life; and if she had any consolation in leaving the world, beyond that of her uncle Mr. Bellarmine's accepting the charge of Frank, it was derived from the sensation her early death would excite. If she had not this, poor woman! it is difficult to find any she could have.

NOTES.

(1) 'I hope,' said the father of five children, 'my friend Muzzy's sons will bleed him of a few of his thousands.' The auditors of this wish were two young men just entering on the world, and whom it behoved to be prudent.

(2) It is earnestly requested that no compliment may be supposed due to invention in portraying Master Eugene's costume: he is dressed in nothing which has not been worn before.

(3) 'Now, I protest solemnly,' said little Harry's mother to him, 'as you are not up this morning by our breakfast, to-morrow you shall have none.'—'I commend you,' said her husband—'it is painful rigour, but it is necessary.' The good father, to support his wife's authority or her spirits, made a point of entering the breakfast-room, at the decisive moment as he expected to find it: when the first object that grieved him, was Master Harry embracing his bowl of milk with his left arm, and wielding his spoon with his right.—'My dear!' said the more judicious parent.—'Nay, do not scold me,' said mamma aloud—'it is such a dangerous thing to baulk children of their regular meals.'—'Should you not have recollected this before you protested solemnly?'—'Ah! I knew you would scold; but my Harry will be a good boy, and love his dear own mother—won't you, Harry? Come, let me kiss your dear pig's face, you little beastikin.'—Harry nodded a sneer to his mother; and his countenance said, 'I defy *you*, Don,' as soon as it was prudent to be brave.

(4) If ever a restitution of expressions is proposed, similar to that of the daw's borrowed feathers, some of these will be claimed by a celebrated parliamentary orator, who, invited with his bride to the house of an old friend, and, after great want of punctuality, being requested to name any hour of the day or night, when he should be at leisure to dine, replied, 'My dear Sir, it is impossible *we* can be tied down to such bread-and-cheese notions.' It is difficult to find a term by which to describe 'un-bread-and-cheese notions;'—but of these lawless professors of that which cannot be defined, it might fairly be asked, What fruit have ye now of those things whereof ye were then not ashamed? Does society forge any such shackles as such people rivet on themselves?

(5) It is to be hoped that the useful appellation borrowed from our *exemplary* neighbours on the other side the water, and designating a character not very analogous to that of this country, will never be dropped. There is but one lady amongst

us, and she, we may boast, is not English, who is privileged in saying, 'I must have *men* about me;' but we all can say, 'We must have *beaux*,' and this is, in many other instances, one of the great recommendations of the Gallic language. Things may be said, and *are* said in it, which, without this wrapping cobweb, would not be tolerated in good society. The convenience of the term here alluded to, was forcibly experienced by an excellent mother, who, careful to preserve a little girl of the best dispositions from the mischief of playfellows, kept neighbours and friends aloof, and at last yielded only to the admission of two little cousins, from whom nothing was to be apprehended. 'They were such nice girls! brought up under such a pattern-mother!' Visiting-day came; the delights of it commenced, but the city-mice were not interested in their country-cousin's sports and pastimes; they eyed mamma, and, under a pretence suggested by puerile craft, drew their little hostess behind a screen, scarcely reaching a situation of safety, before, in an audible whisper and ludicrous imperfection of speech, the elder said, 'Av you dot a beau? *My* ma' thaith we mutht all av beauth.'—'Come to *me*, my dear,' said mamma.

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG Eugene, now more than ten years old, was not insensible to his loss; but none of the feelings his mother had cultivated in his mind, applied to it: little, therefore, of his great-uncle's eloquence was called out to convince him that it was folly to grieve: he merely asked him 'if sorrow for his mother would bring her to life again;' and when the boy showed his knowledge of physics by answering in the negative, his relation commended his discernment, and drew the only just conclusion from the premises, 'that sorrow was useless;' to which, with the promise of a famous poney, and an observation, that, 'had his mother lived, she would have made a fool of him,' the young gentleman assented.

With his great-uncle, now become his guardian, Frank Eugene removed to Mr. Bellarmine's estate in one of the midland counties, where he was then living in all the enjoyments of which he was, by nature, taste, or education, capable, surrounded by a neighbourhood of field-sportsmen and 'excellent shots,' whist-players, duck-hunters, hard drinkers, and fastidious eaters. In his family he insulted all decency, by placing a housekeeper at the head of his table, a natural son at the bottom of it, and a daughter, very

slenderly related to her brother, at his own right hand; and this, not from any anxiety to lessen the disgrace his vices and follies had inflicted, but from thorough shameless insensibility, and with a view of getting rid of his illegitimate progeny on better terms, by showing that he considered them himself. The housekeeper ruled in more situations than at table: the young lady was indulged in dress and frivolous accomplishments, as a lure to such men as frequented his house: the son, shame to say! had been bestowed on the church, because there was a small advowson on the estate, for the vacancy of which he was waiting, in a pitiable state of dependence on a temper formed out of the dregs of all sorts of passions.

The ill humour of an old libertine is the only fragment of a ruined mind that can claim respect: it is the only proof of a rational judgment that has survived his practice. Self-complacency, whatever his natural endowments, would rank him with the lowest order of fools; whereas a good, hearty, consistent, never-failing quarrel with himself, shows that he has not made his election 'nemine dissentiente,' and that, of counsel against himself, he is of opinion with the better part of the world. So far, therefore, Mr. Bellarmine was a respectable man; but as the means he pursued to abate this self-hostility were exactly those most calculated to increase it, he was apparently and to common observation, rather wiser in theory than in practice.

At the time when his young relative became a part of his family, this illegitimate son, who had been just ordained, was enduring all that the jealousy of the housekeeper and the insolence of her sub-lover, the butler, who acted as 'maitre d'hotel,' could inflict on a feeling mind: nothing could be more precarious than his prospects; nothing could be oftener threatened than his future provision, and even his abode in the house; and had not the young man been early inured to hardships, his situation must have been intolerable; but he was useful, and he was endured; and he had been taught to know, that to be endured was the highest good fortune to which he could aspire.

To get rid of him during the age of boyhood, and to fit him, at the least possible expense, to be provided for in the cheapest way, he had been transplanted from his mother's lodging in the market-place of the next town, to one of those frugal schools in the north of England, whither parents seem allured to send their children, by the difficulty of seeing them, and the chance of their never returning (1). The science and practice of poverty were here taught to perfection, but without any blame attaching to the contractor. Parents were informed what could *not* be afforded, and all was afforded for which they stipulated. The discipline was of a very *wholesome* description; but time was not lost, pupils were not neglected, and it was altogether a

very proper place for boys circumstanced as was poor little Enos Lithe, who, designated from his mother, had been fairly registered in the squire's parish for what he was, and, as his father wittily observed, 'must make the best of it.'

Perhaps he owed much to the repetition of words, importing that he was to rely on nothing; for to no other species of exhortation could be traced a spirit of exertion and industry, which soon distinguished him, and in the course of a few years made him rather the assistant than the pupil of his master, who, kindly disposed towards him, was liberal of such advice as he thought most likely to be serviceable in his dependent situation. If it was advice rather suited to the bondman than to the free, the error originated in the small tract of observation allowed his instructor: he had seldom in those who 'went on the plan' of Mr. Bellarmine, seen any character but the oppressor; wherefore, and to do him justice, 'without making any extra charge,' he taught, on principle and with great success, the accomplishment 'submission.' There were not trees enough near his dwelling to allow of his pointing to the oak and the willow; and the fable is not in Phædrus; but he could, without the aid of allegory, and even without recollecting Prior's Merry Andrew, impress on his pupil's mind that admirable counsel,

'Eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue.'

Poor Lithe's usefulness was his fortune. In assisting others, he far more assisted himself; and though he could not, as in greater schools, *sell* his wits,—for here were none able to buy,—he *lent* them willingly, and, without usury, made large interest.—Removed to the university on terms of frugality that disgraced him, he felt the full value of his acquired habits of application, which stood to him in the stead of all expensive modes of passing his time, and when understood, conferred on him a credit even with those least like him, which he could not have purchased: he crossed no man's path; he came in no man's way: he made pretensions to nothing but what he saw, with few exceptions, under-rated; and submissive to all, and again useful to some, he was 'endured.'

All this had very duly and opportunely prepared the mind of poor Lithe to accommodate itself to Mr. Bellarmine's modes of life, without sharing in the vice of them, or showing offence at them, and to undertake, for no emolument but a continued endurance of him, the education of young Eugene, but it was undertaken under restrictions that ought not to have been imposed: he was to interfere with nothing but 'his books.' Such a fine boy was not to have his genius and spirit cramped by 'parsons' cant'—his morals his guardian would take care of himself, and manners were not to be learnt of one

who had been kept cheap at college, and had seen nothing of life.

With the power to do much and ably, Mr. Lithe was the slave of ignorance and inefficiency; and the subjugation could not have been carried further, without destroying those claims to respect which gave him the power to serve. But even from such situations, a sense of right and a free spirit will rouse a man; and he was not to be commended for his acquiescence, when, in relinquishing the care of his pupil's mind, he virtually agreed to see Christianity insulted, and to take no part in her cause.

But the injury to his feelings was greater than to his taste; and he still hoped his unwilling forbearance might be atoned for. He strove to under-rate his powers, and to persuade himself that, where he must not attempt, he could not have accomplished: he felt himself a slave, and he acted like one.

To a mind like this, the occupation of teaching a very well endowed boy was far from burdensome. Young Eugene soon did his tutor credit, and made him bless anew the master who had, by never sparing him, saved him from all the paltry necessities of sparing himself. His pupil was quick, sceptical, and shrewd, and any one detection of insufficiency would have forfeited for ever his respect, and freed him from all obligation to submit; but he had not yet been so fortunate as to find himself better in-

formed than his instructor; therefore he was content to proceed; and the gratification of his guardian's pride by his attainments, was another buttress to Mr. Lithe's confidence. But when the young gentleman had completed his fourteenth year, and Mr. Lithe began to hope he might be sent with him to the university in which he himself had gained applause, the predominance of the guardian's example, the company to which Eugene had been already introduced, and his ungoverned inclinations, though he looked with contempt on the coarse manners of the house, had rendered him scarcely a desirable charge to any man who had conscience: and Mr. Lithe had already prepared himself with terms on which alone he could accept the distinction, when circumstances taught him a new lesson—the folly of providing against that which may never happen.

The incumbent of the living on Mr. Bellarmine's estate died, and the patron being at that time absent from home on a shooting and convivial party, the pleasures of which Frank was to share, Mr. Lithe, having written a respectful letter announcing the event, was perfectly at leisure to build castles in the air, and to project his comfortable establishment in the parsonage-house, with a very deserving young woman, the grand-daughter of his old master, between whom and himself there was an understanding, tacit at present,—and, as they at least hoped,

suspected by no one: he had mused in the house, unconscious of the close of evening, till the servants had warned him of the hour of repose: he had worn the grass under a row of old elms till the earth was bare, deliberating how he should break to the several parties concerned, the secret of his love: he had fancied all obstacles removed: he had heard himself preaching from the now-vacant pulpit: he had warmed himself with the prospect of emancipation, of domestic enjoyment, respect, and applause; and perhaps all this had given an air of novel happiness to his features, when the old gentleman returned; —for he seemed to have particular pleasure in telling him of the insubordination of Eugene, which he laid entirely to his charge, and of the revenge he had taken by selling the presentation which otherwise he had, *as he said*, 'bonâ fide' intended for him.

The insubordination of the pupil had proceeded to the violent length of quitting a dull drinking party, whose low excesses every day disgusted him, with a dissipated young man, son to one of the members of it, and betaking himself when it was spring-tide with his purse, to London, under the guidance of his new friend; and in London he now was, irreclaimable by any of the menaces of his guardian, who, resenting instead of soothing, was beginning to reconcile himself to his absence, and to his going his own way to the dominions of Satan. But Lithe had

better feeling; and he, at his own risk, made a journey to London,—found out the truant,—and induced him to return.

'I will tell you what, Lithe,' said the old gentleman, when Eugene and he had shaken hands:—'you put me in mind of a thing I remember in London when I was a boy. A tyger had got loose at the Tower, and was running about on the tiles.—The officers on guard were told of it, and were humming and hawing in their wise way—for soldiers, you know, are always fools,—to think how it should be got back again; and lo and behold! in came the keeper's daughter, a nice cherry-cheeked young girl, and she says, "Now, gentlemen, only let me go up upon the tiles, and I'll fetch him down;"—and verily so she did: for she took a bit of meat to him, and he followed her like a lamb.'

In the humour poor Lithe was in, this was as acceptable an expression of gratitude as any other he could expect.

Eugene, in his little travels, had picked up a wish to attempt greater; and he now made it a condition of his good behaviour that he should be allowed to accompany the friend from whom he had been separated, to one of the then fashionable universities of Germany. To this, as his uncle knew, if possible, still less of German universities than of those of his own country, he made no objection, provided Lithe would

make one of the party.—This was arranged; and Eugene felt encouraged in stating his wishes, or rather his demands.

NOTE.

(1) 'Sir,' said a celebrated professor of one of the fine arts, to a friend who asked after the health of his family, 'I have lost two out of three boys—very fine boys—that I sent to a school where they take them at twelve pounds a year one with another,—Sir, they fed them with corrupt food.' Was the contractor the only aggressor in this instance?

CHAPTER III.

Arrived at that seat of learning, bearing the now mirth-exciting title of the U—niversity of Göttingen (1), Mr. Lithe was comforted under his secret sorrow by perceiving a pride which he was disposed to call manly and English, influence his pupil to distinguish himself. Perhaps he too precipitately concluded that a young man disposed to apply to his studies where the majority were idle, must be equally unlike them in other points of principle and practice. Lithe knew nothing of the world—how should he?—it is a knowledge that does not reside in the houses of those who fancy themselves the monopolizers of it merely because they dare run counter to all experience.—'T is not Anacreon's boast that he and he alone knows how to dispel the cares of life, enjoy its pleasures, and defy its pains, that can make Anacreon a guide to any good the world has to offer:—the means he discloses are not those which lead to the end proposed; and the lore of Mr. Bellarmine was no more informing, and something less elegant. Lithe was therefore easily duped, and persuaded that, while Eugene did him credit in the schools, he could nowhere discredit himself.

Finding in the then state of his mind, no gratification in the search for or participation of

amusement, he, as soon as the hours of study were over, committed the youth to his own keeping, or that of persons still less to be trusted, satisfied with telling him that 'he relied on his honourable conduct;' and happy when the door was shut with this disturbance to his bitter meditations on the wrong side of it, he spent in solitude and sadness those hours which if he had been capable of thinking on more subjects than one, he might have guessed were not the most profitable of his pupil's valuable time. Eugene had only at his return to find fault with the past evening, and Lithe's next dispatch home added this 'nice attachment to moral virtue' to his other excellent qualities.

In the track of German studies, Eugene could distinguish himself without effort: quick of intellect, rapid in committing to memory; presumptuous in conclusions, bold in assumptions, and stiff in opinions, he distanced all those who brought only common abilities, even if joined to industry, and needed but the vanity he possessed, to be talked of as a prodigy. To his fellow-students it appeared incredible that he should have time for pleasures such as he pursued;—the companions of his hours of relaxation wondered how he found leisure for study: he would have lost some credit had he boasted of what Nature had done for him—so he only smiled at their astonishment.

Taught by the power to please, the import-

ance of pleasing, he wore his distinctions with all the graces of condescension; and manners, naturally good, joined to a figure of no common character of elegance, and improved by all that his own taste and the profession of refinement could do, gave him every recommendation to favour that constitutes popularity. Flattery fixed him in this agreeable humour; and he was called 'the amiable Englishman,' till he learned that to seem amiable and to be English were means to some enjoyments from which those, even with superior claims, were sometimes excluded.

At the end of two years, he obtained, on his tutor's good report of him, his guardian's permission to visit not only France and Italy, but the higher classic ground of Europe and Asia, with his young friend and a favourite Cicerone. Lithe, now no longer wanted, was glad to be excused from rousing out of his increasing dejection, and fixed himself for life, by accepting a situation which afforded a subsistence where he was, and fortunately spared him the pain of returning to his dependence, and to that country where were now recently buried the remains of her with whom he had hoped to share an English parsonage, and who in silence and suffering had withered under disappointment (2).

It was as little in Mr. Bellarmine's 'way,' as he himself confessed, to direct his ward's conduct in his travels, as it had been to guide him

in his learning: his advice to him had always been of an indefinite description; and if it had any meaning, it meant that he should return home all that all persons had ever returned. His letters had begun about Locke and Newton, Bolingbroke and Fielding, Churchill and Pope, as objects of emulation: they had then diverged into hints for the character of 'a fine fellow;' then recommended respect for 'the old Dons;'—then perhaps prescribed good hours and healthy exercise, and inquired how he was mounted:—the whole concluding with an account of some monstrous excess, or of the changes in the studs or the inhabitants of the circumjacent country.

But once out of school, though he could not track his route, he was disposed to give his honest Frank what he called 'a little of his experience:'—and to do this, he had begun an affectionate epistle, when recollecting that 'his honest Frank's beat,' and that which had been his, probably lay a different way, he thought it prudent to consult a London friend, as to 'what was the mode just then;' and with only the trouble of transcribing the reply to his queries, he could then name that intellectual posture-master, the late Earl of C——, and the female sex in general, as the only guides to this world's good things. Against any error in what he did not fully comprehend, he secured himself by adding affectionately, that he had only to refer to his own judgment, and he would learn what

would please *him*,—he did not want him to be 'an old woman:'—he would have him 'think for himself,' and 'not led by the nose by priests and book-worms;—every man had a right to his opinions, and an Englishman most of all:—he would have him believe in nothing till he understood it, and was satisfied it was true; and on this principle, as he should be very sorry to see him return from foreign parts a papist, he thought he had better let the churches alone, and lay them aside till he was settled at home; for he was sure it was better to have no church than a bad one; and he did not think there was any good to be found in that line where he was.'

Assisted by this luminous guide, his own strong powers, a spirit of victory, and a conscious superiority, young Eugene availed himself of the authority of travel, which stamped him of the world, and its highest departments; and he returned to England to take possession of his own property, which, with the habits he had formed, some debts he contracted, and the scheme of life he had intended to pursue, was not large enough to make him forget the relation in which he stood to Mr. Bellarmine. He had in his absence done nothing to offend him, and he presented himself before him, whatever could gratify his pride in general; for of the detail of his pretensions the old gentleman was but an indifferent judge; but his friends

and associates admired the young man, and hearing that 'he ought' to be proud of him, and being propitiated by his exterior, his satisfaction was not disturbed.

Presuming, as indeed he might, that the world was a very different thing at that time from what he knew it when at Frank's age, and not choosing, as he said to his confidential friends, to appear 'snuffy,' and 'be left behind in the basket,' he, as soon as he could catch the tone of his nephew's opinions, whipt before them, and tried to lead a trump higher than any in the hands of the tutors whom he had quitted, by advancing scepticism and infidelity into absolute bravado, and a disregard of the opinions of the world, into a contempt for that of every individual (3). The ale of the country had, on Frank's arrival, retreated before the French wines of the recondite cellar; and not to disgrace his polished nephew, was a new and anxious solicitude; in like manner the coarse wit, the roaring jokes, and the unveiled immodesty of his table, now were banished for a more refined ridicule of whatever restrains the decent, or is prized by the judicious; and though some of the veterans of his chosen band showed themselves shy of 'Monsieur,' and declared their aversion to 'a thing neither French nor English,' their places were soon better filled by persons of the travelled man's society, who did more honour to the taste, if not to the morals, of the

host. Their encomiums on the liberality of a great-uncle increased the folly they flattered; and Mr. Bellarmine, at the head of his table, and at his years, was not ashamed to recommend as duty, the indulgence of vicious inclination, or to refer to the spite and envy of 'the black sheep' of his country, the party made against the great charter of mankind which gave them perfect freedom of sentiment, conversation, and action.

If it be true, that 'conscience makes cowards of us all,' there must be a large part of the world doubly cowards; for there is about certain persons, who perhaps are not aware of it, a power of control over others, against which nothing but virtue itself will stand. The man who storms abroad, shall at home be under awe of one who ought to fear him:—a querulous wife, a spoiled child, an ill-ruled servant, nay perhaps the peevish temper of something raised by caprice from penury, shall condemn to silence and servility, the Thersites of a neighbourhood; and were the ruler of a family to be sought, in many houses it would be found of a far lower rank and importance than 'the little boy in the cradle.' Mr. Bellarmine, who in his neighbourhood as a magistrate, a landlord, a master, was sufficiently tyrannical, seemed subservient to his nephew: he was all eyes, all ears towards him: in private and in public he was sure of his approbation, his

commendation, his concurrence—why so? Why, Mr. Bellarmine knew that in Frank's absence he had married his kousekeeper, and he was afraid Frank would be angry. And, in truth, he was not absurd in his apprehensions; for as soon as he had disclosed the mighty secret, which was of itself coming out, and notwithstanding some expressions of contrition and remorse which he hoped would weigh with his relation, Mr. Eugene, shocked at the disgrace which now so peculiarly affected his rising reputation, betook himself to the oblivious pleasures of the metropolis, with a resolution, delivered in a very 'becoming' tone, to 'cut the connexion.' It was in vain that friends attempted to expostulate—there was nothing risked by it, for the increase of family was daily expected.

NOTES.

(1) See the incomparable parody of a thorough-German tragedy in the 'Anti-Jacobin,' one of those invaluable productions, which, while they made us laugh, contributed to save us as a nation from revolution, and as accountable creatures from the worst delusion. It is to be hoped that nothing will ever again recommend into fashion the corrupt part of German literature. There is enough that is innocent, if not very informing, in the language, without resorting to the luscious lore of a heated imagination; but we must not listen to those who, agreeing in the just condemnation of that which the Anti-Jacobin holds up to ridicule, make an exception for the writer of 'The Sorrows of Werter,' or even of 'Oberon.' The author who has once written licentiously, can

claim no confidence when he writes otherwise, therefore he can have no credit. And where there is even no intention of doing harm, there is in the works of some German writers a consequent mischief, which perhaps they did not suspect. The Idylls of Gesner will not lessen a parent's trouble, or promote a daughter's happiness.

(2) In portraying the catastrophe of poor Lithe's honest love, it is impossible not to call to mind the many instances of similar fate. It is undoubtedly the duty of a moral writer to lean to the side of parental authority; and the happiness of young persons is not disregarded in this tendency; but no authority can deserve support when it ceases to be merciful; and whoever has witnessed the arbitrary disposition of parents, when pride, ambition, a spirit of hostility, or perhaps only caprice, has made them oppose the wishes of a son or a daughter, will be cautious of deciding that gray hairs must give wisdom. Few sights are more melancholy than that too often to be seen, a young woman, worn out in attendance on peevish old age, and refused permission to marry, till at length, youth, beauty, and health will stay no longer, and she is, by a hard-earned victory over obstinacy, or the more merciful interposition of a death she still bewails, allowed to enter on the duties of a station requiring the prime of life, the skeleton of departed charms, without spirits to enjoy her emancipation, or vigour of constitution to rear a family. A daughter has, after an unreasonable father has reduced her and a worthy man almost to the grave, relinquished all hope of ample fortune, and eloped at forty, to live on a hundred and fifty pounds a year. And the forgiveness of an union which unfounded prejudice alone had opposed, has been made to depend on an heir to an estate!—Do not such parents create the disobedience of children?

(3) In an age certainly not deficient in the great duties of beneficence, it is matter of regret to see what may be called a Birmingham-imitation of charity obtruding, and, though

not intentionally, obstructing the operation of what is good by denying the existence of what is evil: those who have no other desire than to assist the diffusion of the only solid happiness this world can afford—the hope of obtaining the approbation of God—are considered as the gloomy spies of human nature: what they assert as fact, and subscribe with their name, is denied and questioned by anonymous censors; and it is supposed that they read the record of frailties with a magnifying-glass. The consequence of this will be, if any consequence is allowed it, the lessening the authority of exhortation. That we may not be deemed *liars*, we shall be content to be *triflers*; and that must pass as, at best, but agreeable fiction, which is plain matter of fact. Mr. Bellarmine would speak to much more purpose, if he spoke his own language, or even that but last week uttered by a descendant of a man who, as far as finite judgment can decide such a point, was 'meet to be called an apostle.'

CHAPTER IV.

In London, Mr. Eugene found the importance of all that nature—for we must not talk of Providence—and education, and himself, had done for him. He had visited Paris, indeed, at a period too early for the advantages it afterwards had to communicate; but still it was at no bad season. Voltaire's apotheosis had taken place, and he and the other legislators of infidelity had laid trains, of which they had calculated the explosions; and in waiting for which there were amusements well suited to a mind formed or biassed like that of Frank Eugene (1). Every thing was, even then, tending to what we have witnessed, and it had his best wishes; and the intimacies in which he had lived, and the opinions he had had opportunity of establishing on the closest observation, though the former were with persons of the most dangerous principles, and the latter utterly unfit for an Englishman to profess, gave him a high reception amongst those who, like sparks flying off from a central heat, are distinguished only by their efforts to abandon the source of their existence (2).

To introduce himself to general favour and particular attention, Eugene had every mean that vanity and ambition could covet: he bore about him, with all the external recommenda-

tions of a man of high fashion, and the advantages of youth, a character of good fortune, a sort of luckiness that made many decline competition, and leave him to walk over the course, in pursuit of pleasure, or the gratification of pride. To symmetry of person, powerful agility, adroitness in what is useful, and taste in whatever can adorn, he added ardour and confidence; and fluency of speech attending on his wish to stand well with the world, he obtained, amongst his own sex, the distinguishing appellation of 'the accomplished,' and with the other sex the more significant title of 'the irresistible' Eugene: he bowed to the former; he smiled at the latter.

The first impressions which his mind had received were not yet effaced: Mrs. Eugene might have recognised her dear, interesting, attaching Frank, in the accomplished and irresistible Eugene. She had intended, indeed, in referring him to his own feelings for his guidance, to teach him, or at least to give him a hint, to consider those of others; and fancying herself securing his tenderness if she could render his affections very susceptible, she concluded he must be amiable if she laid him open to all those weapons which are directed against an amiable character.

But it is one thing to feel, another to feel in the right place, and still another to feel in a proper degree; and as her directions were ge-

neral, they were, in these two latter points, sometimes defective. When once those feelings took a wrong inclination, or became diseased, all their energy was converted into evil. On this system, therefore, Mrs. Eugene's dear Frank was, notwithstanding his natural endowments and finished polish of manners, still a humoursome child, who set his heart, at best, on comparative trifles, and listening unconsciously to the echo of his mother's injunctions, would go further than a wise man to buy—that very undesirable commodity—repentance.

His associations with his own sex were of the most elegant kind: the politics, the diplomacy, the literature, the arts and sciences, the amusements, the follies, and vices of European capitals, furnished his ideas, and rendered his conversation brilliant and attractive; and consequently, or of course, in the season of engagements no one was so deeply bespoken as 'the accomplished, irresistible Eugene.' Open to all, easy to all, putting every one in good humour with himself, he attracted good humour to him; and sufficiently versatile to leave every one something new and almost paradoxical to say of him, he was compared to a dish seasoned to the palate of every guest; and his company was sought as the 'bocca dolce' of the day.

But in his female friendships he was less facile: here he had a style from which he never

departed; and though he received with grateful humility, the incense whose vapour floated round him, it could never intoxicate his senses or warp his feelings, which, still true to their first direction, allowed not a moment's regard to any principle but that of pleasing himself.

There have been travelled men, who, returning to their country after a long suspension of its domestic comforts, have seen again, with very favourable dispositions, the females of Great Britain; but Eugene had not yet learned to prize domestic comfort. He talked of love, he sung of love; but he meant to be understood as meaning passion existing for a time without a determinate object, seeking, hovering, and at last alighting, yet still wayward, fickle, and prone to new pursuit. It was lyric love: he hoped in sapphics, he desponded in alcäics, he resented and flew off in iambics; and with a bias that had corrupted even his studies, Greece in its subjugation and effeminacy became the fancied arena of his delights. He wooed an ideal Aspasia, languid, delicate, soft, accomplished, learned—devoted to the consolation of man, of one man, and that man Frank Eugene: he painted her to his vision in rainbow-colours on a cloud, and he gazed on this variegated phantom of a heated imagination, till the harmonious colouring of the Divine Artist, and the blended tints of his handmaid Nature, were dead shades to his sight: he

had, in truth, spoiled his taste when he fancied himself refining it: he talked of sublimated effervescence, and did not recollect what sublimation will bring out, or that, with regard to the world into which he must descend from his sublimation, he was talkingthe most puerile but not the most harmless nonsense.

The search for an Aspasia was not so intense as to leave no leisure or destroy inclination for minor pursuits, bearing the same proportion of worth to legitimate attachments, as does the factitious bijou of the lapidary to the production of the earth; but they served to keep life from stagnation; and as they were not impeded by the fetters of human or divine laws, they were, of course, pleasant.

'But come,' said good old Dr. Justamond, when Frank Eugene was severely *discussed* in his hearing, by two ladies who had intended to be his uncle's heirs, 'I demand mercy, though I offer no palliation, for Eugene. If you can prove that any body ever took the pains to put him in the right way, I leave him to your plucking; but if you cannot, excuse me, if I save my unqualified censure for those who have had every thing done for them, and yet are of no higher a rank in worthiness. I should turn your indignation on myself, were I to name your favourite young Malpas as a man whom I see with less pity. Do not tell me of his good heart; 't is filled with popular affectation—he *knows* the will of God,

and takes care we should know that he does—more pains could not be bestowed on a lad's moral and religious education than were on his; and though they were somewhat counteracted by the unfortunate death of his worthy father, and the pitiable state into which his mother sunk, there is no excuse for Malpas: he had had eighteen years of information and example; and he chose to become blind and ignorant, or rather to sin with his eyes open. Now, for Frank Eugene there is this to be said: he had a fool for a father, a sentimentalist for his mother, a brute for a guardian, and a slave for a tutor; and excepting the short period you allude to, when he was at a baby-school, I know no opportunity that he has ever had of hearing by chance who made him. If ever he did get so far in ethics as to learn that robbery and murder are sins, I should think he must have made good use of opportunity: he will never be avowedly atrocious, because there is in his mind an equipoise of false notions; but yet, I think, there is that in Frank, which might, under very, but it must be *very* judicious management, bring him right. It must be female influence: much rests with the woman whom he marries.'

Eugene had indeed formed his opinions in a great measure for himself: his mother could not add to the 'Please yourself' of the colonel, any other axiom than the 'Consult your own

feelings' of her sensitive school; and whatever the contempt he entertained for his great-uncle's experience of the world while training in his house, that sentiment was harmony compared with the decided aversion he had nourished ever since he knew of Mr. Bellarmine's foolish match. Even poor Lithe's tuition had but a small share in leading his mind;—despising Mr. Bellarmine, he questioned the soundness of his judgment in the limitation he had imposed on his dependent, and he undervalued the dependent for his obedience to the limitation.

They were only vague principles which he could pick up in foreign countries: to be useful, they must apply to all others, and the general application destroyed again their individual usefulness: he was therefore in very good preparation to receive the documents of his admiring friends; and listening most readily to those whose natural situation gave them precedence, he soon adopted those artificial distinctions which have since been current in 'a certain world,' and convinced himself that life without folly is existence without animation; that there is one code of morals for the aristocracy, and another for their tradesmen; that the refined education of the higher classes intends them to break certain commandments; and that no man ought to wish to live exempt from the practice, be it what it may, of the society into which his

rank or talents, or any cause less to be traced, may throw him.

His select friendships had led him into situations of what is called delicacy, that is to say, where, having no rule of guidance but the always capricious and often corrupt opinion of the world, the chances are in favour of the worst consequences succeeding to endeavours of imaginary correctness. He was the last appeal in all the etiquette of a duel—he was a powerful negotiator where some breach in the low fence of common honour and honesty was to be made good by commutation; he kindly spent a whole morning with his friend Sir Adonis Feverly, to support him under the deep affliction of having his wife and his mistress weeping in two opposite closets, while he made his election between them; and he undertook the hot service of standing between him and the public cry of shame, and pertinaciouly contended that Sir Adonis was a most pitiable being,—till his voice was drowned by that of 'the seven thousand who had not bent the knee to Baal,' but still contended, that a man with a wife and seven children has no right to moot such a point.

Another useful service he meant to have rendered, but for this he was a quarter of an hour too late: he intended to have been the by-stander *to* whom Lord Granite might have laughed while writing the order on his banker for the payment of large damages of a nature that needs

not to be particularized; but being detained by a question between a friend and a jockey, his lordship's groom had the job.

Three spring-winters elapsed, and the world had not learned from its favourite what to seek in the choice of a wife; other arrangements it could not profit by. Every possible hint had been given to him in every possible way by every possible description of persons. If he talked of going abroad, Mrs. Promptly regretted how ill her daughter Julia looked, and thought nothing but a foreign climate or a voyage would save her. If he made inquiries of a rural nature, Miss Ambient wondered how people could live in London; and if he decorated his town-residence, old Colonel Underhand jocosely offered one of his girls to do the honours of it. His intimate friends saw the vanity of these attempts: his taste was known, and he was said to be Aspasia-hunting.

But as a couple of barn-door fowls have sometimes been brought home by an unlucky sportsman in default of partridges, so turned out Mr. Eugene's Aspasia-hunting; for with every disposition and every furtherance to the pleasing himself;—after leading many a simple girl into a mistake, and many a more simple mother into egregious folly—after saying to one every thing short of 'Will you marry me?' to another something yet more tender, and to a third something yet more cruel, he suffered himself,

in contradiction to all his axioms, all his fancies, all his reveries, and all his preferences, to be enchained by the un-Grecian, un-Aspasian, and very every-day accomplishments and beauty of a lady whom the world might have called the interesting and the fascinating Mrs. Lotus, but who having been only shown the town by her husband, and hurried into retirement before she was known, even by name or sight, seemed to court him to fulfil the injunctions of both his parents. This lady, who at the time of his being caught, was the wife of his friend! he married, after paying a few thousand pounds into the sheriff's court, and going through a slight ceremony in the house of peers, pending which 'Mrs. Eugene's' visiting-tickets were engraving. In this connexion he set out in life a married man.

NOTES.

(1) As the attentions now bestowed on persons deserving of no confidence, prove that nothing is implied by them, there can be no danger of doing mischief in indulging the curiosity excited equally by bad and good people, by giving some particulars in the manners and habits of Voltaire, as detailed in the circumstances of a visit made to him at Ferney, in the year 1763, by a French nobleman of distinguished consideration. The Count de —— having a wish to see this extraordinary man, and being stationed with his regiment at Schlestat in Alsace, sent a message to him, requesting permission to wait on him. The overture being accepted with many acknowledgments of the honour conferred, the count, attended by the

officer next in command to him, and another friend, repaired on the appointed day to Ferney, and arriving about noon, found Voltaire, notwithstanding it was July, and very hot weather, sitting by a great fire, dressed in a large wig, over which was a cap of blue velvet embroidered; he wore a night-gown of rich brocade, a superb waistcoat, rolled-up stockings, and slippers: his reception of the visit indicated great satisfaction. At half past one, he begged the patience of his guests while he retired to dress, which he intimated was not his daily custom, but a mark of respect to them: he lamented the fashion of late hours, which obliged him to postpone his dining till two o'clock. At dinner, the four gentlemen were joined by Madame Denys, Voltaire's niece, and a young lady of the name of Corneille, whom he professed to worship for being of the poet's family. She had nothing to distinguish her in conversation, or to take off attention from Madame Denys, who, homely in her person, seemed to seek a share of literary fame, by associating herself with Voltaire in speaking of his works—thus, 'When we were writing Zaïre' —'When we had finished Mahomet.' In conversation, Voltaire's manner was indescribably singular: his voice was a continued howl, and his action was that of raising his elbows even with his shoulders, with a motion like that of horizontal sawing; and on whatever subject he spoke, he perpetually interrupted himself by howling out, in the most piteous accents, 'Ah je suis le vieux malade!' 'vous voyez le vieux malade!' The dinner was good, the fish the 'Ombre chevalier' of the lake of Geneva. When they rose from table, he led his company round his kitchen-garden to the place he had prepared for his interment, which was a pyramidal sarcophagus, with tablets containing inscriptions dedicating it to God and its purpose, with his name and style, and blanks for dates. The ground underneath, was dug away to admit the body. But while descanting on this preparation, he could not forbear showing that he hoped it was in vain; for he repeated many times, and in a tone of exultation, 'Ah! ah! but they will not let me lie here: I know it—I know it.'

(2) If being cheated, gulled, imposed on, mis-led, made a fool, or a stalking-horse—if being any thing that is proverbially contemptible, can inflict disgrace, what must be felt by those, in this and other countries, who were so destitute of common sense as ever to fancy one of the leaders in French philosophy a proper teacher in families? Thiébault, in his entertaining details of his twenty years' residence at the court of Berlin, says, that the father of six sons happening to read the 'Emile,' in time to educate his youngest son by it, adopted all its precepts; and finding the lad turn out, as he styled him himself, 'a monster,' he in a rage wrote to the philosophical quack, abusing his prescription. Rousseau, with an effrontery that ought to make his admirers blush, replied, that he had indeed expected his book to be read, but that 'he had not flattered himself there could be a man so inconsiderate as to follow the advice contained in it.' Prince Dolgorucki, from whom Thiébault had the anecdote, had seen the reply. 'Inconsiderate' is a fair term of reproof on this occasion; but it would have been far too lenient had the 'Nouvelle Heloïse' been the work in question—a work of which the very beauties are impure; for they are only the decorations of a licentious woman, who must, or she would be hooted, resemble the chaste in some of her habiliments. Yet this book has been given by mothers to young men going into the world, and by fathers to young women when about to enter on its duties; and though the character of it may now have made it rather matter of reproach than triumph to relish it, there is no security against the secret absorption of its juices, unless where a better taste than that for amusement is cultivated. As long as young women read by stealth, subscribe to libraries without Pa's knowledge, falsify the truth when questioned as to their employments, and can like nothing better than the 'Gertrudes' and 'Rosannes' of the day, they are still in an unwholesome climate of the mind. But let them once, honestly and without enthusiasm, make the pleasing God their aim, his will their law, his commandments their delight, history their information, and their duties their employments, they are safe; but with nothing short of this, if they are to have all the advantages of a modern education.

CHAPTER V.

If such a marriage as Mr. Eugene's is to be spoken of in a work intended not to do mischief, it must be with all the infamy it deserves, and not at all accommodated to a revolution of opinions attempted in a quarter that, next to the church, was unsuspected. Nobody wonders at a French woman's telling us, with an imposing authority, what daily experience proves to be false, that works of genius descriptive of censurable manners can do no harm, because they make only a slight impression, or at Baron de Grimm's assertion, that books produce no effects; but it is very reasonable to do more than wonder, when an English judge, in his legal seat, becomes the apologist of the titled adulterer, and admits that the breach of a vow made before God, is a venial offence. If it ever could be, the instance under consideration was most unfortunate. The epithets, however strong, bestowed by a deceased legal sage, on a defaulter of this kind, would quite as well have fitted the client who had a judge for his advocate.

Mr. Eugene must wait while an attempt is made to prevent the most fatal mischief consequent on so unauthorized a dispensation with the law of God. The sensation occasioned

amongst good people—who, after all, are the majority—in hearing this opinion, deserves recording.—The newspapers of the day were read with disgust and alarm;—parents looked at one another, and felt themselves betrayed into the contempt of their children;—recent wives fancied themselves cut off from the protection that is the price of obedience;—daughters inquired as to the fact; and the worthiest of the superior sex found confidence in them abated.—Those about to enter on society, sought for an explanation of this new opinion,—and those about to quit it, felt, that 'Nunc dimittis' was no canticle for their last moments.

But it was not long that the public mind remained stunned: it soon felt and proclaimed, that where the watch deserts or sleeps on his post, every master of a house must watch for himself, and for those intrusted to his charge:—and indignantly it rejected 'the traditions of men,' when hostile to the law of God.

Is it taking too great a liberty,—for to speak evil of dignities—to abate the respect due to them, is not, like adultery, 'a venial fault,'—is it going beyond the boundary of decorum to ask whether this license to sin was granted us because we were not wicked enough already?—Did the splendidly licentious—did the common people—did the disgusting old men, who crawl the earth, adding sin to sin, till it opens to receive them—did the young, the weak, the ple-

thoric, the sceptical, the daring, want to be told either that a future life is a fable, or impurity no forfeiture of its blessings,—no forerunner of its torments?—Was it a time to take up the cause of ennobled atrocities?—or was the common sense of the people of this country rated so very low as to make their applause the reward expected (1)?

Much might be said of the lofty eminence from which, and the circumstances under which, this new doctrine was promulgated. A little might be said—not a thousandth part of what was felt—on the unjust insinuation concerning him who, for half a century, 'in an honest and good heart,' and with the veneration of all just men, 'ruled' us 'prudently with all his power'(2).

Mrs. Eugene shall speak to facts. Here it may suffice to remind those not yet corrupted by legal authority, that if experience, or the information of the best accredited book existing, is to be believed, it is at the risk of living under the sharp goad of conscience—of dying under horrors that, it is too little to say, cannot be described—and of awaking from the grave to the sensation of a fire that never ceases to burn, and a worm that never ceases to gnaw—that we shall listen to this bold license to sin. Let any one, of either sex, about to deliberate, thrust a hand into the fire, or sit bareheaded under the dropping of water;—the colonel and his assignation—Mrs. Lotus and all her blandish-

ments would be gone in an instant—they would 'make themselves air,' and if the pitiable subject of temptation had only fortitude enough to enter into the closet, and there, thrown on the floor, could honestly exclaim, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'—an advocate even more mighty and more considerate than this dispenser, not of, but with, the law, might harangue and license in vain—and adulterers and adultresses, and all the shades of the infernal regions, might betake themselves to their own proper home, without adding one to the number (3).

If this doctrine be thought too severe—if it be regarded as very vulgar to name without circumlocution or qualification, the pains and penalties of delinquency, nothing is proved but that the mischief has taken root. The better principled will perceive, that warnings and extenuations cannot be issued in the same breath; that, however we may pity human frailty, our pity must not betray our trust. There is, perhaps, no story of illicit passion, nor, perhaps, is there any biography of a thief, that does not afford some pathetic appeal to ill-regulated feeling. Mr. Eugene's and Mrs. Lotus's tendernesses for each other—their 'hair-breadth 'scapes'—their virtuous struggles—their fated fall, might be made vastly pretty, and so contrived as to turn all the blame on God Almighty—for why, as Frank's mother asked, does

He give passions, if not to be indulged?—But our ability to mislead is no impeachment of truth:—the case is as it was—the fire and the worm stand where they did—we all know the penalty, and no law of this or any other country, can abrogate it.

The foolish question—for none but a fool ever asked it—Why are passions given us but to be indulged?—must not go unanswered:—we must speak for ourselves if our teachers desert us.—We are—and this we all challenge—free agents: supposing, therefore, that inclinations entirely good were given us at our original formation, but that sin crept in and corrupted some of them—it will be granted that the corruption must be resisted, and our free agency exerted, in the choice and rejection of the good and evil, on certain conditions placed before us. Or, supposing that, in the outset, three different species of inclination were bestowed on mankind, the first perfectly good, and therefore to be indulged;—the second good to a certain point, and beyond that, vicious;—the third entirely bad, and therefore to be overcome: in the one of these latter cases, it is not unreasonable that we should have powers given us not safely to be used to their extent, or in the other even to any extent—and if the resistance is to be accounted to us 'for righteousness,' is there an honest professor of Christianity, who would hesitate as to the course to be pursued (4)?

Now, away with all cant about passion, and sensibility, and delicate situations—as little admission will be granted to any appeal from the low tribunal of this censure, or any insinuation that those so arguing know not the force and domination of the favourite passion of the poets—poetry has nothing to do with Christianity—but it is a knowledge of the impulse that excites the resistance; and all that the foolish plead as excuse for falling, the wise turn into defence against it. There is nothing so insinuating as the voice of the soft affections—and if it might be safely acknowledged, it may truly be said, nothing so pitiable as their effects: but let not this pity be understood as justification—let it be added, that there is nothing attended with circumstances so scandalous, so contemptible, so forlorn,—and all the pity that can be asked shall be granted (5).

But there are cases, where, whatever we may feel, we must not own that we have any feeling except that of horror and disgust. Should the words 'venial' and 'palliation' pass our lips, they may sound, in ears that are open to listen to them, like 'Go thou, and do likewise.'—Our auditors may not need twice bidding, and we may be called to account for bidding them.

Not a syllable of this eloquence would ever have any effect, if it went as far as it ought to go, and, either in the spirit of prophecy, or as

matter of authentic history, gave the catastrophe of the tale it is exerted to adorn. There have been lives of emperors and empresses—lives of admirals—lives of dogs;—do pray let us have a few genuine and unvarnished lives of adultresses. Let them be pursued into their miserable haunts, or their more miserable splendour: let their employments, their amusements, their comforts, be investigated, as indexes of the mind within; for from themselves not a word will be gotten:—let the resort to ardent spirits, the silent extinguisher of intolerable thought, be taken into the account—and let the world, if it must be injured by their crimes, be admonished by their punishment. Nothing is asked, nothing is needed, but the truth.

There have been instances where shame and the absence of God's favour were not compatible with life. There was a countess, ages ago indeed, who, wasted by remorse, expired on hearing that the earl who had freed himself from her, was passing under her window (6); and there are, perhaps even now, some proofs that exile from the world is considered as worse than death; but this is not the wholesome feeling of repentance (7).

Let us see how much of this applies to 'poor Mrs. Eugene;' for as soon as *her affair* was talked of, she was poor and pitiable in the estimation or the cant of a few. Frank Eugene's mother was 'poor Mrs. Eugene,' because she

was a silly widow; and Frank Eugene's wife is 'poor Mrs. Eugene,' though only vicious and contemptible.

She had, by her own choice, or at least with no other compulsion than the decided and declared disapprobation of her affectionate parents, at sixteen, married Mr. Lotus, a man of fifty-six. This matter too required some 'palliation;' and there were friends—but not such great ones as now—to palliate and apologize. To those, who, in plain common sense, asked what could be the event of so unequal a match, they answered, that he was young for his age, very rich, very generous, very good-natured, and 'very delightful,' and 'rather stylish (8).' His eulogists omitted to mention that he was, till the present moment, reputed a man of sense, that he was a man of probity, of a kind heart, of regular goodness and serious thought; that he was very capable of forming the mind, and very much disposed to consult the happiness, of a deserving young woman; and, in short, that it was most to be regretted that the lady was not some few years older and some few degrees more worthy the honour of being the chosen wife of a man so highly esteemed.

The very persons, be it known, who had been the most ready with their 'palliations' of this imprudent match, were equally ready, when circumstances required their aid another way, to insinuate Mr. Lotus's age, and its infirmities

mental and bodily, his temper, his parsimony, his sordid habits, and the disgrace of 'such a compulsatory' choice, as 'palliations' or justifications of his wife's baseness, ingratitude, and contempt of that for which she had pledged herself at the altar, and in the sight of God.—But this is anticipating.

Mr. Lotus had been at the same time a respectable country-gentleman, and an ornament to the elegant society of London. The lady to whom he had, in an evil hour, looked for a companion to enliven his scarcely declining years, had been a London-out-of-town Miss, who finding her entreaties unavailing to persuade the old admiral her father to draw nearer to the metropolis, seemed disposed to do any thing to get into it at the right end. Let it not be objected, that sixteen is an age too early for any considerable growth of covetousness, or a due appreciation of the value of money. It is an age of sufficient extent to learn all that selfishness can teach, and to attain a more than due appreciation of the power of wealth. Much as may be said of the prevalence of passion to *break* the bonds of marriage, they are now oftener *rivetted* by Plutus than by Hymen; and from many circumstances which some young ladies do not suspect, and mammas hope, are not observed, it is easy to perceive, that, on the same principles as influenced Mrs. Lotus, they might waver between a 'dashing' cornet and his grand-

father; but grandpa' would carry it, if he showed his first wife's jewels.

The experience of the young lady's maid assisted also in the decision. Looking a little, perhaps, to the benevolences of the wardrobe, she assured her that 'elderly gentlemen always made the most indulgent husbands;'—that when she was once married, she 'would have her way in all things,'—and that there would then be an end of 'all the tiresome task of doing just what other people chose to take it into their heads that young ladies ought to do,—and that, when married, she certainly might wear a train and use rouge.

'But consider, my dear,' said the old admiral, 'how you will like, when the novelty of your marriage is over, to find yourself the wife of a man who may, in a short time, be as decrepid as you see me. Gout or rheumatism may do what hard service and bad climates have done in my constitution, and you may be an anxious mother and a sick man's nurse at the same time. Think too, my dear girl, what you expose yourself to feel, when you see your young friends married to men of a suitable age, and able to enter with them into the lively amusements of the world. You will see a bride and bridegroom dancing, when your husband may not only be unable to partake in the exercise, but may disapprove of your practising it.—It is incongruous—it will be mortifying—it is dis-

graceful;—for it argues either that you are not likely to be sought by your equals, or that you have been influenced in such a choice by your parents. Then take into your calculation the danger of a man's temper being rendered petulant by pain, or morose by growing infirmities. Whatever indulgences you may now promise yourself, you must recollect the impossibility that your husband's inclinations and tastes should accord with those which may be not only excusable, but proper, at your age. Consider too, you are the last remaining of our long family of children—our youngest, and, perhaps, had they even all lived, our dearest:—think what it will be to us to see you unhappy when we cannot relieve you:—you are lively and impetuous—you are not suited to the society of a *grave* man—much less to that of an *old* man;—you cannot always, you know, even with a commandment in my favour, make it easy to yourself to give way to me:—why then expose yourself to new failures, by taking on yourself a new duty to which nothing calls you but a capricious inclination, that may be gone to-morrow, or disappointed, even if it do not vanish?'

'The strongest reason I can urge against the connexion,' said her mother, in grief and tears, 'is the probability of her being soon a widow, which, to my apprehension, is a prospect so forlorn, that it needs its only consolation, the hope

of a speedy re-union, to make any one face it. If she attaches herself to the man she marries, how melancholy must be her love! and if she does not, what will her life be!—If he does not allow for her childishness, she may be ill-treated; and how is she, indulged as she has been, to bear it?'

The young lady having replied by a sneering hint that it was their own disgrace her parents feared, reported all they had said, to her maid; and the match, *consequently*, took place.

As a fashionable residence in London was a part of 'the valuable consideration' in this business, Mr. Lotus brought his bride thither as soon as it was fashionable to be there. Meeting Mr. Eugene, whom he had seen when a lad at Mr. Bellarmine's, just at the time when he had resolved to disown his guardian-uncle for ever; and feeling for the danger of a young man so gifted, so provoked, and so thrown on the town, Mr. Lotus gave him a general invitation to his house and table; and Eugene was soon obliged to him for many acts of kindness and friendship, but for none of greater importance than negotiating a reconciliation with his uncle, on the death of his new-married lady and the loss of the heir she had brought him. The sorrowing widower, perhaps, thought it very hard that the pitcher which had been so often to the well

should at last be broken; but the presumptive heir thought it wondrous fortunate that any thing so formidable should be so very opportunely removed out of his way.—'T is your usual luck, Eugene,' said his companions:—and Eugene was inclined to think so.

Success in an endeavour so friendly and so valuable, increased the intimacy and attachment of the obliger and the obliged. We are seldom shy of those whom we have bound by the fair tie of gratitude; and Mr. Eugene was, at present, in no danger of seeming to forget his benefactor; for Mrs. Lotus's charms were dawning into notice, and she was not at all disposed to discourage those attentions, which added to Mr. Lotus's indulgences that gratification of vanity, which he must have been more esteemed by his wife to have afforded her.

Mr. Lotus's acquaintance never having lain amongst the vicious, he was not inclined to suspect monstrosities of wickedness; and if any one, by way of awakening his caution, had asked him his opinion of his friend Eugene, he would have answered, that Frank was the last man in the world to do an unhandsome action, and he the last man upon earth against whom Frank would suffer one to be committed.

Be this as it may, before even the sights of London had half satisfied the cravings of Mrs. Lotus's inordinate appetite for them, and before her name had begun to adorn the registers of

fashion, her husband found London did not agree with his cough, and with a want of attention which nothing could excuse, took his wife into the country, without any invitation to Mr. Eugene. The omission was not unremarked, and it defeated its own purpose; for not doubting that it was intentional, and not daring to disregard it, a middle course was agreed on between the now confidential friends, and Mr. Eugene was admitted privately by the lady—which condescension ended on his part as has been related.

The consciousness that he had acted very unwisely in marrying thus, made Mr. Lotus conduct the business of releasing himself with as little publicity as possible; and in this unostentatious plan, Mr. Eugene prudently acquiesced.—The distribution of some hundred pounds, properly bestowed, and making a pretty article in a family account-book, kept the detail out of the newspapers: certain feelings on the part of the gentlemen, very different, yet not wholly unlike, robbed the lady of her celebrity; and the silence of the world showed that a woman may be very infamous without being notorious. Mr. Lotus did not wish to obtrude himself on notice as the dupe of a girl; and Eugene's Aspasian taste had not been sufficiently consulted when he was inthralled, to leave him proud of his chains (9).

NOTES.

(1) The disgraceful circumstance here recorded, may—and it can no otherwise do any good—serve as a foil to make appear with greater lustre the deportment of another of our judges. 'Mr. Justice ———,' said a lady who saw him attending divine service on the circuit, 'seemed, during the whole time, to have no consciousness but that he was before his Maker.'—But for still more than ceremonial example the world is indebted to him:—the pressure of business has, in his management of it, left time for literary pursuits of the most important kind; and the poor and the ignorant may reap advantage from his labours.—And, to quote another instance—in the extreme occupation of the bar, one of our first pleaders has compiled an admirable persuasive to a regular attendance at the Sacrament. It can be no mean view to popularity that makes a man publish, without his name, a tract that sells for half a crown a dozen; and it is only the hope of having in some measure succeeded, that can make the sale of three thousand in nine months a matter of importance.

(2) It was hinted in the course of this exertion of eloquence, that our excellent monarch,—who will ever be, to those who fear God, an object of the highest honour and reverence that can be paid to a human being, had not been as scrupulous as he might have been in his selections. Has it never yet been asserted that black is white? or that two and two make six? because, with such assertions may this rank;—if fifty years' experience is of any weight, or the directly contrary opinion of all who know any thing on the subject is of any value. To those who have not the feeling of loyalty, such mistakes, to call them by the gentlest name, may seem little important: but in the eye of every person blest with this taste, it must appear matter of conscience to correct it. The private character of the king is not sufficiently known, nor will it ever be duly appreciated, till he is called to his 'exceeding great reward.' But this may be

fairly prophesied, that whenever the day arrives which shall release him, and deprive us of that which, God only knows, may have been our Palladium—a righteous man, for whose sake this kingdom has been spared—the mourning will, indeed, be general:—those who have loved and honoured him will mourn with the deepest, sincerest grief:—those who have, in the hardness of their heart, been insensible to his value, will mourn their late conviction—for all will love him when he is dead—'extinctus amabitur idem.'—We shall then hear of his generous deeds, his charities, his benevolence, his feeling heart, his humid eye, his wish that he could so rule his people as to fit them and himself to meet in a higher kingdom. We shall be told of the firmness of his conduct, the character of good sense in his observations, the rectitude of his opinions, the kindness, the humanity, the politeness of his expressions. It will be remembered that he never lost an opportunity of inculcating on young minds, the duty of industry in that situation of life in which God had placed them—that he said to the boys of his good friend B—— L——, when he stopped at their father's gate,—'Remember, I work, and every body must work in some way or other, either with their head or hands.'—And it cannot be denied that he set the most perfect example possible, of the use of time:—when business pressed, he often ate his dinner standing—and that dinner was, not unfrequently, a plate of vegetables only.

Of his preparation for death—it would be degrading to call it his contempt of death—we have had the most striking conviction—of his participation in the sorrows of others the most honourable testimonials—of his deep sense of religion and his regulation of his actions by its precepts, no one ever presumed to speak with doubt. In the late publication of Mrs. Montagu's letters, his behaviour at his coronation is invaluably recorded; and in that and other memoirs of the time, we have his dignified reproof of the sycophant-preachers, who treated him as Louis the Fourteenth submitted to be treated. Perhaps it is not generally known, that there sub-

sists at this moment, a proof of his pious humility, which ought to make those blush who have thought to raise money or mirth out of exaggerated peculiarities. At the house at Kew, there remains his Common-Prayer book, in which, with his own hand, he has erased all expressions inscribing importance or merit to him, and interlined such as he could, in the delicacy of his conscience, more satisfactorily join in. Truly may we say, 'If God is for us, who can be against us?' and very justifiably may we disdain all communication with those who would depreciate a man upon whom we have every reason to hope and believe, the Almighty looks down with complacency, and whom he will, in his own good time, translate to the highest possible felicity.

(3) This reference to experiment is sanctioned by the example of a judicious homely mother, who having a daughter disposed to lying, dropped lighted brimstone from the end of a match on her tongue, that she might have some idea of everlasting burning.—Pity we are not oftener thus weaned from our vices!

(4) A much happier illustration than any here offered, was used by a very sensible father, who, seeing a little girl inclined to scratch a gnat-bite on her arm, said, 'Caroline, my child, forbear, or you will increase your suffering. And remember,' added he, 'this is one proof that there are natural inclinations which cannot be indulged without cause for repentance.'

(5) It was once to be hoped, that the disgusting recitals of the newspapers, whose conductors certainly have little regard to feelings or to decency, might operate to shame persons of birth and high pretensions, from the miry paths of intrigue. A gentleman—nay, a peer of the realm, does not make a very advantageous figure emerging from a closet, or crawling up a back staircase with his shoes in his hand. One of the most unprincipled of our aristocratic gallants has said in print, that men of fashion are not proud of their vices

and the following very well authenticated story, which the late General Oglethorpe used to tell, will show, that there are situations in which they may be made ashamed of them. The nobleman above alluded to, had insulted the wife of another, by a declaration of what is mis-called love.—The lady communicated to her lord what had passed, and his lordship immediately decided on publicly exposing the miscreant. Knowing that the earl was to be at an entertainment given at the then fashionable place of resort, Cuper's Gardens, he went thither in quest of him, concealing two swords of equal length. Having found Lord ——, he addressed him by accusing him, and concluded by saying, 'My lord, as I know you call yourself a man of honour, I cannot doubt your giving me the satisfaction I demand, before we quit this spot. You have insulted my wife, for which I intend to give you a hearty caning—this you must resent; and to give you the means, I have here two swords.'—He then, in the face of all present, put his threat into execution, by caning his lordship severely—but the beaten peer called for his carriage without applying for the sword.—So notorious a disgrace it is not the good fortune of every transgressor to find; but it is much to be questioned whether a gentleman would proceed in combating 'the illiberal scruples' of his friend's wife, if he knew that the carpenter or the painter, in the next room, had a ladder up against a hole in the partition. We have lately lost a venerable subject of the kingdom of Cupid, who had as few regards of ceremony as most men; but he would have blushed once for his deafness, had he known that the dean of ——, whose waste of exhortation on him he had no cause to fear, was on the road-side of his fruit-wall. It is worthy of remark, that in the pretty romances 'founded on fact,' with which lords, ladies, and gentlemen, furnish the town, we do not now see the servants of a family made accessaries. Is it that they are *more*, or are they *less*, to be trusted?—Perhaps the demand for secret-service money is too high;—it cannot surely be compassion for the souls of their dependents, that makes the principals spare them.

(6) She had an apple in her hand, which she broke in two, saying to her attendant, who had inadvertently named the earl, 'That word has broke my heart, as I break this apple.'

(7) The propriety and necessity of doing all that can be imagined to counteract the vice of our time, hardly admits of making any allowances; but one may be made safely, if properly understood. There have been dreadful instances of men leading their wives into error: there is on record one, which no term is strong enough to characterize—of a defiance—an undertaking—and a wager. Compassion for human nature will not here admit of severity—but the example can afford no excuse. The late Earl of ——, indeed, was turned headlong out of a house he went to view, and which was in the charge of a soldier's wife. And the sequel of the sad story above alluded to, must be considered, if the laws of this world, and the hopes of the next, are insufficient. Let the wretched victim of folly and atrocity, be contemplated on her knees to the infernal agent who had deluded her. Is not this enough?

(8) The fashion of terms changes:—*sweet* is now a favourite adjective. Lady Monologue, when asked how her old uncle did, answered, that he was 'quite sweet'—she meant only that he was perfectly placid. We hear of 'sweet letters' and 'sweet actions' as commonly as of 'sweet-williams' and 'sweet-meats.'

(9) As it is often useful to young housekeepers to know the incidental expences of a family, they may be glad to learn that in the year 18— it cost about six hundred pounds to keep a foolish story out of the public prints. This may not be the 'maximum' of the market; but it is surely enough to warn some œconomists. It cannot be supposed that every body can get off so cheap; because, in the case alluded to, there was neither rank, situation, nor atrocity—there was only a want of credit sufficient to refute an exaggeration—*ergo*, 't is a point of thrift to keep a good character.

CHAPTER VI.

THE affair over, and the actors settled again in proper places, Mr. Lotus having recalled to the management of his house his sister, whom his wife had of course supplanted, and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene having, by keeping out of the way, waved those testimonials of respect which a bridegroom and bride, in the ordinary mode of proceeding, look for, Fortune, ever Eugene's friend, seemed to confer the most valuable favour in her power, by removing his great-uncle, Mr. Bellarmine, who, though not a little displeased at his young relation's being, as he said, 'taken in,' had not dared to tell what he thought, or presumed to alter his will, or even to erase that clause of it which made Mr. Eugene's assuming his name and relinquishing his own, the condition of his enjoying his property (1). A more fortunate expedient could not have been devised for throwing out all those whose curiosity might have followed Mr. and Mrs. Eugene. Genealogists were soon puzzled—old ladies were 'in a wood'—young ladies knew nothing about it;—and whatever recollections, suspicions, or surmises might arise, the attractions, the fascinations, the accomplishments, the style, and 'the great propriety' of Mrs. Bellarmine, together with her husband's taking

a cook from one of the first subscription-houses, promised to overcome.

But even if the promise were made good, Mr. Eugene, henceforth Bellarmine, had not that entire feeling of victory necessary to his perfect satisfaction: he had a large share of very sensitive pride: he had enjoyed a flattering fame till he could not brook any diminution of it: he had possessed the intimacy of persons whose acquaintance it was creditable to cultivate; and the use he had been accustomed to make of hours not devoted to vice or pleasure, prevented his admitting into his mind the vulgar consolations of the ignorant.

He was yet indeed, and perhaps even more than heretofore, the fashion:—he was still appealed to by those who wished to shine:—his tastes were followed:—his watchmaker and his upholsterer, his bootmaker, tailor, and mercer, quoted him;—and he decided knotty points in the regions of bibliomania and chance:—every wish of his heart seemed to meet its instant gratification, on escaping from his lips; and, even to himself, there appeared wanting to his superior felicity, only two blessings,—not showy in their aspect—not missed by the eye of the bystander—but sadly wanting to his own perceptions, and for which he could find no substitution, and most untowardly retained the keenest relish;—the one, a fair honourable estimation amongst the worthy; the other, almost necessa-

rily connected with it—his own private approbation. Beyond these, his wishes did not soar; he had not that in his mind which gives a higher ambition, and can teach us, whenever misunderstood and misappreciated by the good, and not entitled to the acquittal of our own partial judgment, to cast ourselves in humble confidence before that throne where our intentions will stand in lieu of merits.

But neither of these 'sine quibus non' could he procure; nor could his judgment, when cool, presume to undervalue the privation. He could bear the sarcasm of the Duchess of X——, who had 'ambitioned' him for her deformed daughter, and the pettishness of the Marchioness of Z——, who fancied the marquis could not survive the next attack of his gout or his gout-medicine: he did not condescend to justify himself, when it was hinted, that the widow Simpleton thought herself ill used: nor did he feel disgraced by the rudenesses of Miss Gawkey Tolskethly, who had depended on his poetry and some pretty presents as 'avant-couriers' of a better name:—but such men as Professor M——, the C—— of L——, and Mr. Justice B——, had been sorry they were 'prevented by prior engagements from accepting his obliging invitation to dinner;'—and the Earl of M——, though he had been returned from Scotland a fortnight, had not, so unlike himself! found time to return his call;—and the Dean of C——

had only moved his hat on meeting him—and Archdeacon ——, with all his humility—and the veteran Colonel H——, and alas! the —— General had looked shy—and that honest Welsh baronet, Sir Taffy Dignum, had said, almost in his hearing, that 'such persons,' by whom it was supposed he meant Mr. and Mrs. Eugene, ought not to be visited—and Peregrine M——, he was told again, had, with his unglossing integrity and merry reproof, given his opinion of this match—and even George B——, who would gladly have hidden his neighbours' faults, because he had so few of his own which needed a cloak, somehow seemed to ask, when he spoke to him, whether any body was in sight. In vain Bellarmine told himself that these were individuals, but that he had numbers on his side—that they had their own notions, which were not liberal—that they were not men 'of fashion'—'of the world'—'of style'—he would have said, 'nor of importance;'—but he had not quite perverted his judgment, though he had injured his credit; they were, he knew, men of the best fashion, of the best world, and of the best style—and it would not do.

And with regard to Mrs. Bellarmine, the good, mild, compassionate Dowager Countess of Lochlay, replying to something he had said, had, with a look of mortifying regret, and a shake of her head, which added every thing, said: 'Nay, don't ye talk to me: I cannot—only consider

ny daughters—an I had no childer, 'twould be vastly different.' And Lady Christiana Santamor was at home when Mrs. Bellarmine was admitted with a party to see her house, and though an old friend of the admiral's, and Mrs. B. had taken care she should hear her name, did not show herself.—And Lady Purefoy had looked at Mrs. Bellarmine over her shoulder, and snifting and snuffing, had declared she never would admit ladies of a 'certain description:' and above all—O tell it not ye zephyrs!—the Duchess of ——, and the Countess of ——, who had, in a way unheard of since the time of Elizabeth, changed their partners, had PRESUMED to leave their visiting tickets!! Could any thing, 'under Heaven,' be so humiliating (2)?

He now, poor soul! began to imagine affronts where they were not meant, and to pay some friends, who could claim no higher praise than that of being capricious, the compliment of supposing them nice in their associations:—the notion was absurd.

It was not necessary that Mr. or Mrs. Bellarmine should show themselves at St. James's, or *at that time* the mistress of the house—Heaven send the decent such another friend!—might, without departing from dignity or the mercy of her station, have made that visit suffice (3): while they kept themselves out of certain situations, they might have gone on very well, had they not worried themselves with fancies. But

the unhappy man, in the midst of crowds and plans for crowds, in the ocular demonstration of his wife's success in drawing crowds, and the hearing of all the pretty things said by these crowds, was still fidgetty—he thought that the dozen who had slighted him, must betray him; and whether they did or not, still these dozen—*these* dozen—they were more in his enumeration, and in effect, than the three hundred at Thermopylæ, or the ten thousand of Xenophon. There were distinctions which all his distinctions did not give him—there were satisfactions denied him even in a plethora of good—there were men, wanting almost all he possessed, yet rich in virtue;—character alone had done what he had failed in; his ambition was checked by a sort of panic cowardice; he quitted the ground to those who knew not that they were his competitors: Miltiades had his trophies, and Bellarmine could not sleep.

While he was deliberating on the best means of getting again into his own good graces, or out of the ill graces of those who perhaps thought very little on him, his lady settled the matter by very unadvisedly resenting what she took as an affront, and reported to him as not to be endured. She did not pretend, indeed, to any right of advising how it should be resented; but she knew the common course of such things; and she waited a day or two, relying on the promised information of her husband's valet, to as-

certain whether Bellarmine's silent hearing of her piteous tale was apathy or delicate concealment of his intention to seek proper redress—that is to say, to learn her own value.

But Mr. Bellarmine, whatever he might have done before he 'set himself down' in his own estimation, and whatever other gentlemen may do to assert the respect due to a lady in passing from the *back* boxes through the lobbies, was now to be compared to a beaten bull; and, languid and subdued, he could only suggest what then occurred to his conjugal anxiety, that it might be better for his wife to expect her confinement in the country. She heard him, it is true, but she thought him mad; and using the privilege of her situation, she told him little short of her opinion. But the next evening, on returning from Lady Omnigena Pampollen's grand assembly, where the grinning amorosities of his Grace of ——— had drawn the smiles of part of the company on her, she at length felt herself degraded, and thought the proposal worth a consideration. Waking next morning with a head-ache, she aloud wished herself in the country, and in a few days was disencumbered of her town-house and establishment, and settled on her husband's mother's estate, and in the house in which he was born.

NOTES.

(1) How great is the obligation occasionally conferred on the foolish by those who, still more foolish, make them appear comparatively wise! When Mrs. Capsicum married, her choice made her daughter's match quite a respectable business. O! what a glorious groupe of Cupids and Cupidesses made the 'cortège' of that famous wedding!—were it but lawful to tell!

(2) 'Rather too bad,' exclaimed the celebrated Perdita as she threw out of window the visiting-ticket of Lady W——, just then freed from the shackles, and setting out on a new tack. It is therefore to be supposed there are ranks and gradations amongst those who have no place in society; but they need 'a herald particular.' It must have been some great mistake somewhere that made Mrs. A——, alias B——, alias C——'s first rout so thin of ladies as to give occasion to the report that there was there 'all the world, but very little of his wife.'——'I will go and reconnoitre for you,' said Harry Scout to his sister, 'if you are afraid of going to Mrs. Riskall's music-party.'—'Well, Harry, who was there?'—'A great crowd of odd men, such as I am not used to meet, only four ladies, and the Star of Piccadilly.' Surely here too was some error, or people were nice!

It is not often that Fashion can give so good a reason for her proceedings as she might, for ordering the repositories for the tickets left by visitors, to show their contents. It complies with the dictate 'Tell me your company, and I will tell you who you are.' There are collections of this kind, where a name, too egotising to be written, has been that the least reflecting credit; but notwithstanding the want of nicety in the world, there are ladies, and married ladies too, and married to men who seem to have, at times, the world in their hands, who do not 'get on' well;—and in the show-rooms of one of those, where letters from crowned heads were framed, and presents from the antipodes set forth to view,

the whole stock of card-paper exhibited only the engraved pretensions of hair-dressers, corset-makers, milliners, dentists, plumassiers, perfumers, and various other makers or repairers of beauty. To the credit of the country, not a gentlewoman! though on the other hand it may be said, there was not an idle person of the party.

(3) If the time should ever come, God grant it never may! when the first drawing-room in the kingdom refuses to shut its doors on vice in the female sex, from that day may be dated not only the disgrace, but the danger, and, unless rescued by the inflictions of Providence, the downfal of this country. It is bad enough to be insulted at public places and private houses of miscellaneous reception, by those with whom St. Paul forbade all intercourse; but if received at that place which should give the law, there will be no defence for the decent, no encouragement for the weak. Let it never be said they cannot be excluded—they have been, when the matter has been pushed as far as possible; and 'No' is a very short word to utter. In many points we already too much resemble the license of Paris before its inhabitants received their severe chastisement; and we have, within the last year, made some large strides of iniquity. We must go no farther. Our public burdens have been cheerfully borne; and even those who sacrifice greatly to the purpose, are disposed to think our enemy cheaply kept out while we are spared the sight of blood: but we must have good example in those above us; and *every* possible reason must not be given us to say, what the feelings of all hearts sufficiently prompt—'Long live the King!'

CHAPTER VII.

The comfort of having withdrawn from an irritating situation, made the family-mansion appear a paradise, and the wounded feelings of the wedded pair began to heal under the balmy influence of an unquestioned superiority. Preferring this place as a residence, Bellarmine, whose property had been injured by what had occurred before his marriage, had sold his great-uncle's estate to replace what he had drawn from his capital, and to free himself from his own and his unfortuned wife's debts, and now seemed a stationary being.

But in settling himself in the county where his mother's family had for ages been objects of regard, he was wrong: he should have betaken himself to his other estate, and there, by comparison, he might have appeared to advantage. The great radical error, indeed, was quitting London: a thick population is a fence; but in the country, where the gentry are objects of attention, and some fashionable vices are left to the peasantry, every arrow reaches; and curiosity being more at leisure, facts get abroad, and if not quite in their correct shape, yet seldom improved.

This discovery was to come. Mrs. Bellarmine, in arranging her household, fancied she was

condescending very low, to propose to the shepherd to take his daughter as a nursery-servant whom she expected to need. The man threw down his hat and crook, and knelt to beg to be excused—but he and his dame could not 'except madam's goodness:' he 'begged ten thousand pardons, but he was sure it was of no use to speak to his dame; for he knew she would not let her Bett take the place, on account as the people said madam had gived her company to the squire, whiles, as one mought say, she were married afore (1).'

The shepherd's rent of his cottage was more sharply looked after, and his lease was not renewed; but Mrs. Bellarmine beginning to understand the situation of her own affairs, contented herself with setting her husband against a faithful servant; and, assuming haughtier airs towards the rustics, swallowed the affront in choking silence.

The expectation of an heir varied a little the monotony of ideas into which Mr. and Mrs. Bellarmine were sinking, but it could not remove the gloom which was thickening over the mind of the latter; and the two months of waiting afforded to all, not out of the reach of admonition, a lesson which, alas! it seems the business of every day to render of none effect. Yet it must be repeated, even without an audience, and even without hope.

It was autumn, and nothing was wanting to

the beautiful character of that season in England. If they had not a neighbourhood, it was because their own possessions were too extensive to admit of approximation; and they had, in their affluence and their taste, every mean of facilitating intercourse: their soil was good; their views were cheerful, and included small habitations, which might have been springs of the purest satisfaction under the control of virtue and benevolence; or have contributed to furnish the amusement of a varying society; but now they were the haunts of invidious curiosity, where gossips met to agree that their new neighbours were no better than themselves, or the shelter for those, who, by the power of recrimination, maintained a right to defy the laws. Mrs. Bellarmine could protect the modesty of no female: her husband had nothing to say to those who assailed it (2). The tongues of both were paralyzed if they attempted to enforce their own interests by moral or religious regards. Had they recommended the church as the proper place of resort on Sunday, in preference to 'the Cow and Snuffers,' they might have been requested with a bumpkin-archness to lead the way; and the blacksmith, if threatened with a representation to the squire, of his 'going after' the wife of a jealous man, would have snapped his fingers, and defied the impeaching virago.

Thu wass their internal influence obstructed; and on their domestics it had as little power of

exertion. Mrs. Bellarmine's female-servants were neither vestals, Lucretias, nor Penelopes; and Mr. Bellarmine's men-servants had their arrangements on both sides the walls. The waiting-woman was pert if a ribband escaped her grasp; and the valet was jocose if his master asked what pretty girl it was that crossed the lawn. When young women in long cloaks applied 'just to speak a word' to the next magistrate, they were asked if they came from 'the hall;' and if any goody had a rambling daughter, 'the hall' was the first place of her inquiry.

Still there might have been, in the best apartments, something to atone for these defalcations. Saucy tenants and licentious servants are not our companions; and if an amiable woman has the love of an affectionate husband, she may be happy with many privations—Granted. But open the doors that inclose Mr. and Mrs. Bellarmine, and what is the character of the love that should form their felicity? On his part, a melancholy habit of domestication, that made his wife seem the painfully reminding shade of something he once had loved:—on hers, a suspicious watchfulness lest his affections should stray. She dreamt of her father and mother; the one gone to the grave without granting his forgiveness—the other obeying his last injunction to leave her unregarded:—of her former husband she was too callous to dream. She

awoke languid and alarmed, endeavouring to comfort herself that 'it was, after all, but a dream,' but conscious of its resemblance to truth. Bellarmine took the newspaper at breakfast: she felt it neglect of her. She inquired his plans; he was going over his fields:—she would accompany him. 'It would fatigue her:—it was damp.'—'No: she wanted exercise—she had boots—she had coats.' Did any thing induce them to go together in a carriage? if they did not bicker, they slept—dinner was tasteless—evenings were long—he called his bailiff—he talked to his groom—he settled accounts. She altered her laces—improved some article of dress—asked her maid's opinion—took up a book—would write to know how it could happen that a young friend was so long silent; a sigh seemed to say, 'Better not ask (3).'

Still for persons able to do so much, there were resources: four horses will go a great way with those who want company; but no one called—no one invited. The architect was 'had down' for a week: he was asked—'for, Lord in Heaven, what was to be done in such an extremity?'—he was asked, or rather permitted, to bring his wife. 'Twas relief: but Mrs. Bellarmine was obliged to wake her spirits to make any advantage of it: at every interval of silence she was 'distrait' and lost; and the silly young woman of a visitor, unacquainted with circumstances, and wishing to amuse, told a strange

history of 'a Mr. and Mrs. Lotus, that her cousin Mary had heard of; and obligingly offered to read Mrs. Bellarmine cousin Mary's interesting letter about Mrs. Lotus's going off with a Mr. Eugene.' Mrs. Bellarmine rang for her salts, and was sorry she could not bear to hear any body read aloud.

O! what a contrast is all this to that which should be the description of a family so blessed, and living in a country every individual of which has such cause for thankfulness! Let us contemplate the horrors of the continent, the seat of war—let us recollect the destruction of villages, towns, cities—let us ask of those who have witnessed sieges, what *they* had to endure—let us learn of the few survivors of conflagration and massacre what they did *not* endure—let us think of the capital of an immense empire destroyed—of a whole regiment at one moment turned into ice, and then ask how we, who have yet escaped, dare be what we are. If this is not sufficiently known for the purpose of reformation, take off at this moment the roofs of a few dwellings easily found, and you shall see worse, worse, than can be depicted; for after all—be as bad as we please—'there is no peace for the wicked, saith my God.'

Now turn to the parsonage-house of Mr. Bellarmine's parish. You will there indeed find nothing particularly interesting or singularly romantic, for nothing more is to be said than

that a respectable parson married, perhaps, rather earlier than was prudent. The young people were left to struggle, and considered as having forfeited their claims by their precipitancy.

But the little vessel, freighted with talents by the hand of industry, and steered by discretion, will weather many storms in which the argosies of greedy projectors are lost. Not the worse will it fare, probably, if some recollection of superior guidance—some motto like 'In te, Domine, speravi,' accompany its launch—true: it could be no merit in our parson, if such sounds rang in *his* ears—they were 'the jargon' of his trade; and 'he may well trust in the Lord, who has nought else to trust to.'

His confidence did not, however, betray him; his industry did not relax. His wife was his fellow-labourer in undertakings, where the credit he obtained was dearer to her than any her powers could have procured her. Their difficulties now over, she was equally assiduous in the duties of a mother. The house was the residence of pious industry and affectionate exertions; and it cost Bellarmine a sigh and his wife a sneer, when the poor Spintexts, as they had *wittily* named them, excused the infrequency of their morning-calls at the hall, by having, poor souls! incessant occupation at home—'as if a parson had any thing upon earth to do but to

read his ready-made sermons; or parsons' wives any concern beyond fancying they set the fashion to the parish.

NOTES.

(1) Have the great no pride? or have they so much as to set at nought the contempt of the body of a nation? Are these times to bring authorities into disgrace? or are they deaf to the warnings which they daily receive? Of the vicious it is sometimes said, 'they are no one's enemies but their own:' —their situation in life then must be very low; for those who set a bad example are the enemies of all who see it; and let the owner of the following fact consider well what *his* account in this way will be.—A carriage that could not be mistaken, was waiting at a house in one of the fashionable streets: a crowd was round it—a gentleman passing, inquired what caused the mob: 'Why, Sir,' said a boy, 'they are looking at the carriage, because the —— of —— is gone a-courting to my lord's wife there, and so they want to see him come out.' This was in broad daylight, and on a Sunday!! The feeling most commendable in the populace, was certainly that the least flattering to the object of their curiosity: had they hissed him as he made his escape, their want of manners might, indeed, have been blamed, but the sentiment would have been correct. Let the effects of such discoveries be added together, and the sum-total considered in time.

(2) Bellarmine was here the slave of a false delicacy. But perhaps he had not witnessed the *honest disgust* with which his uncle's friend, Wormwood, spoke of his female-servants, who were not always to be found where they were looked for. He had married off those whom he had *himself* corrupted —what then was to check his virtuous indignation?

(3) This is no fiction. Much more might be told. A life recently extinct, would afford many additions to these features of connubial happiness. This is liberty! This is choosing and re-choosing for ourselves! There have been instances where, after clearing hedge and ditch in following that miry Will-a-wisp "Monsieur Cupidon," a father has not been able to endure the sight of his own beautiful children—where he has, with every expression of hatred, ordered them away—where the wife has not been admitted to his presence for many days in succession—and, when, in distress for money, she has written a request, has been insulted by a silent guinea; and where, at last, the means to pursue a vicious habit, have been borrowed from her nearest relation.—More, more might be given—'t is not half the worst—there is no hatred like that of companions in guilt. Those inclined to use the moral of the classics in aid of Christian virtue, will see, in the expressions of disappointment which Ovid assigns to Tullia, a sentiment which we, the happier disciples of revelation, may translate

> Ah! what avails it—partners in one crime,
> Me—Heaven to forfeit, and all hope of grace—
> Thee—to brave Hell and all its threaten'd woes,
> If thus in passive quiet we must sit,
> And, daring nought beyond the vulgar reach,
> Seem virtuous, yet receive not virtue's pay!
> Poor unemploy'd, discarded slaves of sin!

(4) Among the varieties allowed to tastes, one, belonging to the female character, may find admittance—the taste for the utmost possible exertion of industry, with no other view of recompense than the happiness of being useful to those whom the will of our Maker has made the superiors of women, and intended for their best friends. History gives us some instances of females who have been resplendent helpmates to their husbands and fathers; and the arts and sciences of this and anterior ages have produced specimens that might justify envy. Pity it is to pass by Madame Dacier,

Claudia Stella, the indefatigable Mrs. Pearson, or Mrs. S——; and culpable it seems to arrest the attention at the portrait of a woman avowedly of no pretensions: but the less correct the engine, the more extraordinary the effect achieved; and in a good cause, and free from the discouragement of obloquy, the respectable may, by something similar, obtain far more than the praise due to those for whom, alas! not even good deeds can obtain a good reputation.

The memoirs of one of those wretched victims of false sensibility, who live in delusion and die in despair, have omitted to inform us fully of some of the brightest circumstances of her life. Compiled by herself, the *disgraceful* has been obtruded on the public eye as the 'interesting'—the *honest* has been omitted, perhaps as derogatory from the claims of a high rank in infamy. But it is matter of fact, that before the lovely meteor alluded to, had reached her zenith, when she was only emerging from the horizon of common life, and perhaps had scarcely proposed to herself the galaxy of 'stars and garters' as her path to sublimity, she was with her reckless husband in the King's Bench prison, where she performed all the offices of their wretched œconomy, nursed her child, and even scrubbed the stairs of their apartment. To relieve their distress, a former employer of her husband would have furnished him with work for his pen; but, as he was too lazy to undertake it, the benefit of the kindness would have been lost, had she not possessed a better spirit, and after her discharge of the duties of nurse, housemaid, laundress, and cook, sate down for hours together to the transcribing law-proceedings. Such a woman deserved a better protector; and such a husband did not merit even such a wife.

It is in the power of women to do much more for the comfort of men and the service of a family, than it is yet common to see practised. Such exertions indeed pre-suppose some degree of leisure; but how seldom is that leisure employed as advantageously as it might be! What can be more unprofitable than the entire application of some women, who sit in their

drawing-rooms to receive visitors, till it is time to be visitors in the drawing-rooms of others, to some elaborate piece of work—for needle-work is now again the fashion—not in any way useful, but requiring the patience of a time-consuming nun, and the eyes of a hawk to perform it, and which is either to be their pride in their own wear, or the decoration of some friend as much disposed to value exquisite trifles; or, taking a more excusable bias, a child is to carry on its head six weeks' morning-tasks. When men of business come home, and, seeking to unbend without sinking into inertness, ask the common question, 'Well, my dear, what have you to say to me?'—'I have done Emma's veil,' or, 'I have finished little Alfred's cap,' is, if all that can be said, a very slender answer. Would it not be well to have now and then to add something like, 'Do let me read to you Dr. Clarke's interesting account of the first sight of Jerusalem;' or, 'I have marked for you here some fine lines in Mr. Tighe's poem of 'The Plants;' or, 'Do you know how beautifully devout the poetry of Filicaja is?' And even should the spirit now awakening, proceed, and gentlewomen prefer the fountain-head to the pitcher—and should a daughter, with the sportive duty of Lady Thomasina, greet her father on his return home with her opinion that Cyrus the Great, when a boy, as depicted by Xenophon, must have been a complete little *quiz*—or should she, in the beautiful contrast of her mind, throw her admiration on the near approach of Marcus Antoninus to Christianity; it might, if she wore her learning like Lady Thomasina, be 'quite as well in the end' as ten rows of veining,—yet Lady Thomasina is an elegant workwoman, and needlework is not to be despised or given up—there is room on the table for the nice work-box as well as for the book and the inkstand. But painting, music, any thing is better than the destruction of sight and the injury of the powers of respiration in personal ornament. We look with pity and astonishment on the elaborate works of our grandmothers, who were employed, for years, on that which was often out of use before it was completed. Was it more idle

than what is done now with an apparent intention of saving expense, and often incurring much more than that of a liberal purchase? Nothing can be more respectable, nothing can be more pleasant, than the employment of the needle to useful purposes; and women obliged or inclined to exert powers of thought, feel it a soothing relaxation; but it must be remembered that there is nothing communicable in the pleasure, and that it should not form a Christian lady's highest intellectual exertion,

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE Mrs. Bellarmine was seeking in her cabinets and wardrobes for amusements, or admiring the order in which they were prepared for the expected claimant of their delicate contents: while in retiring from them, satiated with repetition, she asked the passing moments if they could do nothing for her comfort; her husband, in a deeper tone, asked himself what all his *years* had afforded; and in his proneness to meditation, was often driven to contemplate the sad power he possessed of converting advantages into misfortunes. His feelings had been the objects of his mother's early cultivation, and they had been her pride: his tastes and pretensions to favour and distinction had given him his rank in intellectual society; and he felt their power to add to the weight of his discontent; for on no other principle could he account for his being so much more an annoyance to himself than hundreds who had done more to offend the world, and who had fared worse under its displeasure.

But a remedy seemed at hand. That which brings joy to most parents, is supposed to bring it to all; and an heir to an English gentleman, in Bellarmine's natural situation, was an expectation of stimulating importance; but he had

contrived so that he cared little about this; and, indeed, his apathy was justifiable; for how could he train a son conveniently in any path but that which he had pursued? and what had it led to? 'I can't make him a bishop or a hermit,' said he; 'and if he be not one or the other, he must be what I am, and be—wretched!'

Any body will acknowledge and lament that there can be no medium found between these extremes.

In this state of mind, therefore, his lady had nothing to fear when he was informed that she had a daughter; and as a great deal might very justly be said in praise of the infant's appearance, the sex was rather, on the whole, an agreeable circumstance. Mamma's first anxiety was to know if it promised to be pretty—papa had none: mamma supposed he would be pleased to hear it was thought like her; perhaps he did not wish the resemblance to go farther than person; and had it not gone so far, he might not have repined.

The first day of Mrs. Bellarmine's liberty paid her for every thing she had forfeited or foregone. An innocent pleasure was a new feeling; and though, by good management, she too had rendered it rather a difficulty to find one, yet the indulgence of maternal love was never yet, even by the severest moralists, considered as culpable. It was so delightful to have something to be proud of, of which there was no occa-

sion to be ashamed! and the baby was 'such a dear love!'—'O! now the world was nothing to her—it had nothing to give.'

The want of all other occupation made Mrs. Bellarmine a most assiduous mother. She attended her baby's toilette, that she might contemplate its beauty; all her ingenuity and taste were called forth in its dress; and to change it, was the frequent business of the day. She sent to London for advertised engravings of 'Dear mammas,' and 'Pretty darlings;' and almost forgot herself in solicitudes for her infant. Whoever has seen an unmeasured fondness for a new toy, will understand *this sort* of maternal affection, and can guess how long it would last.

The circle of the parents' friendships offering no assistance in the choice of sponsors or of a name for the child, and the father avowing his dislike to that by which his lady had been christened, Miss Bellarmine was obliged to go on the 'fancy list' of Christians, and thus, almost accidentally, received the name of Rosanne—any thing will do with '*Anne*' tacked to it.

For the first three months, Bellarmine's share in this pleasure consisted in the relief which the occupation of his wife afforded him. He was well bred, and he did not wish to be otherwise, but he was low-spirited and hypochondriac, and too thoroughly tired of his connexion, to be always in good humour with one who every day, by the simple operation of rational causes, lost in his

regard. But from this inanity, as from the fermentation of stagnant water, arose something active. Mrs. Bellarmine began to be wearied of apathy, and to feel offended that any thing for which he was indebted to her, should be so little valued. Little Miss was, as soon as most children, able to make an independent use of her feet; and they carried her frequently where she seemed the least wished for, into the apartments of her father. To get rid of her without exertion, he would give her what she cried for, or some substitute; and she came again, but without gaining any farther ground.

Vexed at this stoicism, and perhaps concluding that female decorations were sometimes baits for male affections, Mrs. Bellarmine took Rosanne to her dressing-room, and decked her in odours and colours, heightening the tint of her infant cheek, by that addition which was now become indispensably necessary to her own: but Rosanne—sadly wanting in discernment, as well as in gratitude,—whenever the attempt was made, regarded her decorations as fetters, the scented waters as physic, and that which was put on her cheeks, as dirt. Insisting on being made clean, the operation and her impetuosity under it, increased her native beauty; and Bellarmine at length condescended to say, her mamma might do what she would, since the attempt to resist was productive of so much improvement.

Perseverance in what was at first teazing, produced at length a pleasure to the father. The child began to talk, and showed that her ideas flowed too fast for her small vocabulary to give them utterance. Bellarmine began to listen. She asked questions, and he took an interest in replying to the repeated 'What 's this?—Whose is that?—Who made this?'—of curiosity in the egg-shell. Her nurse, perhaps scarcely knowing why, had taught her to express something like thanks when her questions were answered, and hence it appeared as if she was grateful for the communication of knowledge. This struck her father: he did not see that it was a habit easily fixed, and as applicable to any thing else: he took it to himself—a human being owned obligation to him!—it stirred his drowsy feelings,—he made his little girl an engrossing concern—and the mamma grew jealous.

Each had now separate indulgences for Rosanne: from each she had injunctions not to tell the other—each had a different view in rearing their daughter. Papa looked to her as probably the only interesting comfort of his future years, and had an inclination to adopt a mode of rearing, that should repay his care. Mamma anticipated a time when the increasing moroseness of Bellarmine would render a confidante and a second a consolation and a support, and determined to spare nothing that could attach Rosanne to her party. Still, however,

as they agreed in the object of their love, no great dissensions could arise; and many little clouds of ill-humour on the brow of either, were dispelled by the transient cheerfulness which a child brings, wherever it is at liberty to be what nature intended it. With this amusement, and with little variety, they got on till it ceased to be new, that is to say, for the first three years of Rosanne's existence.

If industry and regularity, the decencies of life, and the decorum of Christianity needed any thing not yet discovered, to recommend them, those who in the present age would point out their comparative frugality or cheapness of indulgence, might deserve the thanks of the well-disposed. To be perpetually on the hunt for some occupation, something to soothe, and then something else to stimulate, some absurdity, some inconsistency, or some disgrace, is of all the many 'quests' of this 'questing' age, the most expensive: but to this expense, Mr. and Mrs. Bellarmine, again sinking into irritation of mind, now found themselves compelled, not indeed, by the action of any force on them, but by the privation of all impulse. Their home could do nothing for them, and they could do nothing for their home. To abandon it, therefore, seemed the only way to render it tenable, and this plan was carried into execution as

that alone on which they could agree, for the next three years, during which, a comfortable well-appointed mansion which wanted only worth in its inhabitants to make it cheerful, was sustaining every species of injury, while they became wanderers on the face of the earth, dragging about with them, through all the pleasant chances of inns and lodging-houses, a set of unattached servants and the little Rosanne: they seemed to have a dwelling only to avoid it; for though they could not describe themselves as *living* any where else, they *were* at all places, excepting home. None of these places affording that satisfaction which makes us content with something short of the indulgence of every fancy, they found it expedient to take short leases of amusements for which they paid all the accumulated price and compound interest of retail-purchasers, with large premiums and heavy fines, not so much for admission to pleasure, as redemption from pain.

Not willing entirely to forego London, but having no situation in it, they stole into it, and out of it, in a way that, dispensing with intercourse, excused them from mortification. At superb hotels, subscribing to the immense wealth of those keeping them:—in ready-furnished houses, where the rent of a few weeks paid that of a year,—at Bears, Lions, Bulls, Ships, and White Harts, on roads in all directions—paying for post-horses, while their own were lagging

after them, or waiting to be overtaken :—keeping one set of good-for-nothing domestics at home, in the fear of being driven thither by sickness, of which Bellarmine seemed every day to conceive a greater dread, and another set of less lazy, but more rapacious followers, to be waited on upon the road :—cheated at all ends—buying bubbles, and contracting for moonshine—paying, ten times over, for that in which they never could have any property—flattered and bullied into submission to every extortion—it is not to be wondered at, that, before their appetite for home revived, they were poor—and so poor as to admit of their persuading themselves that they could not afford to live in a house for which they had no rent to pay (1).

Travelling was now œconomizing; and the latter part of this period afforded the novel vicissitude of occupying occasional cottages, which, but for fashion, had been disgraceful residences : but obloquy was avoided by incessant change; and like persons running about with their clothes on fire, they, in a small space, included abundance of mischief.

Mrs. Bellarmine's amiable qualities not appearing to particular advantage under an impending cloud, her husband soon confined his confidence and his communications to himself, and made the question 'What is to be done?' matter rather of soliloquy than of dialogue. But a fortunate stay of six weeks at Bath altered, if it did not remove,

his inquietude, and he found the burden which had galled him, might be made tolerable by shifting his position: his mornings were amused: he was distinguished amongst men: his evenings were devoted to the parties of the other sex, and it was matter of contention who should secure him; till the friendships of the day and the flatteries of the night, had involved him in that animated resource of palsied minds, which, when excused, is called 'high play,' and when censured, 'deep play.' After experiencing some of the vicissitudes of chance, he was at last fortunate, and so greatly or so peculiarly, that, with the ability now to return to his mansion, he lost no time in resolving—but on what? on quitting England for ever, and going, with his wife and child, to reside in Paris.

NOTE.

(1) There is not less money spent on *the fugitive plan*, than on one more respectable, but it is spent capriciously—and in the vocabularies of some persons, caprice is a synonym with liberty. On this scheme of life, responsibilities are cast off—hospitality is exchanged for waste: the class of wandering servants is increased; and still more serious consequences are involved in it. Those who take the awful cure of souls, in the western parishes of the metropolis, are not admitted to connexion with, or interest in, their flock: they have a new congregation every Sunday—for nobody is settled—nobody is staid; and when the book for that composition for tithes called Easter-offerings is sent round, more than half the parish are defaulters, because the houses are hotels or

lodging-houses. It would surprise those who level their wit at the plethoric and pluralist clergy, did they know how far under vulgar calculation, the net profits of some of the most elegant London livings are.—The wine-cellars under churches and chapels must not be reckoned on, since, in the former at least, the arrangement of the emolument does not affect the value of the benefice—and for the sake of decency, it is greatly to be wished that such appendages to ecclesiastical buildings were removed. The 'Diable Boiteux,' had he treated Don Cleofas with the Panorama of London instead of Madrid, would certainly have bestowed five minutes on Whitehall chapel and the polite and noble church of St. George, Hanover Square.

CHAPTER IX.

For the waywardness of human beings who shall pretend to account? or who, even with Bellarmine's speculative powers, can predict what will be the next hour's feeling of a sensation-hunting mind? He now made serious arrangements for alienating all his landed property, that he might clear himself of incumbrances which were every day accumulating, and carry into an enemy's country—for France can never be the friend of England until gratitude shall stifle political feeling—that which would have diffused, as the halo of his own enjoyments, life and comfort to a large circle of natural dependents. But, strange to say! when he had thus resolved, he could not think of the subsequent preparations necessary for quitting England for ever, without feeling that he had dormant affections which were most perversely waking to his torment: yet at the same time that he almost repented of the resolution which he had formed, he was hastening on the consequences of it, and was angry that a purchaser for his property did not come forward at the moment when he signified his design of offering it to sale: he had many axioms of other people's experience ready to express his disappointment; but yet when a purchaser appeared, and a bargain on his own terms was offered, by accepting which he must re-

nounce—for ever!—for himself and his child, the only inheritance that gave her an interest in her country, every classic writer that had been the study of his younger days, or the resource of his maturer years, furnished his memory with some opposing sentiment: he paused—he hesitated—he almost retracted:—he felt that he could have loved home under any other circumstances than those of which he had made his election; and at last, in a way that subjected him to hear the word 'dishonourable,' he pleaded change of mind, and declared his purpose now to be, a settled residence in his own house, to which he immediately betook himself.

Mrs. Bellarmine, trusting to that which it was no folly to trust to—his caprice, declined accompanying him in his experimental journey: he therefore left her at Bath, and rejoicing to descry his own chimney-tops, allowed the bells to ring, and those who hoped to profit from it, to congratulate themselves on his return. And now every gap between two trees on a level was a prospect; every gravel-pit was a fine inequality of ground; all he saw was, or was capable of being made, whatever he could wish it: the house improved, on comparison with half the dwellings he had seen since he quitted it; and, 'on the whole, he might certainly as well remain there, as make a remove, the expense of which would be felt for the next seven years.'

He had forgotten, in the relapse of his feel-

ings, and the pleasure of following them, the original cause of his voluntary exile: perhaps he expected that absence would have removed prejudices, or that the grace of his return would incline all around him to take him up as a new object of attention: but he was mistaken—returning without his wife or child, was more discreditable than returning with them: some new vagary of vice or folly was supposed; and he and Mrs. Bellarmine were spoken of as each setting out on a separate capital to increase their powers of making themselves contemptible by dividing.

He was soon satisfied as to the comfort which his experiment promised: he saw he should be an insulated individual while alone; and his family, when united, would be stigmatized afresh by pointed neglect. Again, he made known his disposition to part from his estate, and again a treaty was opened, pending which, an anonymous letter from Bath, hinting at the friendship his lady manifested for a fascinating 'West Briton,' gave a new bias to his ideas, and made him prefer prompt payment from one who had his purse in his hand, to the necessity of settling an account with another where the balance might ultimately be against him.

Paris, never deficient in allurements to the restless and frivolous, at that time held out a new species in great political experiments, and the succession of fancied blessings these

were said to promise; but neither the attraction of place, nor the repellency of vexatious occurrences, could entirely overcome Bellarmine's habitual masters—his feelings. In the definitive ceremonies of renouncing his patrimony, he signed his name with an aching heart, and 'delivered as his act and deed' that which he would gladly have given to the flames: he quitted his house, disposed to cling to its door-posts, and wished he had known its value sooner. In his road from it, he called up every recollection that could embitter his feelings; and on reaching Bath, was compelled to think of France that he might not think of England. He settled his plans so as to allow his preparations to follow him, and ordered post-horses for the next morning. But scarcely had he done so, and looked round for the means of not thinking till he was to think of setting off, when an express revived Mrs. Bellarmine's recollection that she once had a mother, by informing her that she lay at the point of death, and desired to see her grandchild, and would endure to see its parents.

If there could be any reluctance to comply with this summons, it must have been on the part of Bellarmine; for his wife was too sensible to the neglect which she had for some years experienced from the only society, 'after all,' worth having, to undervalue even her mother's notice. Mr. and Mrs. Bellarmine appeared to agree in the performance of a duty, when they,

at the same moment, ordered all possible means of dispatch to be used in forwarding them on their important journey, which occupying half a day, gave time for explaining to Rosanne what a grandmother was, for informing her that she possessed one whom she was going to lose, and for initiating her a little into the ceremonies of her introduction.

The prospect of death was not an unconnected motive with the old lady to call round her those who in a process, not unlike the operation of chymical action on some vegetable juices, had made themselves, of nutritive powers, poisonous influences. Her obedience to her husband's injunctions might have held good, had not tidings of the intended embarkation added disturbance to despair, and reviving the scarcely-stifled affection of a tender-hearted parent, induced a belief that it was matter of conscience to dissuade her daughter and Bellarmine from their purpose.

But dissuaded, thus circumstanced, they could not be. The good lady must have bid far higher than the utmost of all she possessed, to have induced her son-in-law to oblige her. Therefore, after one of those agonizing scenes of forgiveness bestowed for the relief of the innocent, before it is entreated by the guilty, she could prevail only in some points respecting the little Rosanne. She conjured Bellarmine and her

daughter to bring her up as an English woman, not as one of a nation 'who must ever remember, and might revenge on her, the discomfiture of their naval power by her grandfather.' Above all things, she dreaded her being educated in the religion of the country to which they were going; and she tried to make Bellarmine promise that Rosanne should be internally and externally reared a Protestant. The poor simple-minded grandmother thought she had all that she asked, when Bellarmine assured her she should not be a Catholic: she thought that all who were not Catholics were Protestants; and not aware that it was hardly probable that such a woman as her daughter, and such a man as Bellarmine, should have any religion, she did not find out that Rosanne had never yet been in a church, nor that it was very unlikely she should, in as many more years as she had already lived, increase her acquaintance with buildings of such a nature.

With a mind much eased, and a spirit very willing to be freed from its scarcely tenantable habitation, she gave her last directions for securing to Rosanne, on her attaining the age of twenty-one, all that she had power to bestow, and bequeathed the interest of this fortune for her, to her father during her minority; but on the expressly specified condition, that in every point, particularly in religion and language, though resident in France, she should be educated as an English girl.

Just enough acquainted with business to know, or else informed by some one, that trustees would make 'assurance double sure,' she named as persons she preferred for this distinguished confidence, two of her few surviving friends, making her choice of those to whom years might be supposed to give knowledge, experience, and caution. The poor soul was not in a state to make computations, or she might have asked herself how great was the probability that persons more than co-eval with herself, would live long enough to see her granddaughter twenty-one.

The old lady resigned her breath in the course of the day; and nothing farther requiring present attention, the party delayed their journey only twenty-four hours—Rosanne very imperfectly informed on the subject of grandmothers, and inclined to resent, as if defrauded of a promised pleasure, the arbitrary authority by which she had been consigned to the company of her grandmamma's servants, with no other indulgence than going to her bedside, where she saw only—and she was sure *that* could not be her grandmamma—an old woman in an ugly nightcap, crying.

It was well, as far as regarded the future plans of Bellarmine for his daughter, that there was no opportunity for better acquaintance with her grandmother. The young lady was not, at present, sufficiently disciplined to accept the

tender fondness of the dying woman with placidity: the cadaverous hue of her skin was appalling, her emaciated hand was held out in vain, and the unstudied nightcap completed the repulsion. When grandmamma wept in agony, Rosanne roared in fury; and, for the ease of all, being suffered to depart, she received the last blessing of her newly-found relation by proxy, and escaped the 'prejudice' which she might have imbibed, had her curiosity been roused to ask, What does she mean by saying, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace?'—She might have wanted to be told whether grandmamma was any lord's maid—and we all know too well how teazing and unanswerable are the questions of children.

CHAPTER X.

The English being at that time very welcome visitors in Paris, Bellarmine settled himself and his family there, much to his satisfaction; and wisely preferring the public funds of his own country for the trust of his monied property, he felt no cause for anxiety.

Mrs. Bellarmine never having been out of England, and seeing with the most inconsiderate delight, novelty, which, if she had thought at all, would have made her regret that she had quitted it, was a new creature. Her husband, therefore, had no reason to suppose that she had formed any connexion that would not immediately give way to the vivid pleasure which she expressed in visiting the gay metropolis of the civilized world. Their friends were chiefly amongst those who were blowing the kindling coals that were to produce the glorious gas-light of liberty. Mrs. Bellarmine heard with rapture little fanciful romances of patriotic virtue, and made a very profitable acquaintance with one of her own countrywomen, who could direct her when 'to clap;' her husband was looked to as an oracle on the subject of English government, and was almost idolized for the happy chance of having been born under it.

Thus occupied, Rosanne had sunk in her im-

portance to them: she was reduced to their plaything; and that she was ever to be any thing else, was a consideration reserved for that time when they should want a new form of happiness.

Various horrible events came in, very fortunately, to vary the scene of minor excitations; and Mrs. Bellarmine enjoyed them as she would have done the 'spectacle' of an opera (1). But horrible events do not occur every day; and as, when we have been sitting in a profusion of chandeliers, a couple of candles seem only to exhibit 'darkness visible,' every pause was dejecting; and her felicity ended, before the year expired, in her seeking new excitations by withdrawing herself from her husband's house, and departing for Berlin with her Bath-admirer, leaving a conjugal epistle, very much in the diction of some lately given to the public, and admirably calculated, by its pathos, its sentiments of high honour and delicate feeling, its confessions of delinquency, and its concern for her dear Frank's peace, and the welfare of her child, whom she recommended to his care as if from her death-bed, to show that though we call ourselves rational creatures and Christians, our affections are not under our own or any other control; that we may be unfortunate, but cannot be culpable when led astray by them, and that a man may be very ill used by his profligate wife, without a right of appealing from her de-

cisions on her own conduct. Nothing could be more interesting than this letter—nothing could appear more candid, more amiable than the writer. By heaping on herself condemnation which she could not be supposed to deserve, she disarmed censure; while by endeavouring to convince him that she was not worth recalling, she seemed to claim a right to depart unmolested (2).

The Gallic atmosphere was not, at this crisis, particularly favourable to the growth of the social affections; and fashion did not demand intense feelings on any but public events. Bellarmine, in his general weariness of 'existing circumstances,' had not made any partial exception in favour of his wife; but yet his occupations on a new theatre had kept him free from any decided wish to be rid of her. Where there is no prospect, there is no room for speculation; and considering his disgrace as in some measure implicated with hers, he was not impatient for her doing any thing preposterously violent, but rather acquiesced in effects the causes of which he could not trace without seeing interwoven his own errors.

But this calm of mind continued only while there was no conflict of elements. It was disturbed at the moment when Mrs. Bellarmine was not to be found, and by the manner in which her letter accounted for her absence; and he meditated deeply on the event in all the relations

it would bear, and thought himself as ill-used as if he had *deserved* happiness. 'What were the times? what were morals? what was confidence? what would now ensure a man domestic comfort?' He believed really 'the homely age of woman was the best for society; for though they might then be no companions—men did not want companions—they only wanted quiet.'

As the lady set out on her journey late in the day, Bellarmine's feelings were in full vivacity at the time when his little girl was retired to rest; and thinking on the mother, he recollected the child with pungent concern: he went to her bedside, and made no scruple of disturbing her—but too far gone in sleep to be quite roused, she only awaked enough to ask for 'Mamma,' and then, in happy insensibility to the importance of her question, sunk into a slumber that was proof against his incautious endearments.

To a disciple of 'the feelings,' even those which are deprecated by the more rational, may be luxurious; and Bellarmine, never having since the death of his mother, felt any thing that deserved the name of sorrow, did not shun the experiment. His, at the present moment, was rather grief 'of course,' than sterling affliction; and, if he had had no child, it would have been forgotten in two days; but Rosanne was a pretty interest to keep alive, without disturbance, that which it was new and not very painful to feel;

and being at hand, and very well suited to his apathy and indisposition to reach far for the little slight aliment his ideas called for, she was rendered in a moment of increased consequence. Whenever obliged to part from her, he could not dismiss the train of thought into which she had led him: he excused himself from some engagements, and dismissing all obtruding recollection of his wife, he endeavoured to concentrate his ruminations on the plan he had to devise for rearing his daughter.

His first intention was—and wiser parents would, in this instance, do well to follow him—to study the disposition and natural endowments of his subject. Having attained a knowledge of these, he meant to constitute himself her tutor, with such assistance from female-talents as might be necessary to the making her equally distinguished for external and internal attainments. To any system of education resembling either that of an English boarding-school or a foreign convent, he had an equal dislike, resulting from his observations on the women with whom his habits of life had connected him; and as he meant the period of Rosanne's tutelage to be as agreeable to him as her years of discretion, he felt that he should part from an amusement if he transferred the charge of her.

There is no plan of proceeding so expeditious as that of separating decidedly, arguments *against* and arguments *for*—ascertaining pre-

cisely what we mean, and adhering steadily to the resolution coolly formed. Bellarmine having studied and thought, had this power; and he used it on the present occasion. In a few hours he had told himself, that his first business was to get into his family some lady who should take the important care of his daughter under his superintendence;—and for such a person he began to inquire.

A few of his friends, who could steal time from 'the duties of insurrection,' rallied round him with their advice and their offers: he heard them with attention, politeness, and expressions of gratitude when they came from male-friends; and with the addition of a smile that had a latent meaning, when uttered by the lips of females aspiring to lead, or already leading the parties and opinions of a frantic nation; for, however fascinating he had found the various superiorities of our enemies in early years, or when received as a visitor amongst them, he now, in the maturity of his judgment, and admitted as one of themselves, discovered much, particularly in the female world, into which he did not wish to initiate a daughter, more especially as he meant to obey the will of her grandmother, while it did not thwart his own; nor was his confidence in the stability of newly-established French politics, sufficiently firm, to make him sure he should himself choose to die a subject of France. He had already begun to think,

of the reduction of establishment which Mrs. Bellarmine's departure admitted; and this, with consistent œconomy, would eventually leave his daughter heiress to considerable wealth. He might indeed, on this basis, have calculated on a period not very remote when he should have it in his power to return home; but the acquisition of that money which he owed to the benign atmosphere of Bath, had a circumstance attending it, which conquered the faint struggles of patriotic affection.

He saw with fond feeling, how liberal Nature had been in her favours, and was in her promises, to his daughter. She was now nearly seven years old, a lovely sylph-like creature, lively, impetuous, quick in comprehension, ardent in pursuit, self-confident and haughty, yet manageable by her feelings, and not deficient in returns of affection, or the gentle sympathies of her sex. It required, for two or three days after the departure of her mother, some exertions of ingenious falsehood to detach her heart from its natural object; but when duly informed that 'naughty mamma' was not to be loved, and never to be mentioned, and convinced by the loss of some pleasure that transgression would bring punishment, she had prudence or selfishness enough in her composition to make her obedient; and no subsequent excitation of displeasure interrupted her father's ruminations for her advantage.

Having, for a few days, attentively considered what nature had done and seemed able to bear, he resolved to devote himself to his child, and to exercise for her that ambition which for himself he had extinguished: his vanity was already gratified by encomiums suited to her age; and he meant, as she advanced, to make her pretensions as conducive to his pride. In this process he had worked up his feelings to enthusiasm, and had decided that Rosanne Bellarmine should be, if not a tenth or eleventh muse, a fourth grace, and an eighth wonder of the world. It, even thus early, entered into his intentions to rear her solely for himself, and with a particular view to her care of him in his old age, or in that accelerated state of infirmity, which a very reasonable, justifiable, and almost laudable disposition to hypochondria, made him fancy he perceived in his horizon.

He was not living amongst persons at all inclined, or in circumstances at all calculated to make him deliberate long on some points, 'such as pious fathers' think of importance, and her grandmother had hinted at. Had he ever, indeed, in his own country, seen much benefit derived by parents from the religious education of children, he might, however silent, have recollected its use, but he had never made any observation of this kind: the subject was seldom started where *he* led the conversation; and by the same sort of accidental ignorance which any

of us may acquire, even in sight of our object, only by shutting our eyes, he had escaped the leaven of this doubt. In Paris, at this time, there was no question of Hugonot or Catholic, for there was not a vestige of religion, unless their frantic goddess, Liberty, could be styled, by any profanation of language, a deity, and orgies worse than those of Bacchus, constituted worship.

Had Bellarmine remained in his own country, some friend or other might have whispered to him that men, however lax in their opinions for themselves, on religion, virtue, and morals, generally choose, that those of the inferior sex with whom it is their lot to pass their lives, should entertain more precise sentiments. Many of them, he might have learnt, confessed readily, that the forms of religion, a reverence for its precepts, and observance of its laws, are in themselves good things; and, as assisting in the control of a set of beings to whom great endowments of reason were not granted, so far useful in the œconomy of life. Perhaps, had he been the father of a large family, necessity would have made him think on this subject; but, with only one lovely little 'fancy-thing' of a girl to bring up, he certainly could not need to adopt popular means. The continent at this time had furnished some illustrious examples on 'a liberal plan,' and if he conceded any thing, it was, that it was time enough to think of this.

At present, therefore, all question on this head was asleep; and he proceeded so far in securing its nap, as to figure to his imagination his daughter educated to a state of perfection yet unattained—young, beautiful, free from all prejudices, disdaining all the shackles of established opinion, and with no hazard of her grandmother's property; in short, as unprejudiced and as unfettered as he was. What this amounted to, indeed, should be stated. And perhaps the best way of stating it, would be to refer to some persons of the same standard who are well known; but yet all could not be benefited even by this reference; for it may not be the ill fortune of many of us to be obliged to admit into our houses his archetypes—men, who merely seeing the 'Sacraments of Poussin,' or 'Raffaëlle's Transfiguration,' as the ornaments of our walls, would thence take a hint, and preach, to their own scandal and the horror of their audience, on the text, 'I believe in NO God.' The preachers are not many; and it would be honouring them beyond their deserts, to tell in what class they may be found, or to relate their ingenious devices for affronting the Church of their country, and for dishonouring the Sabbath. They may go on very safely, no one will offer to disturb them; they can do no harm to others that will not recoil on themselves. They may live in their own fashion, and die after it, in all the various forms of buffoons

and braves; and as to any good they can do, unless they would let any body see them with a broken shin, or confined to the house with a cold, it is so little, that it is hardly worth attempting (3).

Bellarmine being a polite man in mind and manners, had not suffered himself, indeed, to obtrude his notions on his friends and acquaintance; nor was he, perhaps, when he quitted England, sufficiently settled in his opinions to explain them: he had, under the impulse of curiosity, and complying with a habit of informing himself, attended to whatever was the fashionable study of the day or the hour; and, facilitated in the gratification of his vanity by natural acumen, he was looked up to, by the less well endowed and the idle, as a spring whose waters might be drawn without pumping.—From being the conduit of knowledge, to setting up for a source, is an easy transition to those who can forget whence they are themselves supplied; and the well-seasoned flattery of some who were emulous of being acquainted with 'talent' exclusively, easily fastened on Bellarmine the fancied necessity of thinking for himself, that is, of thinking with nobody else. If, as says a luminous preacher of a celebrated lecture, 'vanity intrudes into the sanctity of the study,' and thence 'becomes the parent of infidelity,' those whose studies have no sanctity, who read in a lantern, and would be no students in solitude, come out of doors to learn

sophistry. To be distinguished even for being wrong, may, in their estimation, be a happier lot than to be right with the multitude; and if it be possible to teach a new fashion of being wrong, great is the reward, in the anticipated applause of such as think that to be stared at, is to be admired.

He had astonished in calculation and demonstration—he had elaborated statistics—he had geologised and mineralogised—he had given authenticity to theory by chemical experiment—he had struck out combinations in mechanics; in short, he had collected in his mind a pattern-book of systems and opinions; and with the aid of the classical part of his early education, and his continental perceptions, he had, in his brilliant career, run up, for the present purpose, a flimsy result of dogmatical inferences, which, requiring only to be expressed by negatives, did not disturb that natural and acquired apathy, and habitual indolence, which, however counteracted by the stimulants of his youth, or the goad of vanity, waited only the withdrawing these impulses, to show that they still were parts of his character.

But now, having attained the radiating centre of opinions that were striving for precedence, as their promulgators gave out, in illuminating the whole civilized world,—and regarded as a Solon in a vacant project of legislatiou, it was not only necessary that he should think for

himself, but that he should know what he thought: he had candour enough to read for the purpose; but it was rather to confirm and to arrange his ideas, than to seek the most correct; and from them he made up a mongrel code of infidelity, ingrafting what suited him of the philosophy of the heathens on the moral of the times.

He had now got as far as dispensing with any notion of a Supreme Being, either as governing or creating the world; but as there were ocular proofs that the latter had been, somehow or other, effected, he informed himself 'that matter is infinitely divisible into atoms; that atoms were, from eternity, always in motion; that their meeting is fortuitous, and the produce what we every day see. With regard to that form into which they are so apt to throw themselves, *i. e.* human beings, that this is temporary accident, as they and all other substances must, after a certain lapse of years, crumble again into atoms, which will serve, as well as new ones, to make more shapes: and as for those fancies with which people would be plaguing the world, about the soul, and things connected with it, the answer was very short: if there was such a thing as a soul, why, it must go with the partner it was tied to. As to laws and commandments, rewards and punishments, this was the mummery of priests. As to sin, which was so much thought on by the superstitious; and as to the

jargon of revelation and redemption; it was all a mere notion. There might be errors—faults—weaknesses in the atoms, and mistakes in their configurations; but they could not be responsible for their own misfortunes, when those misfortunes resulted from the nature of things. A future life was therefore a mere illusion, an engine of government for the vulgar, and its terrors the most cruel exercise of the power of the crafty.'

There can, it is presumed, be no man born an atheist, because the question must be proposed to his judgment before he can assert his dissent; but the early tuition of such a mother, the subsequent example of libertinism in his uncle, the preclusion of all counteraction in which his tutor had timidly and culpably acquiesced; a foreign university, at that time no 'Alma Mater' to her sons; an uncontrolled choice of good and evil, in countries where the latter had far more encouragement than the former; and the subsequent adoption of habits of life which made it prudent to be sceptical, had, all together, led Bellarmine to this seeming dismisssion of prejudices, and in reality to the acceptance of the absurdest of all necessities, that of taking up an opinion as the result of thought, and the exercise of free option, because we have made it convenient to ourselves. What would be said of any of us, who, because we had broken a leg, insisted on it that crutches were of general uti-

lity? or because we had weak eyes, chose that all our friends should prefer a darkened room? Yet these would be rational exertions of egotism, absurdity, and prejudice, if compared with those of atheism or deism: and well indeed might the Psalmist confine to the fool the saying, 'There is no God,' if he classed, as he seems to do, the knaves and the fools in one lot.

NOTES.

(1) There were English ladies, and living in England, at this period, who made no scruple of avowedly wishing for a revolution. It is a pity they were not indulged with a private exhibition, to which none but themselves and their party should have been admitted. They must all have been born since the year 1780, or the remembrance of the distress of that period might have taught them, by very imperfect analogy, the folly of their wish.

(2) In the many questions now agitating for the advantage of society and the good of our country, it were to be wished that the licentiousness, not the liberty of the press, were considered. Can it do any good, equivalent to the infinite mischief it must produce, to publish in the newspapers, which it is impossible to keep from young persons and servants, the most indecent details and the most seductive compositions that the vilest actions and the most corrupt minds can furnish? Is it worse to do some things for which the law inflicts pains and levies penalties, than to describe, as far as words can, scenes of the lowest seduction? to teach boys of fifteen, the data on which damages are adjudged, and girls to repeat interesting passages from unrepenting confessions of guilt? Were such letters as those above alluded to, fit for publication? A very good friend to virtue, a woman of ad-

mirable intellectual powers, used to say, that even medical cases ought to be veiled in Latin, and she was right; for she did not live to see the publication of some famous prescriptions, or she would have made an exception for practitioners who must have been starved in their studies by her regulation. But on the question of indecent communications of that which the less known the better, there can be no doubt. Let it but be considered how important it appears to an individual who has the care of even one child, to keep its mind a stranger to the language of vice, till love of virtue is fairly planted; and the cruelty of thus infecting thousands at once, will be evident. All the nonsense that is talked on the security of innocence, or all the sneers bestowed on those who would preserve it, will not alter the matter of fact, that, whatever we were intended by our Maker to have been, we are, by the transgression of our first parents, rendered of a nature, in which the brute and the angel alternately predominate—every relaxation in favour of the former, makes the task of the latter harder; and there is nothing which our nobler part has to deplore so much, as the moment when, perhaps, only by half a dozen words, that lovely sacred enamel with which the young mind is shielded, is broken through, and vice is to be fought on our hearth, instead of being excluded by our doors. Let it not be said this is all notional. Let the effect be observed—hear the principal performers in some sentimental adultery, discussed by lads and their sisters. The lady has always an advocate—the gentleman always finds one who will devise an excuse; while of any husband and wife, who are the innocent and the pitiable sufferers, you hear every little failing that can be picked up. The horror of novel vice is gone; the fear of the world's universal reproach is done away; and hoping that the commandments are in their observance optional, and treating the Gospel as allegory, the conflicting elements of the world are, more than any established principle, trusted to, for the escape of those dear to us, from eternal perdition.

(3) It is a consoling fact, that one of these preachers having occasion to send for an apothecary, appeared so terrified while the extent of a wound was examining, that it was hardly possible to support his spirits. The greatest charity they can ask is, the prayers of others that this sense may never be quite extinguished in them. When they grow brave, we shall have every thing to fear for them.

CHAPTER XI.

This was the state of Bellarmine's mind; and cold and comfortless it was as heart could wish: cheerfulness is soon burnt out in a life of pleasure; and now, when he ought to have been vigorous and active, he was graver, or rather more dull, than most men of his age, and inclined to claim the privileges due to those much his seniors: he had lived on impulses; and when these were most frequent, he was least unhappy; but the invariable action of impulses destroys their character; and when, as in France, he saw them melting into one, the tendency of which was, to his acuteness, very suspicious, he could not enjoy all the relief he had expected from a change of climate. He was, therefore, at this time, very willing to take up a new employment.

The next business was to procure the co-adjutrix whom he needed—and her he might have found without search, and engaged without even an interview, would he but have listened to recommending friends and extolling patronesses; but he chose to look a little round for himself in so important a choice, and was satisfied that he was acting spontaneously, when in truth his thoughts were confined to the identical lady, whom it was the intention of the 'coterie' under

whose influence he unconsciously acted, to impose upon him.

This lady was Mademoiselle Cossart, who retaining the style of a single woman, was, nevertheless, a wife. A thorough understanding and usage of the English language, and her not being of the Romish church—indispensable requisites in the person whom he must trust—left him hardly the power to hesitate; they were circumstances, he candidly confessed to himself, perhaps not to be met with in any *other* French woman; for he had not yet discovered, nor had any one had the goodness to inform him, that this lady was by birth an American subject of Great Britain. He, in the reserve which was now enveloping his mind, had not chosen to say precisely what he wanted; and those who wished themselves fairly rid of the burdensome duty of protection, were fearful of marring their own interests in telling the truth.

She had been brought up by an eccentric father, who, with acute intellects, united a spirit of roving discontent, and who had quitted the exercise of the clerical profession, and its character, for a speculation on a savannah in the new world, from whence he continued to write false accounts and selfish invitations to his friends, till his death and his creditors told the truth. His daughter, who had shared his speculative endeavours with the savannah, had made as ill a requital; for, disgusted by poverty

and the claims made on her powers of alleviating it, she had gladly listened to the splendid offer of a Parisian lady, who had crossed the Atlantic in quest of a little property bequeathed to her, and who offered to remove her from this scene, 'so beneath her talents,' without distressing her by painful adieus to her parent. A hint of the celebrity which she might acquire in the first city of the world, and under the first patronage, was sufficient: her wardrobe was soon packed and easily conveyed:—and in this protection, her pride and ambition were gratified to the utmost, by an introduction to the highest circles, and a marriage with a man of rank, so far descended into the vale of dotage, as to be angry and surprised when he fancied his property in her affections ideal.—He had abandoned her to extreme indigence, a burden on those, whom a certain 'esprit de corps' called on to support one in some measure adopted by them.

As the low state of her finances was no bar to her being seen in the best company, Mademoiselle Cossart had been admitted at the 'petits soupers' of female wits and freethinkers, where every thing was, in turn, the subject of conversation and discussion; and where, by blending the deep designs of men with the frivolous inconsideration of women, abundance of moral corruption was facilitated: where statesmen, scholars, priests, men of first-rate endowments,

were not ashamed to show, at least to the world around *them*, that public business and the weightiest affairs, extensive learning, and deep science, admitted of the paltry interference of unprincipled females—where the irascible as well as the grosser affections, were features of intrigue —and where the alternations of love and hatred, neither worth a moment's regard, and peace and strife, alike selfish and alike artificial, gave employment to all the passions that were not engaged by illicit connexions, and rendered women, while they appeared to govern, the subservient tools of their male-associates (1).

Mademoiselle Cossart added to the distinguishing advantages of a commanding figure and characteristic countenance, the acquired 'air de la bonne société,' which neither doubt, diffidence, nor sense of inferiority ever injured. Never distrusting herself, she never felt cause of self-distrust; and though she did not always see the two sides of a question, and now and then was mistaken in a precipitate opinion, she always found a way out of one error, if it was only into another; and did not add to the casual circumstance of being wrong, the less pardonable aukwardness of being out of countenance.

Her father, having a wild luxuriant range of desultory knowledge, and no son to whom he could bequeath it, hung as much of it as there was surface to receive, on her, as the only object within his reach; and thus she had, almost

insensibly, acquired such a variety of superficial knowledge, as, under her management of it, raised her to a high rank of estimation with those who do not ask what proportion a sample bears to a gross quantity. She was best characterized by that expressive term borrowed from the country she adorned, 'imposing;' and of this sum-total, Bellarmine was well aware, in the course of a short acquaintance with her; but it did not hinder her exactly suiting his views, nor lessen her reputation in the world of literary taste and intellectual fashion. She had, it was supposed, formed the mind, finished the manners, and given grace to the person of the young Madame de ******, who at this moment, in the capricious favour of a changeable multitude, reflected lustre on her teachers; and it required more time than could now be spared, to find out that the great qualities of Mademoiselle Cossart's mind had some counteractions which, on an inferior plan, would have been more regarded. She did not herself tell, nor would any body else, when so much was at stake, that her extreme self-confidence was rendered abortive by indolence; that the more than feminine independence of her language, could change into the meanest blandishments when her indulgences were threatened—that the most paltry puerile cowardice would occasion the most culpable desertion of all care but for herself, and prompt every resource of

disingenuousness that could save her from disparagement.

What this lady might have become, under any other tuition than her father's, cannot be guessed; but opinionated as she was, though liberally gifted by nature, it might not have been any thing very different from the partly presbyterian, partly deistical, partly catholic, partly atheistical, but at this moment, entirely facile candidate for an establishment in Monsieur Bellarmine's family.

The arrangement seemed almost out of the power of the fates. Every day brought fresh testimonials to the merits of Mademoiselle Cossart; and every evening afforded Bellarmine opportunity of judging of her estimation among the most esteemed. But there was an obstacle, neither to be seen nor described: it was only felt in its effects; —and this consisted in an unaccountable antipathy, which Monsieur Bellarmine had conceived against the lady—why, he could not tell himself, nor did he attempt to tell any one: he dared not avow it, though he felt it increase with the advancement of the treaty: he could only procrastinate, and deplore his own want of decision in an affair of so much importance. Her kind friends were in despair, when, had they better known Bellarmine, they would have been the most confident; but an old she-rat of the council guessed the truth—that they had only to be quiet—or, if

that were not in their nature, vigorously to bring forward and propose some one else.

The waywardness of Bellarmine, while not opposed, proceeded regularly, and produced its natural result. When Mademoiselle Cossart was not obtruded on his attention, he thought her most deserving of it: when her shrewd friends spoke lightly of that in her, which others were instructed to hint as merit, he was her champion:—when he did not meet her, he inquired for her—and when left to indulge his aversion, it died away with his other exploding feelings; and his opinion settled into conviction that she was, though not quite his choice, the person whom he needed.—This favourable sentiment wanted a prop, perhaps still more than his dislike; but it was his feeling at the moment on the subject, and this was always ground sufficient for any proceeding of Frank Bellarmine's: and though it was sarcastically said once, that feelings taken for guides, might lead us into a hornet's nest, or, suffered to govern, might make us need a nurse and a backstring,—yet it cannot be denied that fine feelings are particularly to be desired by those who can do nothing but *on the spur* of the occasion. 'He is fond of the spur,' said a horse-dealer, recommending a lazy animal to a purchaser: had he had Bellarmine to sell, he might have said this with truth.

That there were objections to be made to her as the guide even of a child, and still more as

the superintendent of a young female who might not possess one of the qualities to which Mademoiselle Cossart's could be useful, did not escape him; but when he recollected the number of persons in England, who took catholics into their families as teachers of their children, and foreigners for domestic servants, he concluded it mattered little whether the selection were exactly prudent: a few young people might, to be sure, turn out papists in consequence of early prejudices instilled into them, and there certainly were, now and then, reasons to wish that the Protestant English could be content to be served by those of their own church and nation; but he did not think the mischief occurred often enough to come within calculation; and as to any thing that he had heard of Mademoiselle Cossart, it was not likely that she should ever reveal what must lower her in the estimation of her pupil.—This was not very false reasoning in Mr. Bellarmine: he only gave more credit to parents and heads of families than was their due, and he had never had an opportunity of judging what those will do who must betray a higher trust than that committed to them by their employer, if they will not 'compass sea and land to make one proselyte (2).'

To return to the governess-elect. Her adventures had been, in most circumstances, so common, that they left little to censure that might not be justified by precedent, and nothing to

remark, as novel. She had had her little 'badinage' of tender friendship with philosophers, academicians, and 'encyclopædists'—but who could say whether these were affairs of the heart or of the head? intrigues of gallantry, or the contribution of female genius to the amelioration of the state of human nature? since many women of this distinguished period of history, might be thought to be forfeiting their best reputation, while only seeking glory; and many preserved a fair external by seeming to be thus employed. All these circumstances were duly weighed by Bellarmine—for he was by no means a hasty inconsiderate creature—he bestowed as much wear and tear of thought on what he did, as if he had done wisely (3)—and the result of his deliberation was an agreement with Mademoiselle Cossart, to take on herself the superintendence of his house, which he wished to establish on an English plan of comfort, and the care of his daughter's person and education, for as long a time as he should judge fit to retain her. The terms were extremely liberal: the reputation of Monsieur Bellarmine's style of living was high: it was in effect an invitation to her to share in all the satisfaction she could enjoy; and she had no reluctance to bind herself.

But no sooner was the decision irrevocable, than Bellarmine repented, and, could he have instantly rescinded the treaty, Mademoiselle

Cossart's prospects had vanished; but she was out of Paris two days, which gave time for another change; and the treaty remained in force.

For the sake of a maintenance, and on such terms, she would have promised much more than Bellarmine asked, which was only that his little girl might be educated as well as possible, and free from all 'superstition and nonsense.' Mademoiselle Cossart replied, that on no other condition would she undertake such a charge. She was convinced, by her own observation, that in the common modes of forming the mind, time and labour were mispent—that what should have been bestowed on the height of the column, was buried in its foundation; and that the reason why females had not yet their proper rank in society was, that so many years were wasted in teaching them error.

Bellarmine might have expressed some apprehension lest a very tall column without a foundation, might totter with the first blast—but he meant to take this care on himself: at any rate he wished an end to a florid declamation from a monstrous tall woman.

The party soon settled together in mutual satisfaction; and either Bellarmine's restlessness, or his reasonable anxieties, inducing him to remove to a little distance out of Paris as quickly as he could, Mademoiselle Cossart's usefulness was rendered very apparent by the exertion of her influence in drawing towards her the atten-

tions of those teachers, without whose assistance Rosanne's education would have been deficient.

NOTES.

(1) It is not possible to mention this coalition of faction and profligacy, without adverting to the characters of some who, a little previous to this period, distinguished themselves in it; and amongst the females must be recollected Madame du Deffand, now so well known in this country, through the medium of her published correspondence with the celebrated Horace Walpole. 'T is needless to record her life—it may be useful to remark briefly on her character. At the time of her influence, women of high fashion in Paris, trod, with very few exceptions, but with some, the same path in their passage to old age—the phrase, 'another world,' hardly applies to them any more than it would to horses. When gallantry ceased, they took their choice of gaming or wit. Madame du Deffand led a party in the latter class, and her house received, and her correspondence included, almost all the genius of the time. Her letters declare her principles, and portray her character: but to the *great* features of the latter should be added the most disgusting gluttony—a very common resource of infidel inanity even among the schismatics of our own country;—but in her, who, as being blind, had fewer enjoyments than her neighbours, this was carried to such an excess, that having shrewdly connected the protraction of her existence with the interests of her servants, by settling on them annuities, increasing in a progressive ratio, during her life, she would follow the dishes with her hand, when, in their care for her and for themselves, they took them away, lest she should suffer by repletion. Her manners, or rather relaxations of manners, were too grossly indelicate to be detailed; though she was extraordinarily neat in her appearance. What construction it is fairest to put on her passionate language to our countryman, is matter of question.

Her conduct in early days does not claim an acquittal; and those who reason on the presumption that a woman of seventy-five could not be serious in any sentiment of love to a man of fifty, are entitled rather to respect than to credit. No light will be afforded us by referring to the general acceptation of such expressions in the country whose language was hers—it is, after all, problematical, and therefore there is something wrong either as to example or conscience.

Admitting Madame du Deffand to have possessed a most powerful attraction in her brilliant talents for conversation, and to have obtained by them that applause and that 'cortège' which could best exhilarate the pitiable state of blindness, let us see what they produced; and then let us compare, or rather contrast her with a lady of our own country, whose life began perhaps nearly at the same time, and ended much within the long period allowed the French marquise.

Madame du Deffand's natural temper, far from good, seems never to have received any benefit from culture; and the vexations to which a vain woman is always subject, did not mend it. She grew more peevish, more selfish, more hard-hearted, as she grew older—a probability which ought always to be reckoned on, and guarded against, in time;—and her expressions on the subject of religion are little short of blasphemous. She calls the Almighty to answer the questions—for no one else could pretend to do it—'Why are we sent into the world?—Why do we grow old?'—Poor forlorn wretch!—she received as an injury the mercy of our Maker, and died, it is to be feared, as ignorant on these points as she was born. The Psalmist thought himself 'brutish and ignorant' when the dealings of God towards the wicked puzzled him—what then are we, when we cannot understand his views for our happiness?

The eye of the young and well-disposed must not be shocked by submitting to it the several passages in her letters which call for severity:—it is enough to say that the least offensive of them are those where she complains of her wretched incapacity to enjoy any thing—of 'ennui'—of 'the tædium of life,' and of 'having been subjected to its calamities.'

In a letter to Voltaire, she almost implores him to assure her that there is no life beyond that which she so heartily curses. She died 1780, at the age of eighty-three, of weakness and fever, the last eight days of which she passed in lethargic insensibility.

Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Dutchess of Somerset, the lady with whom Madame du Deffand may be contrasted, seems, from her earliest years, to have had a taste for virtue—she was married to a worthy man, to whom she was a most amiable wife. The degree of talent she possessed, though perhaps far inferior to the endowments of the French marchioness, drew around her the wits of the time; yet her letters, published and unpublished, testify to her deep sense of religion, and the most grateful acknowledgment of the goodness of God even under the most trying affliction; for in the death of her only son, the exemplary Lord Beauchamp, a wound was given to her heart, which never closed; and she had to bear the cruel reflection of her father-in-law's malignant pride, when he intimated that she had sent the young man abroad to kill him, because he was not inoculated for the small-pox before he went. A slander less deserved was never cast on any one. Inoculation was then matter of trial—it had not received the sanction of time, experience, and success. Lord Beauchamp was of an age to decide for himself; he was consulted on it, and he did not choose to submit to it. What Madame du Deffand would have said or thought, under so pungent, so inconsolable an affliction, can only be guessed. Perhaps she could not have said any thing worse than she did when all Paris seemed to be the guarantee of as much comfort as her situation admitted her to know—but in our countrywoman we see the best effects of the chastising rod, and her letter describing her own feelings a year after, and another recounting the particulars of Queen Caroline's death, make her almost an object of envy rather than of pity. Those in which she relates the death of her husband, and her modes of life after it, show a spirit repining for the possession of a better inheritance than

this world has to give or withhold. St. Paul might have visited her in her retirement, and have found no cause for any thing but encouragement. She had the usual fate of such persons —to be ridiculed and abused, and ungratefully treated by those who did not understand her or the doctrine that guided her; but this was of little importance. The simplicity of the Gospel always runs the same risk; and well may we endure to be accounted fools here, may we but be found hereafter 'wise unto salvation!'

To point out women who have done honour to Christianity, and who are now, we may humbly hope, receiving their 'exceeding great reward,' would be a delightful task; but the selection might convert eulogium on some, into censure on others. It can, however, do no injury to any one, to name as an illustrious female professor of Christianity, the late Mrs. Montagu, and to recommend, with a grateful feeling towards the editor, her letters after twenty-three years of age, as containing, notwithstanding some frivolities, the best opinions on religion and moral duty, that can guide young women.

Of the well-known Horace Walpole, the correspondent and favourite of the French marquise, leave is entreated to say a few words. He was a problematical character, whose cause it is not wished wholly to take up, since his writings certainly show at times a bad taste—but he has been censured where he did and where he did not deserve censure; and little mention has been ever made of that which was commendable. A recollection of him from earliest infancy, gratitude for much condescension of kindness, and pride in being one of the few exceptions he made to excluding children from the sight of his 'bijou' habitation on the banks of the Thames, perhaps have a share in bringing forward some good traits, to set at least against the anger excited by his merely committing to paper what we have no ground to suppose any thing less than fact, and the right to record which, no one would have questioned had it flattered.

It was Horace Walpole who first suggested the idea of 'A

History of the Science and Practice of Music;' and an intimacy, begun, before that time, with the author, was uninterrupted till death broke the bond. Nothing that was neighbourly or friendly was ever wanting on the part of Mr. Walpole; and, in one instance, his sacrifice of his own passion to the pleasure of obliging can be asserted—probably in many more. Lady H—— visiting the house with a party of friends, saw there a new purchase—two small pictures which she recollected as having been her father's property, and subjects of her contemplation in her infancy. Inadvertently giving way to the feeling consequent on such a recognition, by bursting into tears, Mr. Walpole, who was showing the curiosities of his mansion himself, immediately took down the pictures, and urged her accepting them. It was declined frankly and firmly; and, as if imagining that though she would not indulge herself in receiving them, it might again be painful to see them, he removed the pictures, and they were not to be found in any of her future visits.

His conduct as to his patent-place and its profits, is certainly entitled to the praise of high honour; and some expressions in his letters to Madame du Deffand, leave room to hope that these sentiments were founded at least on an admission of the existence of a Deity, 'whose goodness and mercy ought to be our pattern, and whom we ought on no consideration to offend.'—In these expressions he is explicit. Truth, honour, compassion, justice, and integrity, seem virtues congenial to his mind—he was an excellent son, and kindly-affectioned towards his relatives. He would not have hurt any thing human or brute; and in the abuse bestowed on him in one instance, his greatest crime seems to have been that he saw through the imposture. He was the last man who would have depressed genius, had it come in any other garb than that of a knave; and of his benevolence, the fairest proof was given in a letter he wrote, but a few hours after a dreadful catastrophe to a life of folly and dissipation. In it, in affectionate language, and with the fervour of a Christian, anxious to put out a beacon for the inexperienced, he entreated his friend, by

every consideration that could have weight, to preserve his sons from the dangers which had shipwrecked his too facile relation: he distressed himself by repeating what was painful, lest he might hide that which could be made useful; and nothing was omitted that a father or a brother would have urged.

Thus much justice demands. Let it not be understood as palliating any thing questionable. The consternation accompanying the *threat*, as it might be called, of bringing forward his tragedy, is well remembered; and it required no common adroitness to avert the danger without mooting the point personally or by letter with the author; but it was done, and Horace Walpole never showed the least resentment, though he must have known who it was that was most active in thwarting him.

(2) The prospects opening before us, and which afford a consoling hope that it is the will of the Almighty Disposer of all things, to continue, some years longer, our existence as a nation, should, like recovery from long and severe illness, induce reflections on what have been our former errors, and resolutions to correct them. We shall naturally be led to consider, as of the nearest importance to our worldly interests, those mistakes which, in any way, have drawn us into imprudence or danger, and one must occur to every thinking mind as particularly connected with it—the preference it is always fashionable to give to French manners and manufactures. Did common sense or decent consistency influence us, we should, now that we have obtained, with more certainty than heretofore, an insight into the real Gallic character, and seen that, whatever it may be in the scale of morals, it does not agree with our perceptions of good and bad, convert our blind boasted Antigallican spirit into a cool, rational, conscientious resistance to the introduction of any imitations of them, or any thing that can render us dependent on them. We should bear it in mind, that it is no greater a distance between the confines of the two kingdoms than from London to

Windsor, and ask ourselves, whether Hannibal would have retreated from the three-mile stone, had he hoped the city of Rome had swarmed with admiring students of the Punic language, or with importers of Carthaginian manufactures! Had the wife of a Roman senator declared, like Lady ——, that she would wear no ornaments but what came from an inveterate enemy's country; had she bribed the needy to procure them at the risk of forfeiting all they possessed in the world, and boasted of her address in gratifying herself, would she not have merited a deportation into the camp of her chosen friends? Yet this is but what we do daily, and now perhaps to a greater excess than ever.

(3) It is much to be wished that none better instructed than Bellarmine, would involve themselves in the censure cast by the Apostle on the 'double-minded man;'—for, if the consequences of a double mind are traced to their extent, it will be found that they tend to destroying all the good which others might derive from our profession or even practice of Christianity. The bad and the thoughtless may be as foolish and as inconsistent as they please, with impunity, as far as regards the interest any one takes in their proceedings; but those who look higher, ought to be consistent, not to be pernicious to others as well as to themselves. When the amiable exemplary Waverley stood the 'objurgations' of a deceased moralist, because he deferred till the morrow quitting London to visit a sick parent, the bystanders might have supposed Waverley an ungracious son—far from it, he was studiously duteous and sincerely affectionate; but Waverley was, in all things, a double-minded man, and the effects of his double-mindedness might fill a volume; and if that were the worst of their uses, it would be well; but an accurate observer can see in the ill-regulated minds of his children, the fault of the parent, and will apologize for the jesuitical self-deception of the young Waverleys by referring to the less censurable 'shall I, or shall I not?' of the old man. When Lady Ignitia Ardent orders a poor young

woman to work night and day, to make needle-books and pincushions, for her booth for the poor at the next fair, and she in the interim has been enlightened by the conversation of Mrs. Wisely, who thinks 'such exercises of charity on the whole do harm,' Lady Ignitia has no right to send a note the evening before the delivery of the goods, to tell the manufacturer that she does not want them—this is being double-minded to a ruinous degree—little short of murder; yet it is a sort of double-mindedness wofully in fashion; and to a far more important extent instances without number might be adduced: but it ought to be more efficacious to recommend stability of mind—deciding coolly—acting considerately—and abiding by what we have decided on or done, 'even though it be to' our 'own hindrance.' In cases where it is necessary to change, the truth will always be evident, and no one ought to be made to submit to a disappointment without every compensation in our power—even if it be only a common servant who is baulked by our accepting the humiliation of one at present in our service, or by another, 'strongly recommended,' a little money ought to go with the 'put-off.'—In a higher rank of sufferers more should be done.

CHAPTER XII.

The first year and half of Rosanne's tuition differed from that of other children, brought up on the liberal system of reason, only in the almost entire concentration of her father's thoughts on her improvement. She was still uncommonly pretty, and, when not displeased, equally engaging: her intellects were keen, and in proportion as her mind was active, her feelings were impetuous: the least delay to her gratifications, called up the resentment of an untutored selfishness, and no motive being brought forward that was strong enough to control her impetuosity, it gained ground daily, till her father perceiving the error of a plan of reason, as pursued with an unreasonable being, was compelled, against his inclination, to make use of the powerful aid of intimidation. But in looking round for something which, without introducing what he wished to avoid, might awe the lovely rebel, he could find nothing but himself adaptable to the purpose. He was therefore obliged to forego part of his parental enjoyment, to maintain his authority: dread of *him* was to deter her from evil—dependence on *him* alone, was to actuate her egotism—and the hope of *his* approbation was to lead her to whatever he thought right.—There was, indeed, a shorter way of proceeding; but

that was the old-fashioned way. That which he pursued, might, by some people, be thought rather in the teeth of the first commandment—but Bellarmine had nothing to do with commandments. He could not be expected to teach what he chose to disbelieve; and therefore poor Rosanne was obliged to take up with an arbitrary instead of a benign government—with a limited view of an endless prospect—and with learning to submit, only because it was in vain to resist. Perpetually thwarted in particulars, because no general system was adopted, the happiness of the child and the comfort of the parent were imperfect—but any thing was better than that slavish superstition of referring to 'Nobody knows who,' and looking for punishments and rewards 'Nobody knows where.'—'How much better it was,' as Mademoiselle Cossart very politely observed, 'to have a child immediately dependent on its parent, when that parent was always at hand—and especially such a devoted parent as Monsieur!—For children who had lost their parents, or whose parents were not so judicious as Monsieur, it might be a very good proceeding to bring them up to superstition—for something children must have to overawe them—but Monsieur was every thing to his daughter.'

It must be confessed, nothing was wanting on the part of Rosanne's governess to merit favour and comfort by a disposition to exert her talents in the service of her pupil. As she was

not a French woman, she was content to live without the consolation of Mr. Bellarmine's tendernesses; and her 'giant mould,' and uninteresting superiorities, not diminishing that feeling of dislike which, strange to say! was *fixed* in his mind, excited in him nothing that he might not fairly avow:—but he who had, perhaps, sometimes had more of the good opinion of the world than he could quite claim, was now entitled to complain of its capricious injustice; for he certainly, whatever the rectitude of his conduct, had no credit in this point. In Paris it was not of consequence: and his daughter was not of an age to feel it.

The little Rosanne did not discredit the methods pursued in her various instruction. With very imperfect assistance, she had learnt, in her earliest infancy, to read, and had read, with avidity and interest, whatever was put into her hands, which being peremptorily under the censorship of her father, even when he seemed the least to heed her, had saved her from the dreadful danger of 'low prejudices' and 'slavish impositions.' Consequently, if Miss Rosanne Bellarmine had been asked the antediluvian question, 'Who made you?' she might have replied in French idiom, and in the idiom of some, *not* French girls, who ought to know better, 'Mr.'—She readily comprehended what was explained to her; and her memory had a circumstantial fidelity, that made it not safe to deceive her:

her vivacity and vehemence would often anticipate a conclusion before the premises were stated: she would guess when she could not discover: she would cut when she could not untie:—in short, she was a quick, shrewd, impetuous little girl, such as, and nothing more in intellect than, may be found in most families of half a dozen children—and such as may be compared to twenty in every body's circle of society; but rendered something more difficult to manage than most children of her age, by having, till the Cossart dynasty, been very ill managed, even as to external compliances. What change that effected is to be told.

As nothing had ever taught her to doubt her ability to judge, she was unhesitating and confident; and, not accustomed to compare herself with others, she was uniformly, in her own opinion, right, and therefore very reasonably averse from giving up; while the extreme volatility of her powers of attention, threatened, if not corrected, to leave her as superficial as she was obstinate. To avert this probable evil, Bellarmine could devise nothing more efficacious than the exercise of curiosity and observation, nor any higher motive for their action, than that these two qualities would be useful to her own enjoyments; and that to see her cultivate them would be pleasing to him.—Beyond this, on his plan, he had nothing 'to bid.'

In her babyhood, her anger had been matter

of amusement to her parents. She had been irritated to make her father smile, and her mother laugh; and it was not her fault if she knew not when that which had been productive of mirth and caresses, became matter of reprehension. Her mother had, without any caution, made it her practice to put Rosanne in a passion, whenever she wanted, as she said, 'to show her off,' till it became a pastime that ranked with that of making a pug-dog beg and catch—and practice will, in both cases, produce expertness.

To her father, who considered females in what some philosophers think their proper light, her rapid growth and the promise of great powers of attraction were fearful contemplations: he could not, on *his* knowledge of mankind, think any individual among them worthy to be trusted with the custody of this casket-jewel: but this was a point he meant never to hear discussed, as, fully aware of its value to himself, and the impossibility of replacing it, he had decided on retaining it for his own use. It was his intention to give it the finest setting that could adorn its brilliancy, and, in short, to make himself the most enviable father in the world. He listened with perfect complacency to Mademoiselle Cossart, when she hinted that the only security against a young person's looking abroad for happiness, was to render that of home as complete as possible—that is to say, Rosanne was to be humoured, that she might be cheated.

On such a plan of rearing, the chances were much in favour of the young lady's turning out, not the prodigy of every thing superlatively excellent that Bellarmine fancied, but a very common character, such as neither wealth nor situation can raise from the class of vulgar. There could be no moderation in her factitious composition—there could be no forbearance in preference of elegant to coarse gratifications:—her father had lived upon sensations, and his daughter was to be guided by a blind wilfulness.

But where there is a deficiency of some one innate virtue, we often see that two vices will produce a very near resemblance of it. Rosanne's pride and obstinacy made her disinterested—she would not be enslaved by bribery, to those whom she opposed: she would not be spoiled, and she felt no gratitude towards any one who attempted it by indulgence. She would have been conceited, if vanity had not been counteracted by a stronger disposition towards discontent; but this, keeping her in a perpetual state of peevishness, rendered her rebellious spirit, which otherwise might have shown its head only when called for, almost her natural mode of acting, and produced an incessant conflict in herself and with her teachers.

But however gifted with acuteness of intellect, its employment, when voluntary, indicated little beyond a taste for the ornamental pursuits of a female born to the luxurious labours

of an indulged rank in society. She danced with elegance: she sung with pathos. The form of her hand and the natural grace with which she used her fingers, had coaxed Bellarmine, even when he most wished for something of a higher class of occupation, into encouraging that nice dexterity which produces the minute excellencies of the scissars and the needle. She could cut in paper a troop of horse or a pack of hounds and their attendants: men should seem to march, to charge, to advance, and to pursue; a horse should throw its rider, and the bridle, as fine as a human hair, should entangle its hoofs: her scissars could imitate the most indented foliage, and the most delicate flowers, or represent a groupe of children, such as she saw them at a distance, engaged in merry sports: proud of the use of a needle, as an implement obviously useful and belonging to a superior age, she astonished by the neatness of her work, while, in defect of names for things, her pencil was taught, by ignorance and necessity, to assist her in description.

Bellarmine had, when he resolved on taking the care of his daughter, resumed some care of himself: that is to say, he collected all the books that he hoped to make useful to his plan; he studied their contents: he conversed with those best informed on the subject of infant instruction; and in addition to his own well-obtained, well-possessed, and well-retained ac-

quirements, he adopted all modern improvements in arts, sciences, and literature.

With such of these as he could bring to bear on her mind, he fed her curiosity sufficiently to keep it in full vigour, as the department of intellect in which he hoped to establish his empire and her perfection. He showed her, when she would not have understood words, what could be done by the hand, and by tangible substances, till he had caught her inquisitiveness in the traps of experimental philosophy, and made her feel the necessity of a shortened method in calculations. While Mademoiselle Cossart and her coadjutors gave the correct practice of music, the inflexions of the voice, and the touches of the pencil, it was from her father that she learnt the theory of harmony, the construction of the organs of sound, and those minor branches of optics which she could be made to comprehend.

She had soon a system of procedure, in every thing she learnt: she wearied the occasional teacher with questions, which must be solved before she would proceed. She next carried these questions, dilated in their progress, to Mademoiselle Cossart, and then, raising herself to a new level on this fresh acquisition, she made what she had just obtained only the foundation of a new set of queries to her father; and he was delighted to resolve them.

Society, for which Bellarmine seemed to have quitted his own invaluable country, was now

neither safe in the search nor desirable in the attainment: there was then no tie to the country which he had chosen for his residence, but the want of motive for removing; and, perhaps, some curiosity to see how a chaotic restoration of matter to its original confusion, would terminate, served the purpose of attachment. Being persuaded by Mademoiselle Cossart that no other air in the world would agree with Rosanne, as did that of Paris or its neighbourhood, he very willingly gave up pleasures for the sake of quiet, and to secure his daughter from impertinent acquaintance, who might inadvertently let out that which should inform her of the disgraceful conduct of her mother, or the merciful dispensations of her Maker—two beings of whom he wished her to remain as ignorant as possible. In the existing state of men's minds, it was not difficult to be as savage as was agreeable or convenient.

Little disposed to be satisfied himself with any attainments but the best he could procure for this centre-point of his hopes and his pride, he could not forego his earnest desire to lead her to learned as well as elegant pursuits; but still, even when, to stimulate her, he talked of women distinguished in the country she inhabited, or in that which he had assiduously taught her to call her own, the little skittish creature disappointed his hopes, and perhaps was unravelling a bit of silk to see why, with the same colours, a varia-

tion of form was produced in the pattern. Rosanne was elegantly feminine; and even under male tuition, she went not beyond the boundary of that character: good sense, penetration, quickness, were aided by fair strength of intellect; but it was female strength—it was the strength of perfect conformation and sound health of mind—it was neither muscular nor gigantic: and when her father perceived, as her ideas expanded, how agreeable she was as a companion, when to be agreeable was her pleasure, how various were her thoughts, how new her combinations, how accurate were even her untutored perceptions, he began to fear inducing constipation by too great weight, and no longer tried to turn her out of the path which Nature seemed to have strewed with flowers for her, and, as he trusted, at the same time not unmindful of him.

She was therefore permitted, as her relaxations could not be varied without society, and society was dangerous, to exercise her pretty fingers in the many works of ingenuity which her never-sleeping invention devised; and to see her thus employed was still a source of admiration to Bellarmine.

His health had become, as it is with most of those who have no reliance on the 'Physician of our souls,' matter of fearful observation—every head-ache was an approaching fever—every attack of bile was a desperate liver-case—if his foot went to sleep, it was a symptom of palsy—

if he could not recollect a name or a date, his hand was applied anxiously to his forehead, as if conscious that his faculties were decaying, or sinking into the confusion of threatening apoplexy: he had his medicine-chest, and his medical library, and after a few smart experiments, having learnt his doses, he found some excitation of mind in his real or fancied ailments, when he rose from his studies, convinced—O! had he but inured his better part to the same discipline!—that there was not a disease considered by any medical writer, from which he could, with a strict regard to veracity, boast himself wholly exempt.

It was not *all* matter of fancy: his constitution had, in some measure, been injured by the want of that cheerfulness of heart which is as opposite to the frivolity of dissipation and the riot of pleasure, as it is to melancholy; and the loss of which nothing can supply, without the permission of conscience. A cheerful mind—let no one presume to boast it as meritorious—but, a cheerful mind is of all the blessings of Providence, next to the grace of God, the best we can ask; but to stumble on this, in the pursuit of enjoyments that the reason of a Christian will not sanction, and common sense will not tolerate, is as improbable good fortune as to meet with diamonds in digging for peat (1). That the health suffers without it, is as natural an effect as that the power of digestion should

be lost in grief. It is only under ease of mind, that nature will perform her functions; and anxious thought, gloomy contemplations, and vexing discontent, will, as certainly, produce disease as any other species of causal obstruction. When Bellarmine was induced by any accident to think of his present situation, and reflected on what he might have been, what he ought to have been, and what others, who had set out with him in life, were, he did not feel his blood flow the quicker; and when accounts reminded him that, an English gentleman, and heir to two valuable estates, he had not an acre of land in his native country, his regrets were keen. He might have gone farther, and reflected on the means by which he had become possessed of a part of the money that now formed his sole wealth; but when he arrived at this point of investigation, he always changed his employment.

The newspapers of his country afforded him an indulgence which he could not forego: but their details often contributed to his uncomfortable feelings. The state of England was still that of the Millennium, compared to the convulsions of France; and all his information led to the same opinion, that Britannia was, and would remain, too sensible of the goodness of Providence, to adopt the mad spirit of her neighbours: he did not perceive that the value of property diminished in England: the government

stood firm under the pious guardianship of a good monarch—offices of trust were as much the object of emulation as heretofore, and as well filled; and those men were, in some instances, near the helm of affairs, whose pusillanimity, when excesses were proposed, had once been the object of his derision. He had sometimes 'half a mind' to prepare for the time when he either might be driven, or circumstances might induce him, to wish himself in his own native land, and to ask of a nobleman who had once sought his friendship, the reversion of a sinecure place, which might at least moor him to something. He went so far as to write on the subject; but recollecting, while sealing the letter, the treatment which he had bestowed on a condescending overture from this identical personage, whom he affected to think either an ideot or a methodist, he declined the offer of a safe conveyance for his epistle humiliatory, and prudently burnt it (2).

His ancient good fortune seemed again to smile on him, when he heard of an event for which he could not in the course of nature yet have looked—the death of Mrs. Bellarmine!—Had he reflected on the usual catastrophe of such a life, he would not have been so much surprised. It relieved him from any anxious apprehension that might have assailed him in his hypochondriac state, lest the sudden breaking of some spring in the animal machine, which he very

much dreaded, or the regular process of attrition, which, he knew, no care—not even his—could prevent, might, by reducing him to his original atomic state of existence, leave room for Rosanne's mother, in want or wantonness, to assert her interest in the minor, and by the weight of her disgrace, render of no effect, or of worse than no effect, the pains he was bestowing on his child; or with alien alliances, and no feeling but pride, to which she had no title, she might make her accomplished daughter of use to her, in recovering something like credit.

In proportion to the intemperance of Bellarmine's passion for his wife when she was not to be obtained, were his contempt and hatred at the present moment; and he would not have been at the trouble of noticing as matter of regret, that which was such relief to his cares, had he not thought it right that Rosanne should know that she had lost her mother. Rosanne had no very accurate notions on things of which she had scarcely heard: and she had had no means of judging of her loss or gain by her mother's existence or conduct. It would not have been an easy task to give affectation to a character like hers, which was disposed to deal only in realities, and to question whatever did not address itself to her perceptions in a form which she could intuitively comprehend. She therefore shed no tears: she uttered no sentiments; and when she asked, 'Who?' 'What?' and 'Where?' and

'How?' it was matter of no difficulty to satisfy her by that which gave her information just enough to serve all legal purposes; and not enough to tempt her to ask farther.

NOTES.

(1) Does not the cynical Warburton say, in one of his letters to Hurd, 'I stumbled on temperance in my pursuit of pleasure?'—An admirable lesson, which, it were to be wished, could be generally taught. It must be confessed that better examples of the effect might be produced than in the instance of Warburton: his old age was, however, very enviably vigorous, if his temper was not very placid: his faculties did not rust out; and as a champion of revealed religion he deserves great respect. If we need proof of what old age may enjoy, and want encouragement to strive for its enjoyments, we should see a retired professor of one of our own universities diffusing around him at seventy-nine, all the elegant gaiety that vivid intellect, a richly fraught mind, and a sportive fancy can furnish, courting all within the reach of his conversation or his pen, into the 'ways of pleasantness,' and the 'paths of peace.' Happy are those who are admitted to the knowledge of such leaders in their course through this world. Nor less are we obliged to the cheerfulness of good Dr. Halcyon, who making the proper use of relaxations, renders even a whist-table the chair of didactic virtue. 'I have lost indeed,' said he, rising from a well-contested game, 'every thing I played for, but I have not lost my temper; for I did not play for that.'

(2) It is one of the short roads to distinction in one circle, to stigmatize every thing not profane as methodistical—a licence of judgment which we of the church of England ought to resent as much as those at whom it is levelled; since it is never used with a good intention towards us. Some plea-

sure, however, must attend the affixing the designed reproach, if we may infer any thing from the trouble taken by Lord —— to send a special messenger to a young man of decent principles, to tell him that he had called his dog by a name too sacred to be written here, because, 'as he was a methodist, it would plague him.' The embassy was executed aukwardly—the plenipotentiary asked, 'Who do you think has called his dog ———?'—'There is but one man in the kingdom who would do it,' said the young man—'it must be Lord ——.' If his lordship is ever brought to know to whom 'every knee shall bow,' he may feel his folly.

CHAPTER XIII.

As Rosanne's mind expanded into taste, she suffered it indeed to be led by her father's, in those points which he reserved for his own cultivation; but already she showed that subtlety of reasoning, hypothetical argument, the prolix and the didactic, ill suited her. She could even thus early feel 'the grand,' when 'the grand' was 'the good,' but savage valour or selfish eloquence could not touch her. Wherever her own interest was not the proximate feeling—wherever the recollection of her own concern in any thing was not called out, nothing could be more just than the decisions of Rosanne's mind: the corruption of human nature clouded it, but could not extinguish its light; and she seemed to feel it as welcome freedom when not obliged to think of herself. The pathetic, the humorous, the elegy, and the epigram, whenever within the scope of her comprehension, interested and delighted her; but whatever arrested her attention, must of necessity come decked in the most delicate garb of propriety. The vulgar or the coarse, had they been presented to her ever so circumspectly, would, on detection, have excited her abhorrence; and her father—a politician even in the female world—was so good as to keep up the disgust he had in general terms,

and very early, implanted as a fence against the relaxations of a nursery.

Truth, discoverable by figures, had continued to charm her by the agreeable manner in which Mademoiselle Cossart followed up Mr. Bellarmine's method of treating them; and she would pursue an arithmetical process with a sensation of pleasure that annihilated every idea of labour. Experiments of all kinds delighted her: she had always some scheme which she was carrying on, and which she supposed had never yet entered the head of any one; but it was generally stopped by her turning out of her way to investigate principles that she herself had brought into action: her writing-paper was used for experiments with hot irons, and her drawing was laid aside in the midst, to analyze the materials used in proceeding with it. When her governess came to inquire how nearly her now voluntary task was completed, she often found the pencil or the brush in fragments, or the colours immersed in water; and what she said on the subject was unheeded, in Rosanne's earnest desire to know how wood could contain chalk or lead, whether her nails were quills, or how the action of water could so disperse the particles, and lower the force of colour. Nothing escaped her: pins, paper, slate, ink, nay, all she ate, drank, or wore, was matter for catechism. Her father had now no cause to fear a deficiency of curiosity or observation.

In such a range of inquisitiveness, the sky could not hope to escape; but here she was forced into an erroneous judgment. The stars seemed to excite her curiosity only to mock it; for though she was taught the mechanism of astronomy, as far as her powers admitted of her understanding it, there were questions beyond the mere names of conformations and the relation of distances, which she insisted on having answered, but which were not to be answered on the plan of her education, with any satisfaction to her. Frowned at, in the same manner when she attempted to inquire farther, as when she transgressed against the rules of artificial good breeding, which it had been difficult to teach one naturally polite, she imagined it particularly ill bred to inquire about the solar system and the constellations, their purposes and origin, and supposed the sun, moon, and stars were not to be named by any rank of persons above those who sought their livelihood by the process of calculation.

Not to be fond of such a girl, not to be vain of her as a daughter, was a species and degree of forbearance that could not be asked of a father like Bellarmine. She was not exactly what he had sketched in his imagination, but he did not know whether she was not better. She was too charming to be wished more amiable: she was too lovely to need a deeper foundation of knowledge; yet he confessed to himself that she had

faults—that her faults needed correction,—and it was his intention to correct them.

Had he been one of those 'common-place' fathers who are content with making their offspring wise in this world, that they may be happy in another, he would, indeed, have spared himself some trouble;—but he could not,—though there were books and men who would have told him this,—rest on 'so sordid a plan' for the interest of an only child: he had bestowed much pains and trouble in treating every case and question as distinct and new, which in another system would only have formed a part of a whole, long since considered and settled; and now he was under a necessity, connected with his past practice, of accommodating all the information which Rosanne demanded to his own views.

As the world had, as he had settled it, neither creation nor termination, it was requisite that every thing he said on its properties and accidents should accord with the notion of the flux and reflux of matter, congregated without permanent purpose, and separated only to repeat the idle process, unconnected with any thing more durable.

Mademoiselle Cossart had not been wanting in her endeavours to accommodate herself and her lessons to this system, to the truth or falsehood of which she was wholly indifferent, and for which, in its principle, or its consequences, she did not hold herself responsible. But as it was

equally matter of study to her and to Rosanne, and she had no particular reasons to wish or believe it correct, it did not make its way clearly to her comprehension. She read the powerful arguments Bellarmine put into her hands in the works of authors of celebrity—she recollected all that she herself had read; but having till now rather striven to accommodate her opinions to those of others, than to establish any of her own, she was not perfect enough in this to teach it accurately, and sometimes, when she could not avoid speaking on the subject, she unintentionally puzzled her pupil. She particularized where Bellarmine more discreetly only generalized; and here she failed. For instance, when Rosanne asked, on hearing that some one was dead, what death meant, her father wished her to understand it as a state of reduction to primitive nothingness; but not quite satisfied with this, as she could not clearly comprehend how a thing could be in a state of not being in any state, she put the same question to her governess. By her she was referred for a clear conception of the matter, to her own experience of sleep, only adding to it the easy supposition of omitting to wake. When Rosanne brought against this what her father had told her of 'being turned into powder,' as she translated his hypothesis, Mademoiselle Cossart expressed something like contempt for his 'new edition of Lucretius.' Unable to get forward, she went back to her father with these words,

and he smiled at this 'Gallican philosophy;' but the lady prevailed; for Rosanne's ordinary understanding preferred being asleep to being nothing, and Mademoiselle Cossart had a thousand pretty ways of winning assent by analogy and experiment, which left far behind on the road to conviction, the dry didactic of abstract theory.

When Rosanne, for instance, would ask 'Who made any thing?' a question that now came many times in the day, and had succeeded to the 'How is this made?' and 'What is this made of?' which had caused the destruction of some of her clothes and more of her tools, Mademoiselle Cossart, finding it impossible to quiet her any longer by telling her that 'it made itself,' would attempt a little circuitous jaunt in a fog, out of sight of the first object; but if—for prying children are incessant torments, and, as the advocate of truth has observed, 'always impertinent when we cannot answer them,'—she proceeded to inquire who made the maker,—this question was often productive of equal amusement and improvement to her young mind; and having first impressed on it the admitted truth that a human body is, to all intents and purposes, a substance, she was entertained with that mazy dance of atoms whose existence any strong sunshine would certainly prove, and which the attraction of cohesion, the playfulness of fancy, and the eccentricity of caprice, threw into all

the various forms under which they met the speculations and necessities of mankind. Thinly scattered and slightly attached, they made the materials of which her dress was composed: more consolidated, they came out in the tough or brittle form of wood or pottery: of great ponderosity, they became stone and metal, arranging themselves in the bowels of the earth, at depths proportioned to their specific gravities;—and curious it was to observe the due rank which all bodies thus deposited assumed to themselves, unless thrown out of their course by accident, as, on her own observation, she had discovered that they sometimes were—how or why, it was not easy to say.—It afforded, in her opinion, an admirable lesson to the present inhabitants of the earth:—she should have great pleasure in reading with her, some system of mineralogy, when her mind was a little more matured: she must learn Monsieur's opinions on the subject: she would speak to him that evening, and know what books he most approved.'

Thus mixing system and notion, raising a mist through which Rosanne was to see a new 'ignis fatuus' to mislead her curiosity, and concluding that her auditor must believe the whole if she seemed to prove one point, she made up a biography for any thing that called for it, and by resorting to experiments that did or did not relate to the matter in question, she never had hitherto failed to support or retrieve her credit.

For the growth of regular forms, she had very pretty schemes of external constriction and compulsion. The bark, the peel, the rind, the hide, the cuticle, answered abundantly every purpose, and afforded good occasion of anathematizing the same sort of injustice in the fates of mankind. Irregular forms were easily referred to her recollections of the solar microscope, the Arbor Dianæ, the arbitrary shooting of crystals, the incalculable vagaries of rarefied air—so beautifully illustrating the system of liberty—and the despotic association of saline and saccharine particles.

If Rosanne's inquisitiveness was on the subject of colours, and she wanted to know why the green ribbon on her straw-hat was not of the straw-colour, she was reminded of the superb box, with every thing she could want for drawing, which her dear papa had, with so much trouble, got from one of the first makers in Paris: she was made to admit that 'like loves like'—she was informed that when atoms are endued with a particular hue, they seek their kindred, and then make roses and violets, and thus appeared on her lovely lips and amiable cheeks—thickly set, they formed dark—thinly set, light shades—would she go to that beautiful mirror, she would observe how much closer the particles of red were set on her dear lips than on her cheek: on her lips they appeared coral:—she wished she could see the vast collection of

coral which she heard had been made by an English nobleman:—on her cheek, the whiteness of her skin interposed—she had always said, when she wished to describe her amiable cheek, that nothing could give an idea of it, but a full-blown rose immersed in milk:—she then called her attention to the fact that the rose-bud blushes deeper than the rose, and accounted for it by the tenuity consequent on expansion, evidently proving that the red particles are of a decided quantity in the first instance. Of tastes and odours, she gave the common description; and in other branches of science, there was little resort to imagination, except as to purposes and origins.

There was nothing to be disputed where the Deity and his attributes were thus set out of the question; and a few hints of unpoliteness, if Mademoiselle Cossart had had the microscope put in order, or been at the trouble to get specimens, seemed, at the moment, to answer the purpose of silencing the 'curious impertinent,' whose curiosity now wanting no stimulus, was no longer the subject of her father's exhortation otherwise than as praise is covert admonition.

Her advancing age and still more advancing faculties, called almost daily for additional exertions; but her father's increasing affection made all light that regarded her. Contracted now in his resources and connections, there was little to wean his attentions from her, and nothing to

rival her in his love: he therefore, to use the language of Madame de Staal, loved her 'with the vehemence that solitude and idleness give to all sorts of sentiments;' and perhaps this perfect occupation by one feeling, was his preservative against some indiscreet use of his liberty.

Mademoiselle Cossart had gained on his confidence by the fidelity with which she had forwarded his views; and he now imparted to her his apprehension, that, unless by some method not yet adopted, the making Rosanne all he wished her, without making her more than suited his intentions, would be matter of difficulty. He could not give up his great scheme of 'rendering an unshackled intellect the field for the great and amiable character which he meant to produce;' but as it was evident, that, whatever the rapidity of her improvement in other things, her temper and her disposition to obedience had no share in the benefit, he begged that the immediate succession of rewards and punishments, as the only means of control he could think on, might, in all cases within the female department, follow close enough on the actions that called for them, to make their connection evident, and their impression forcible. Mademoiselle Cossart, with her uniform politeness, approved the suggestion, and a new thought was bestowed on this great 'desideratum' in all well-ordered governments.

It was matter of more difficulty, with no other tastes than Rosanne had, to find rewards

than punishments for her. Having lived a stranger to what pleases other girls, she had no artificial inclinations. Toys, fashions, gay diversions, shows, were all 'out of her way,' and she had already exhausted the stock of bribes in her father's power:—she had a watch and a little horse; and having lived only with reasonable beings, or at least adults, she could not, by any devisable means, be made to take up childish ideas, or to bring down her joys to the level of the nursery or the play-room. The excitation of her curiosity had been her father's first purpose:—the gratification of it was almost her only pleasure. Approbation of her good deeds, therefore, could produce little that she would relish, without claiming new exertions from her industry; and she already seemed to do as much as time allowed:—her evil deeds had hitherto had little to correct them but her father's frown and the imposition of idleness. The former she soon found little arts to smooth; the latter she could, in no way, be made to endure, unless the tying her hands and feet had been part of the punishment; for mischief was always within reach, and she cared not to what extent she occupied herself in revenging supposed injuries.

To accomplish the freedom of her mind, she had been encouraged to the utmost freedom of wishes; and as it has been well observed, that 'on veut beaucoup quand on n'est contraint sur

rien,' it was in favour of the peace of those who had the care of her, that she knew little what there was in the world to be wished for.

She loved her father, in her fashion; but she had no personal affection for her governess. Her sense of gratitude was never excited by any thing but the satisfaction of her ardent thirst for knowledge, or rather, as it should be called —her inquisitiveness. If Mademoiselle Cossart intimated her obligation to her papa for what she ate or what she wore, she would argue the point, and, disclaiming all interest in her own existence, would refer his feeding her to his choice that she should live—and his clothing her, to his preference of seeing her drest to seeing her naked—in neither of which concerns her wishes shared.

Not perceiving the efforts made for her, and called to make none for herself, she fancied all things proceeded according to that system which her father was now beginning to open on her young mind, 'the law of nature and necessity;' and she was perfectly easy under all her causes for gratitude—not unfrequently reminding her governess, that 'as her father and she had their choice whether they would or would not do what they considered so much as matter of obligation that she was tired of hearing of it, it was their fault if they ever did for her what was not agreeable to themselves.' This was not very gracious; but there was too much of

'the system of reason' in it, to leave any right to complain.

She had now, in her increasing refractoriness, got into her head an abstract idea of good and evil, right and wrong, which she would not give up:—good and right were whatever benefited or pleased her—evil and wrong, whatever made her suffer pain or vexation. In her earlier years, having fallen into a rose-bush, she first beat the roses to shatters, and then, finding her fingers had the worst of the fray, she indulged in an antipathy to roses. Like the Welch girl, who, on coming to the metropolis, would not go *over* London bridge, because she had been warned not to go *under* it:—she contended that the bridge was the bridge against which she had been cautioned, whether she went over or under it; and Rosanne as systematically asserted, that 'whether she fell upon the rose-bush or smelt to the flowers, still roses and rose-bushes had thorns; and she wondered people should have such things in gardens!'

In this way she converted docility into obstinacy. In the first instance, her mind was always ready to admit information; but, once admitted, it could neither be removed, nor explained, nor qualified.

A disposition like this, it was to be feared, would produce a character very deficient in the popular admixture of qualities necessary not only to give it currency, but to render it

tolerable and tolerating for the purposes of society. Rosanne was growing singular, and threatened to sink into a privileged oddity. In this danger, her governess turned in her mind, with the consideration that precedes giving a quack-medicine in a desperate case, the probable effect of introducing some mention of the fear of God—for, as she said, 'she cared not on what system she taught;'—but the most distant hint offended Bellarmine; and 'the thing, she confessed, was hardly worth persisting in!'

And now, after another short trial of the close-following rewards and punishments, the former of which her pupil despised, and the latter of which she fairly braved, it occurred to Mademoiselle Cossart, that nothing would be more efficacious than an attempt to awaken the young lady's pride by giving her to understand, that, if she ever hoped to see the world, she must consider what would become her in it. If her manners were rude, her opinions positive, and her contradictions abrupt, she was warned that no one would take the trouble of answering her questions, or introduce her to those pleasures which would most gratify her. It was therefore prudent to be more gentle. To this, which required that a previous taste for the bribe should be roused, she listened, and promised, at the end of the lecture, that she would amend of her faults, or at least conceal them. Her governess reported this great progress in disci-

pline; and Bellarmine replied to it, by remarking on the use that might be made of curiosity and observation in educating children, if parents and teachers did but know how to adapt them. He observed, that the great error was 'suffering these properties to waste themselves in exploded ideas, not giving them sufficient scope and excitation, and not encouraging them by indulgence and patience.'

Rosanne's altered conduct soon bore testimony to the wisdom of the new method. All her motions were studied, and she was substituting for her natural grace, a sort of politeness that her father endured, because he hoped it would, when it had performed its office, settle into something less unnatural and less unbecoming than the grimace which characterised it. But a very little observation on his part, convinced him that it was mock-virtue, never exercised but in sight, and that her unaltered feelings required payment by relaxation. 'This is no correction,' said he; 'it is only adding hypocrisy to the existing fault. Pray let me see no more of this odious affectation.'

CHAPTER XIV.

By shifting his abode, and by an acceptability with some of all parties in the still chaotic world of France, Bellarmine had preserved his family from any personal acquaintance with the calamities of a nation that ought to have been regarded by every Briton only with abhorrence of its impious madness, and gratitude for the fairer ground in which his own lot had fallen. Having seen pass over his dwelling, storms which were not likely to collect soon again, his increasing shyness of his own country, and perhaps some political conjectures in favour of the ultimate establishment of France, induced him to accept the offer of purchasing, for one fourth of its value, the very desirable dwelling and princely domain of Chateau-Vicq, beautifully situated on the enchanting banks of the Loire.—The exigencies of a noble family compelled them to sell it, and sorrow and desperation gave them fortitude to relinquish it.

Having completed his purchase with the expedition suited to such circumstances—for here was no room for feverish indecision or ague-fits of doubt—he found himself in possession of a magnificent home, not half of which he could occupy, furnished in a style of obsolete gran-

deur, with gardens, vineyards, plantations, arable land, water, and a spacious park confining on a forest of no great extent. A very few cottages formed a hamlet about a quarter of a mile from the nearest part of the fences; and on the edge of the forest were some dwellings of a superior order, which, being on a rising ground, relieved the tone of colour of the landscape. A village was within two miles of the extremity of the park, and one of the finest towns in France at the distance of only six; but a still greater recommendation in the estimation of Bellarmine was, that all intercourse of society was optional on his part, as no family, within visiting-distance, lived in a style, or had pretensions, to offer civilities to the possessors of a place so important and so imposing as Chateau-Vicq.

Consulting that wayward barometer, his feelings, he told himself that the French nation was not now what he had once known it, and that, situated as he should be, and with his peculiar views for his daughter, he should wish to have as little intercourse with his neighbours as possible. He therefore, with the foresight of Robinson Crusoe, got round him whatever he thought necessary to shifting without the aid of mankind, and betook himself, with Rosanne and her superintendant, to his new possession, at a season when all the language of the poets

is brought to recollection, and the fables of imagination seem but transcripts of realities.

He found a library of considerable extent and value, to which, by the misfortune of others who had been collectors of books when the English mania was at its height in Paris, he was able to make important and useful additions. This he disposed in a magnificent style of arrangement, on his own side of the chateau, settling his daughter and her governess on the other side, which the body of the house united to the part in which he resided.

There is one very remarkable existing difference between that part of the creation which is endowed with reason, and that which is guided by instinct; which difference becomes evident when we consider their choice of dwellings. There is no animal but man that is covetous of a house too big for him. Whether places of abode are distinguished by the name of den, hole, nest, or shell, still we see in them a proportion to the bulk and wants of the owner. But not so with man: the den, the hole, the nest, the shell of a fellow-being ten times larger than himself, is often his choice; and it must be supposed that the reputation conveyed by this inequality, pays for the many and obvious inconveniencies it brings with it. A house that makes a stranger almost expect the attendance of servants in the apartments

on horseback—at a distance from the absolutely necessary accommodations of society—where sickness is made tenfold misery by the length of way from the apothecary—where the want of a lemon in a dark night, risques the safety of a messenger, and the larder must be victualled as if against a siege, has been the ambition and the stimulus of half the industry of the world: wearied with inconveniences, and worn out with the alternation of solitude and inn-keeping, we turn our thoughts again to the haunts of men, and end our days in a hive.

But for a hive, or even the not crowded haunts of men, Bellarmine was not, at present, inclined to wish. The novelty of the beauty that surrounded him, and the effect of change and occupation on his health, to say nothing of the indulgence of pride, made him fancy he was settled, and at last happy. Withdrawing from a world he had mis-used, he succeeded in persuading himself it had nothing but evil to give; and almost equally indifferent to the country he had abandoned, and that in which he had now made himself an interest, the strifes of the one and the atrocities of the other only served the purpose of keeping him awake.

Rosanne, eleven years in age, and much more in mind and information, felt an unbounded delight in her new abode. Large scope for curiosity was afforded her, not only by the na-

tural characteristics of the country; but the house, in age, style, and extent, led her to seek out matters of fact and of tradition. She had never before lived with pictures in her view: they caught her attention and increased her sources of dissatisfaction:—pencils, chalks, water-colours, were all discarded implements; while raving, as if she was cheated in all things and born to be cheated, she insisted on being told how she might imitate such pictures as 'that beautiful woman in blue, with her eyes raised to the cieling and a light round her head,' and 'that poor man,' in another picture, 'who seemed as if he was going to be punished, and looked as if he did not deserve it.' An attempt was made to shuffle the pictures, but her vehemence got the better; and she was told that the woman in blue was Lucretia, whose story, castigated, had rewarded her in private for some self-command; and that the man whom she so pitied, was Regulus, undergoing part of the barbarous indignities inflicted on him by the Carthaginians. Bellarmine shook his head when he heard of this resource of Mademoiselle Cossart's ingenuity—he would not contradict her; but he did not further the deceit: he suffered Rosanne to talk about Lucretia and Regulus; but he begged she might not be brought acquainted with the former, or farther imposed on as to the latter;—he would think of some expedient that he liked better, to satisfy her

curiosity, and keep her free from the meanness of legendary superstition. From this time, her governess nodded and winked when the pictures were mentioned, and thus gave Rosanne to understand that the subjects of them ranked with the stars, and must not be explored; but, not able to resist the inclination to painting, Rosanne put on obedience and good humour while she was receiving instructions how to proceed in a small attempt of the kind.

The comparative liberty of so spacious an abode delighted her. A large piece of garden-ground adjoining the house, was set apart for her, and fenced so as that, without seeing any one or being seen, she might amuse herself at her hours of relaxation, and yet be proceeding in improvement. In its circuit was contained whatever could assist the present state of her inquisitiveness, or provide for its increase. To every wish she uttered, fear gave the force of a command; and her father flattered himself, that while he could keep pace with her demands, he might retain his influence; for authority, though she sometimes suffered severely from his temper, was nearly out of the question.

Parisian masters were not now to be had; none other would Bellarmine admit; but assistance of this kind was not immediately necessary. Mademoiselle Cossart had continued to improve herself in seeing her pupil instructed;

and Rosanne lost nothing under her sedulous attention to the superficies.

Secured as this object of anxious care now was from the possibility of harm, no condition was annexed to her enjoyments, but that she should never go alone out of the circuit of her own territory, or beyond a certain distance from the park-gates when with her governess. No visits were allowed even to cottagers—no shops were to be entered in the village or town—and a church was to be represented as a place of lawless meeting for the vulgar, whose prejudices it was necessary to indulge. Rosanne had her horse, Mademoiselle Cossart her cabriole; and Bellarmine, either mounted or driving, generally attended their daily excursions, and always those which extended beyond his line of demarkation.

To Miss Bellarmine, who had as yet known little of the power of her fellow-creatures to add to her pleasures, the want of company was no evil; but her governess had flattered herself, that when Monsieur lived in a style that would in her opinion lose all its value if it had no spectators, he would have admitted of all the intercourse that the state of the country allowed. She was therefore sadly disappointed by his declared plan of close retirement, especially as she had ascribed it to the happy de-

minion she thought she had over Chance, that he had fixed his abode within so few miles of a town in which she had some admiring friends, who were not idle observers of what was passing. Neither was she very well pleased thus long to be deprived of the credit she sought in her endeavours for her pupil: but the privation was worse in prospect than in actual existence; her employer was not a man whom she felt disposed to offend, nor was her situation to be trifled with. She renewed and she kept up correspondence with those friends into whose neighbourhood she had been removed; and either that, or consequences arising from it, found her in full occupation: she read more than ever: she thought with more intensity:—a large quantity of paper was brought into her apartment; and, to the great release of Rosanne, she filled many sheets of it in a day. What her employment was designed to effect, she did not disclose; and Rosanne having been checked in her first question, would now rather have refused to listen, than condescended to ask again.

A short mild winter a little restricted Miss Bellarmine in her relaxations; but the time which she could not spend out of the house, her father took upon him to fill up, and he now shared in her modes of exercise. He treated her more according to the state of her understanding than her age; and those unacquainted with the little resemblance which there is be-

tween library-children, drawing-room children, and even parlour-children, to nursery-children and school-room children, would have thought Rosanne's attainments marvellous; but her father did not wonder at her; nor could she wonder at herself. We are all creatures of imitation, and she had never had it in her power to learn of that which was not, in every way, superior to her (1).

It had been matter of great labour and difficulty to supply her with books which should keep her safe from the taint of the superstition so dreaded by Bellarmine, and yet—which, to do him justice, was as much his care,—should not injure the moral sense. He was fully aware of the worth of virtue in the world, and of the indispensable necessity of it in women, as regarding the comfort of men and the security of property; and, beyond this cold selfishness, now that he had been left to himself long enough to give natural instinct room for fair growth, he had an exquisite feeling towards his dear girl, that would no more have allowed of an injury to her mind than to her person (2).

But for his unhappy prejudice against the only safe guide of human nature, no one could have censured him in his relative situation as a father; and had he, even now, been restored to that portion of society which would have encouraged a renunciation of his obstinate

aversion, or had he even been only left to observe the almost absolute necessity of religion to the accomplishment of his plan, he might have 'righted' in his notions; for he did not undervalue any of those practical qualities which *we* establish in a foundation of religion, or consider as resulting from it; but unfortunately he had a set of friends in Paris whose correspondence fed his vanity, as it told him he had not lived to be out of the remembrance of those whose suffrage was esteemed—that men relied on his opinions, and women could still flatter his tendernesses. The former sought from him encouragement in principles which they supposed to be as much his as theirs: the latter tried to keep him in good humour with himself and his co-adjutrix, by extolling the plan which he had devised and she was to execute, of giving to the world the model of a perfect female character.—On a smaller scale, these people practised the horrible cruelty exercised in the last moments of one of the 'soi-disant' philosophers of France—they would not allow 'place for repentance!'

But in one wish he was doomed to be disappointed. Rosanne could by nothing be induced to the study of the learned languages; and this unaccountable aversion he could not trace farther than to a natural weak, feminine, frivolity, which he did not see in other parts of her composition. Mademoiselle Cossart, in

explaining it to him, indeed, classed it with her early love for a doll and a needle, two things which she treated with the utmost contempt, and stigmatized, as far as Bellarmine's natural jealousy for the honour of his child would allow, as the types of a character destined to the mean interests of the nursery and the toilette. But Bellarmine, who, though he smothered, could never overcome his feeling of dislike to his daughter's governess—a dislike always kindled by the sight of her—would, in their conversation on this subject, bring forward, almost against his own system, instances of women distinguished, in his native country, for blending feminine tastes and pursuits with attainments not common to their sex. 'A doll,' said he, 'taught one of my first flames to use her hands in the service of others, when, poor creature! her health deprived her nearly of all comfort for herself: and the famous instance,' added he, 'of my countrywoman Mrs. Carter, who, in an uninterrupted attention to domestic duties, translated Epictetus and fitted her brother for the university, can never be forgotten:—I protest it is enough to make one venerate a needle when one thinks of its being used by such a woman. And though you, Mademoiselle, as a good Gaul, can never, I know, entertain any sentiments in favour of us Britons, yet I assure you that when I left England, there were women there, possessing all the

graces of their sex, and on whom what they had borrowed from us, sate perfectly well: they made no pretensions—there was no display, no affectation of knowledge—but it was impossible to converse with them for five minutes, without discovering that they had employed their time well;—and the recollection of this—the conviction that Rosanne might have learned Latin and Greek, and yet have been as lovely as she is, makes me regret still more this odd perverseness!'

'But, my dear Sir, if Miss Bellarmine were to read the works of the ancients, how is she to escape their superstitions? You are afraid to give her your own country Homer, lest it should bring forward her inquisitiveness on the subject of a superintending power. Now if this excites your fear, what would you do if she got hold on Cicero, Marcus Antoninus, and many other classics with whose writings I am perfectly acquainted, and who not only seem to adopt the notions of their time, but appear seeking for others still more precise, and every now and then ready to give into that which has been the weak belief and the political engine of succeeding ages?'

'O! I could have made selections, as I have done in other instances, and had volumes written and bound for her use, in the learned languages, as well as those which already form her library.'

'Selections!' said Mademoiselle Cossart, with something like disdain—'selections are samples, my dear Sir:—forgive me—but if such a young lady as Miss Bellarmine once tasted your sample, I will answer for her, that she would not rest till she had devoured the whole commodity!'

It was a drawn battle;—the combatants receded.

But Mademoiselle Cossart had reasons for her opinion, or at least for supporting it. Rosanne's disinclination had been, if not acquired from her, strengthened by her: and though by a little artifice—very excusable under such circumstances—she had appeared to her pupil recommending and persuading her to a compliance with her dear papa's wish, she was in truth exciting her aversion to a branch of learning in which, notwithstanding her perfect 'acquaintance with the writers of antiquity,' she was conscious of her own deficiency. She had bestowed some months on Latin in a temporary fit of envy, and had purchased the Port Royal Greek grammar, and, excepting in a few instances, could read the character, when not contracted—and, in the hope of time to perfect herself, she had stretched her assertions, when answering Mr. Bellarmine's queries, as far as they would bear;—but in the multiplicity of her business, she had really had no time to prosecute studies of this kind; and what she had

so rapidly obtained, she had lost with equal celerity. The Latin and Greek were therefore 'staved off,' but with an address that concealed the opposing hand entirely from Bellarmine, and did not allow his daughter to ascertain it with sufficient precision to betray it.

History had, since the removal to Chateau-Vicq, seized on Rosanne's fancy; and that curiosity which had been excited by the house itself, extended to times, and events, and persons ever so remotely connected with it or with one another. In all this, she was easily and securely gratified. The history of the world is the record of active exertion, not speculative opinions; and wars, battles, sieges, may be carried on by the aggressors, without any danger of diffusing superstition, and on the part of the aggrieved with a reliance on personal exertion that needs no other recognitions but of valour and conduct.—And when, soon wearied with details of violence, she wished rather to hear of persons than of deeds, a very little garbling made biography fit for her perusal; and if any relaxation of care had left the phrase 'odour of sanctity,' to meet her eye, it was easily explained to the satisfaction and merriment of all parties.

It was not Bellarmine's intention to keep her ignorant of what he simultaneously called mythology: he meant to inform her of every species of it—Christianity and all—at a proper

time, and when her mind was properly prepared:—but when this season was to arrive, or what this preparation was to be, he had not yet decided. Till the one was at hand, and the other accomplished, he could not trust her with any extensive knowledge even of poetry, as poetry seemed to recognise at least a sort of presiding influence; and he knew he should be asked what was meant by this;—and if he said, inspiration—there was no boundary to such inquisitiveness as that—it was quite in the wrong track. He tried parts indeed of Lucretius—but Lucretius did not catch her fancy; and Mademoiselle Cossart was, by chance, right, when, finding the poet rather cramp, she thought him a very unfit companion for ladies—and laughed with Mr. Bellarmine at the beautiful consistency of people calling themselves Christians, who were endeavouring to make him a popular author (3).

NOTES.

(1) Our admiration at what others have gained, might sometimes be very advantageously lowered into astonishment at our own omissions. How some people contrive not to know common things, or things that seem forced on their knowledge, must ever be matter of question to those possessing the ordinary faculties of attention and retention. Gibbon was certainly right in asserting that the power of application is the point which settles the difference of intellectual attainment. Much reading, it is proved, does not answer any good purpose, where the digestive ability of the mind is weak.—We all now read too much.—Few women,

passing their time in the common occupations of persons of rank, read more than the dowager, who, refreshing her memory with Hume's History of England, had proceeded, on her own statement, as far as the reign of King John the second! And it was a very pains-taking son of the church who quoted 'the creed of Saint Nicenius!'——It cannot be expected that all persons who visit the works of painters and sculptors, should have a technical knowledge of the arts; and the affectation of it is insupportable: but it was certainly very surprising to hear a lady whose appearance and accompaniments bespoke a superior situation in life, defend a representation of our Saviour, which was thought too young, by bidding her friend recollect 'how much longer people lived in those times, and therefore how much younger they must look.'—It is literal fact.

On the other hand, how did a girl not more than seven years old, of the lowest order—for she was carrying a basket of greens on her head—acquire an idea so correct as that implied in her saying, 'And it projected, so much that it was impossible it could stand?'—And where had a dirty boy, at play in one of the streets near St. James's, learnt to say to one of his companions, that some person had not 'calculated on the mechanical arrangement of another?'

(2) To those who rejoice in all the improvements for which we are beholden to the science, the talents, and the labours of the present age, and who really wish to be in good humour with their fellow-creatures, it is very unpleasant to remark on the increase of this difficulty which Bellarmine would have found, had his care been postponed till now. The difficulty has raised in importance, those writers who have little to boast but that their productions cannot possibly do any harm. But that even this negative merit is not general, may be inferred from the acknowledgments of a very sensible woman of fashion to whom such a work had been recommended. 'At a time,' said she, 'when the busy circulation of so much continental literature, and some of similar kind from our native soil, makes me fear as much

as desire to read, it is a delightful holiday to caution to take up an author in whom we may place confidence.'—The reproving allusion was to the recent publication of the correspondence of Baron de Grimm, purveyor of nonsense in Paris to the Duke of Saxe Gotha—a work as well calculated to smooth down all the asperities of moral virtue, and make decency appear 'an outré' thing, as any we have for some time been favoured with. The baron is one of those who think firebrands thrown in sport cannot do mischief—a candid declaration of an unfounded opinion, which ought to be translated into a public warning.—Those who cannot subscribe to it, will feel some reluctance in putting his volumes, entertaining as they are, into the hands of young persons.—We certainly do not want any more such works as Baron de Grimm's correspondence. We have learnt sufficiently from him and his predecessors, that the French Academy was made the Heaven of a Gallic philosopher—that actresses, and women of forfeited character, were the ladies most to be envied for the incense offered them—that it is not worth while to be of decent life and conversation in a place where no credit can be obtained for either—and that the arrangement of the Opera is an immediate care of God Almighty. This is quite enough as to *matter of fact*.—Let the metaphysicians take charge of our *opinions*, and we shall be complete.—When peace comes, and the destroying angel is commanded to sheathe his sword, there will be leisure for all this corruption to germinate. Its fruit will be more alluring and its seeds more poisonous than heretofore, for it will be supposed not liable to effervesce with the neutralized properties of Christianity.

(3) Can any one explain this enigma?—At a pastry-cook's at the west end of the town, entered a porter heavily laden with large bundles of paper.—He begged to be assisted in lowering the board to which they were leashed.—'O!' said one of the ladies, rinsing ice-glasses, 'you have brought our Lucretius—we are to have two copies.'—Two copies were left.—Query, for the shop or the library?—for all ladies now have libraries;—and some *in polite life* have

higher indulgences. The speculation of educating the daughters of butchers and bakers, and even lower traders, for the situations of governesses, excuses a vast deal that would otherwise be ludicrous. Whether such persons are more eligible than the daughters of clergymen, and artists, and men of professions, is a question not to be discussed on this page, which shall be rather used to record a proof of modern refinement in the wife of a vender of tripe, &c. who, with the lofty view above mentioned, 'knocked up,' as she said, 'a bit of a place a-top of the house, where her Augusta might have her Mounseer.'—Of a lower description of emulation, perhaps, was the dealer in vegetables, who threatened her Sophy, that 'if she did not carry them there turnips directly, she should not go to the *parlez-vous* school.'

CHAPTER XV.

Circumscribed as was Rosanne's mind in its field of action, always recoiling on itself, and with no higher occupation than that of finding amusement for her senses, it could not claim the praise often justly bestowed on the promising qualities of children younger than herself; but that which her father depended on, under his own guidance, to repay his labours, had been the strong and rapid perception, with which she received whatever was presented to her judgment. Seeing a fact in common life or in history, she quickly understood its probable effect, and its bearing on those whom it regarded. Imbecility, inconsistency, the petty dishonesty of selfishness, the craft of the ambitious, the weakness of good intentions not well followed up, all struck her correctly; but her own conduct did not now, even as frequently as heretofore, agree with those perceptions. Without temptation to do wrong, she would do right: but she was open to every impulse of inclination — 'Why,' said her father, astonished, 'the good that was in her is wearing out!'—There was no one at hand to ask him whether it was not expressly against such contingencies, that Christianity provided, or whether he could expect a stronger

growth of even moral virtue, from the sandy soil he had made for his experiment. The 'vegetable mould' was exhausting without renewing.

The avidity with which she had begun to read, in a few months deserted her; and her father perceiving the change, and endeavouring to trace it to its cause, judiciously gave way. He fancied her mind was growing oppressed by the accumulation of ideas, and feared that, if urged further, it would waste itself in speculative imagination. He did not suspect that it was by his parsimony that she suffered, while he was so lavish—but he observed the increase of her fretful impatience, and saw, with some anxiety, that one idea implanted in her mind, sometimes led to another which he had endeavoured to exclude, and that from two propositions which he had laboured to keep distinct, she would, at times, draw a connecting conclusion not easily to be denied.

He had cultivated a disposition to scepticism, with a view to produce infidelity on the subject of what he termed 'imposed systems;' but this scepticism, knowing no distinction of objects, threatened to involve new doctrines which it was not permitted to question, with old ones which it was as little permitted to adopt. He saw her inclined to dismiss, as unworthy of her attention, that which, he told her, was above the level of her understanding; and submitting

too early to an immature judgment, what should have been reserved for a season of maturity, in a rash confidence that he could lead that judgment, he found that he was making an obstinate wrangler, instead of a submissive disciple, or even a fair arguer: a consequence that might have been foreseen, where no principles of duty and obedience had been previously established—when she had been accustomed to hear subordination depreciated, and knew no reason why her father or any being, in or out of the world, was entitled to more deference than herself.

Under these circumstances, he felt it necessary again to alter his mode of proceeding, and, though to the increase of his labour, to make himself almost the sole organ of her instruction. This took her still more out of the hands of Mademoiselle Cossart; for she was to live nearly the whole day in her father's study—she was to carry on there, even those occupations that were unconnected with literature, that she might at all times be ready to receive his oral instruction.

Every thing now became a thesis. The passing events led back to ancient precedent, and forward into a speculative futurity, seldom of a very cheering aspect; and in connection with these, the natural operation by which causes and effects tread the same dull round, and come again to the point from which they set out—evincing a melancholy necessity and fruitless

toil—was a speculation that accompanied Rosanne's manual labours, and interwove itself with them in her mind, till she felt industry almost childish.

'From nothing to nothing,' the favourite axiom of Bellarmine, was a discovery that placed the utmost she could do, in a very discouraging light for contemplation. Moral obligations he considered as to be sought from the alembic of human interests; and arithmetic and chemistry, the balance and the result, in all cases took the decisive authority. Such a train of thought, affecting to seek justice, passed over equity, and in its way annihilated all those beautiful embellishments of character, all that fine tact of moral taste, all those exquisite touches of celestial resemblance, which, even to mankind in its fallen state, give comparative dignity and consoling importance.

He communicated his information in an agreeable manner. He had made charts and abstracts suited to the lesson of the day. He deduced with her the stages of decadence, which from a certain point, he told her, formed the progress of this world in all its modes and fashions: he rolled a ball up a slope: he bade her mark the impulse required to make it rise to the top, and the accelerating velocity with which it returned to the bottom;—'Just so,' said he, has it fared with the great states and empires of the world; the utmost ability was needed to raise them to

their height: their own natural tendency—the tendency of all things to annihilation—serves, without impulse, to roll them in the dust; and if any thing stops them, as some little roughness in the ground stopped, you saw, this ball, still they proceed again, and perhaps with increased velocity.

Of animated beings he supposed an immense chain comprehending every possible species and form of existence, combined fortuitously, and fortuitously separating. Good and ill, therefore,—though of temporary importance, as affecting the peace of mankind and the common and individual well-being of society, were not to be regarded as abstract properties. Virtue was an ideal estate, that every man must leave behind him: vice—in his vocabulary called imprudence, was an annuity, from the payment of which he was exonerated by his own decomposition. To defer the period of annihilation being the natural wish of all human creatures, whatever could injure vitality was to be shunned; consequently, temperance was a virtue to be cultivated, and laws, which made crimes affect life, were to be obeyed: but still to enjoy the good things of this state of existence, as far as was safe, and consistent with general utility, was a point of self-concern, as the maintenance of a right which it was contemptible to give up, and some counterbalance to the wretchedness with which life is fraught. Liberty of action

was to be jealously preserved, as the necessary mean of procuring gratification; and liberty of thought was the privilege of every human being. The patriotism of which she read, was the enthusiasm of individuals; and enthusiasm she would see existing in all possible forms, from the natural instincts up to the vain efforts of insanity. Loyalty he described as the mad preference of one worthless individual to another; and submission to authority, the utility of which might be questioned, as little less than the weakness of those who knew not the game of the world.

Of female virtues, he was so polite, or so politic, as to speak in terms of great respect: they were necessary to the existence of society, and were to be practised on abstract considerations. —They were part of that law from which there was no appeal—the common consent of mankind. In return for this obedience, women were protected, and informed, and allowed to influence the affairs of men.

'It is strange,' thought Rosanne in her moments of lively meditation, 'that there should be so much done for a set of creatures, who are to live for so short a time—and if good and evil are such trifles, I wonder people who are not selfish, should ever be good.' Inquiring for satisfaction on this point, her father opened to her view, that code of imaginary obligation called honour, and explained to her that gratuitous feel-

ing of the human mind, which makes men 'seek the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth.' On this principle, to be sure, much was to be accounted for, which would otherwise have slept with the obsolete doctrine of 'occult qualities;' and he felt very much obliged to some of the moralists and education-mongers of his and our time, who, by a similar substitution, have admirably contrived to do without God Almighty, in his own creation. Bellarmine had no difficulty in procuring all these publications:—they were, more or less, suited to the climate of France: he purchased with avidity, and he read—till he almost thought he must be right when so ably supported.

Bellarmine, as a man, as a scholar, and still more as a father, bore about him, in colloquial didactic, a power, which the instructor, speaking only by the lettered page, could not assume. Tone, manner, look, would, if not enforce conviction, silence objection, and prevent discussion; and a thousand petty artifices, almost unconsciously used, will make a specious verbal teacher appear an oracle.—Rosanne listened in silence, and endeavoured to remember, if not to believe, that 'general utility is the only ground of great actions;' that 'universal liberty is the pursuit, and the justifiable pursuit, of the human race'—that 'the tyranny of the great forms the sufferings of the little'—that 'the turpitude of all governments occasions the

mis-use of all government'—that the non-obligation to any species of obedience, as productive of infinite good, is to be insisted on; and that the never-failing certainty of physiognomy, the powers of calculation, the respect due to metaphysical reasoning, and the close connexion of moral with physical evil, were points she would betray her ignorance by disputing—all which axioms were to find their final use, and the consummation of their wisdom, in the verified establishment of that grand discovery, the dissolution, decomposition, and total annihilation consequent on death.

Mademoiselle Cossart, left very much to the free use of her time, and not of a disposition to let her talents rust for want of use, had now engaged heartily in the views of some of her former friends in Paris, and present neighbours, in the town nearest Chateau-Vicq, who, having got little by one party, but that without which they would have been as happy, as rich, and as respectable, were lending their aid to other schemes then in great forwardness, the success of which might indeed lessen their individual importance, but would secure to them that provision for the necessities of life which they had formerly, in their zeal for 'public utility,' seemed very much to undervalue. Her ready powers were employed in trying the

ground on which others were to march; and she had, according to the orders she received, to recommend with her pen new experiments in politics, and to attack by her wit those to which she had heretofore been friendly.

With these ideas, which she was compelled to keep to herself, ever uppermost in her mind—just fresh from weighing considerations of opposite tendencies, and led by interest, if not by conviction, to a certain determination, it was admitting sounds discordant to her train of thought, when Rosanne brought for discussion those doctrines which, a short time before, were to all appearance as much Mademoiselle Cossart's as Mr. Bellarmine's; and in her wish to resume her chain of interrupted reasoning, and not easily turned from the then bias of her opinions, her answers were very different, even from those sentiments which Rosanne remembered to have been hers. Puzzled still more than when she had begun to state her questions, Rosanne grew importunate, and her instructor peevish; and the conversation would end, on the part of the latter, in a sort of petulant betraying a grand secret in the art of life—the concentration of our wishes and views on our own individual and indivisible personal advantage.

'I thought,' said Rosanne, 'my father had told me that the general good—the good of every body—was to be our concern.'

'True,' said Mademoiselle Cossart; 'but how

is the good of others to be procured, if we neglect our own good? Look at that elm—if you wished to take the best care you could of it in a dry season, would you think watering every leaf necessary?—would you risk breaking your neck in climbing the trunk, or being dashed on the ground in crawling on hands and knees along each bough? Would you not rather water the root?—Certainly you would;—well then, only consider yourself as the root, and depend on it, the boughs, branches, twigs, and foliage of others will derive nourishment sufficient from you.'

Rosanne was pleased with the exemplification—she thought it perfectly correct—and she became convinced that to take care of her own comforts and enjoyments was proper, and what her father meant by 'general utility.'

Her sense of right now became sadly vitiated:—herself increased in importance, and formed a centre, the tendency to which grew every day stronger.—'But why, then,' said she to herself, 'was I told I was wrong, when I used to say that things were good if I liked them, and bad if I did not? I remember being laughed at about the rose-bush; but I suppose, I was, after all, right; for this is just the same way of thinking,—I certainly had no occasion to alter that opinion. Well! I imagine, then, all my other childish notions were right.'

CHAPTER XVI.

To give her exercise, and to keep up her practice of dancing, a little troop of children from the hamlet and village were occasionally admitted, under great restrictions, at Chateau-Vicq, and trained to what was required from them; and Rosanne's manners, and the liberality she was allowed to indulge, had made it matter of pretension, to be included in her groupe. Her father's good sense had pointed out to him the necessity of supplying the want of society to the formation of her manners, by the scrupulous practice of 'etiquette;' and under this habit, her behaviour was ready for her introduction to the world. Nothing was dispensed with in the forms of politeness, in the arrangement of his table, or in attention to her dress; and whenever she went, even to the town, she was matter of curiosity and respect.

But in a short time, it was perceptible, that on some principle, not immediately to be traced, she was, though still attentive to forms, growing arbitrary amongst these children. She would take from any of them, a pebble or a shell that she discovered in their possession; and her governess having, for very prudential reasons, used infinite pains, rather against the natural disposition of Miss Bellarmine, to land all the tendernesses she perceived sprouting, on dogs, birds,

insects, and every thing that was in no danger of returning them, a lory, of which one of the village-train was the happy and incautiously-exulting owner, became the object of her passionate covetousness. She ordered it, as if merely gratifying her curiosity, to be brought to her; and the sight of it made that a resolution, which before had been but a wish. Disdaining to beg it, she offered extravagant payment; she was not astonished that it was refused, because, even in her eyes, the bird was a better thing than money; but she was enraged at a refusal to herself. Using a little craft, she now seemed disposed to a compromise, and requested that the bird might be left with her till the next day:—the reluctance of the owner was affronting, but it gave way to her whispered threats; the bird was left, but on terms not at all understood between the parties:—the least of Miss Bellarmine's intentions was to return it.

Not conscious that she was doing that which it was prudent to conceal, the design was betrayed, and the bird restored to its owner; but, fortified as she was with reasoning, her father had no method of counteracting this new error, but by pointing out the probability and danger of revenge where injury was offered—'I should have been told this,' said she, muttering to herself, 'when Mademoiselle Cossart talked about watering the root of the elm—well! I shall not

do so again—I should be afraid—yet I wish I had the bird—I never saw such beautiful colours —I was obliged to let it go back—but I *will* get it.'

She succeeded in her attempt. A servant fetched her the bird; and the little owner of it came no more. She kept her new plaything out of sight, and began to enjoy the pleasure of the triumph, when the mother of the injured child came with an humble complaint, and Mr. Bellarmine, perhaps more angry at being outwitted, than at the offence itself, used a higher tone than usual with his daughter: but she could now defend herself, and refusing to yield to any arguments, he had to seek for a new method of arguing—he could restore the lory again to the proprietor, but he could not restore Rosanne to her obedience.

Mademoiselle Cossart, on being consulted, hit on the happy expedient of retaliation. Rosanne's last new obligation to her father's indulgence was seized on: it was an atlas; and having been on purpose refused it, till her wish for it became very ardent, and then kept in suspense, as an expedient for reducing her from her height of independence, the possession had been doubly and trebly dear.

But even under this impending danger, she hesitated; for though the atlas was unquestionably more valuable and more gratifying to her than

a bird, whose plumage was its only recommendation, yet there was now superadded to covetousness, a degree of obstinacy that she could not, with no other impulses than were allowed for her assistance in such conflicts, easily overcome.

She held out four-and-twenty hours, and then capitulated. Her father, too indignant to see her, referred her to Mademoiselle Cossart for reprehension; and from her she received it. But how was she to be so reprehended as to apply the experience purchased in this instance, to any future case? Duty to God, there was none to infringe, because none had ever been taught her —duty to a fellow-creature could hardly be named, without bringing to her recollection the justification of man in his savage state—the law of nature—the lamb and the lion—the right to use natural power—the principle of self-love given us by nature for our preservation—of which she had so frequently heard from her father, with Mademoiselle Cossart's own gossamer commentaries and wild analogies. What had general utility to do between two persons, the one so far below the other in rank?—Laws and commandments could not be quoted—that a paltry desire to possess a thing neither of use nor of real value, had led to a degree of covetousness manifesting itself by theft and rapine, was nothing to Rosanne, who had scarcely any idea of the sacredness of property.

There were then but two perceptions in her mind that could be addressed: the one was pride dressed up as honour, the other compassion. Mademoiselle Cossart preferred the former, as a helm by which she could always guide—the latter, as she could seldom find means of exciting it herself, might be dangerous in the hands of others, and was, moreover, rather inconsistent with that firm tone of mind which Mr. Bellarmine's system recommended. She therefore spoke energetically to that feeling which, in a more common mode of education, would have appeared in Rosanne already superabundant, but which, if it was to be the regulating principle of her actions, must, at any cost and hazard, be kept in its highest perfection; and she had the satisfaction of finding herself successful.—Rosanne changed colour—she put her hands before her face, and begged that nothing more might be said to her, 'as she should never now take any thing from any body again.'

In a few days all remembrance of the affair seemed lost—the individual point was carried, and this sufficed, as Rosanne's discipline was, of necessity, made up of individualities. In her father's bribing attention to her pleasures, and almost to her humours, it escaped his recollection, that for some time Rosanne, who had been fond of passing through the village, and had

been eager for the dances, in which the little troop were practised to exercise her, contrived uniformly to avoid the former, and had been indisposed on the stated days of the latter.

The painful recollection of that which had been made to wound her pride, however, wore off, and becoming negligent, she found herself one day, when in her father's carriage with only Mademoiselle Cossart, opposite the door of the cottage from which she had so forcibly taken the bird. 'Mon Dieu!' said her companion—Rosanne turned her head at the new expression which surprise had forced out—and then directing her eyes to that spot which seemed to have excited the sudden emotion, she saw the unfortunate lory.—She threw herself back in the carriage, while Mademoiselle Cossart, repeating her exclamation, added—'The lory is stuffed—poor soul!—'t is dead.'

Rosanne was thunderstruck—she begged they might stop. This, as expressly forbidden in all cases, was opposed; and she was reminded of her pride, and the prudence of keeping aloof, where there might be cause of complaint:—but Rosanne was deaf to admonition; she herself ordered the carriage to be stopped; and choosing to alight, her guide was, by virtue of her office, obliged to follow her, because she could no way restrain her.

Entering the cottage, with a character about her that would have excited pity for the violence

offered, by a cruel system, to a generous nature, which might have given hopes of any thing good, to those who had judiciously loved her, Rosanne inquired after the bird, and was told by the mother of the owner—without resentment or reproach, but with respect and gentleness—that it had died the day after it was brought home, 'owing,' as she observed, 'perhaps to having something given it to eat at the chateau, which it was not used to.'—'Such things,' the woman said, 'would happen'—'there was no help for it'—'she had told her little boy so, when he grieved about it'—'she had bid him think what she and his poor dead father had suffered themselves, and not think about lories. She was very sorry she had ever been persuaded to ask for the bird again: she saw now it was very wrong.'

The boy, at the moment, entered at the back door of the cottage, and Rosanne perceived the effect of her presence on his countenance—he bowed—there was no insolence in his look; he seemed, even now, to respect her, and wiped away, with the back of his hand, his starting tears, as if fearful they should wound her. But she was already deeply wounded; she sate down, notwithstanding all Mademoiselle Cossart's remonstrances, and wept without restraint: the bird was forgotten in the attention to her; the boy began to excuse her to herself; and the mother, as if nothing else would do, took the lory out

of sight: but this had no effect. Rosanne's tears, when they had exhausted their source, only gave place to words not at all according with the hints of 'politeness'—'dignity'—'pride'—'what was due to herself and to her father'—and others of the same nature, which her governess, by speaking in English, prevented from being understood, and used as styptics.

Nothing appeased Rosanne, till the boy, on her request, assured her he forgave her, and kissed her hand; and till the mother begged her 'to think no more of the lory, for they never should, without recollecting her good heart:' her purse was in her hand, to afford them the means of buying another bird; but its contents were far beyond the purpose, and when it was emptied into the woman's lap—'O mother!' exclaimed the boy, 'sister Jannette may now marry Guillot, for here's more than enough, I'm sure, to buy all they want; and as for the lory, I can get another given me, I know, if Mademoiselle can't be happy if I have not one.'

Rosanne was now agonized by different feelings—she was becoming the source of good instead of evil; but she could not give way to such a hope; she would have departed; but a voice of sobbing caught her ear, and, by the movement of a closet-door, she saw some one concealed.—The woman, watching suspiciously the direction of her eyes, opened the door, and shaking her head with a deep sigh, discovered

poor Jannette, who had, for powerful reasons, concealed herself.

Mademoiselle Cossart soon understood how acceptable and how opportune was her pupil's liberality; and withdrawing her to her carriage, without explaining to her Jannette's particular cause for gratitude, she gave her, with part of the commendation due to her, a lesson on 'the fit and becoming,' which did not very well accord with the present high state of the young lady's feelings, or with her settling opinions of the judgment of her teachers.

Whatever opposition there had hitherto been in Rosanne's mind to the will or opinions of others, had been founded only on her own; and having had no one to confirm her in them, they had taken their chance for being maintained or dismissed; but now she felt herself opposed, where others, and something beyond the opinion of others, told her she was right; and the adventure of the lory had effects which, as he was not let into it, puzzled her father. She seemed less satisfied than ever—she did not give, even in external manners, or in the degree she had heretofore, the implicit credit demanded of her.

Bellarmine complained to his co-adjutrix—the second complaint was more firm than the first. 'Rosanne,' he said, 'was little short of disputing his right to govern her:'—the third complaint hinted at Mademoiselle Cossart's want of autho-

rity; and had the sentence been finished, she saw how it would have concluded: she therefore was obliged to undertake for 'a thorough reform,' and this she soon was made to feel she must purchase; for she could not command it. A little pretended confidence with her pupil served to interest her: she told Rosanne how much dissatisfied her father was—that he did not blame his daughter, but her:—and that, in short, her dismission would very soon follow, unless the politeness of Miss Bellarmine would avert that which she scrupled not to own would, 'after such an exclusion from the world, and the sacrifice of her friends to the sacred charge she had undertaken,' be nothing short of ruin to her.

Rosanne, whose feelings had been once called into action, was more easily worked on by an appeal to them; and making some complaint of her father's arbitrary compulsions, she yet promised to forbear, where the want of forbearance might injure another.

She kept her word, as long as the impulse remained on her memory; but the season of liberty was returned, and she felt it as a hardship, that her father, who was grown again hypochondriac, and anxious for the event of political circumstances which were rising in a distant horizon, was less disposed to exertions that contributed to her pleasure and amusement. Any ailment, fancied or real, that obstructed the little variations of his similar days,

or made him fail in his system of bribes, had more effect than ever on his temper; and that strengthening state of mind, which in a better education would have given force to good habits, was wasting itself in confirming bad ones.

Again the governess was driven to expedients; and Rosanne now beginning to express openly to her, her dissatisfaction when any thing thwarted her or was denied her, it seemed the fortunate moment for entering with her into a private scheme, in which a division of the advantages might secure each party from the treachery of the other.

Mademoiselle Cossart's covert use of her talents had been sufficiently repaid on various occasions of exertion, to interest her in the success of her party; and in the chief town near them, there had arrived persons whom it was particularly shackling to her not to be allowed to receive.

The novelty of society, she knew, would be a bait to the curiosity of Rosanne, and would induce her to think less of her father's demands on her. She therefore opened to her a plan she had devised for occasional evening-meetings with these friends, in her own apartments, which being at a great distance from the part of the chateau Mr. Bellarmine occupied, and there being one evening in a week when he was engaged with persons employed on his estate, might be conducted very privately; and as his extreme care

for his health confined him to stated hours of being abroad, there was no danger of detection, if the servants knew that secrecy was the injunction of Miss Bellarmine.

Nothing could be more delightful to Rosanne than this scheme when carried into effect. It included a pleasure to which she had, till now, never been introduced—that of the palate; for the 'petits soupers' were admirably calculated to whet any inclination to 'gourmandise,' and a bribe to the cook brought out a great deal of talent in this way. Beside this, Rosanne had the delight of meeting, occasionally, five or six persons of various pretensions: she heard of foreign countries and foreign affairs, of pictures and statues, of arts and sciences, of literature, and of the exertion of intellect, in language new to her. Bellarmine had talked of means to rule the world: these carried no captivation with them; but now she heard of means to win its favour, and share its enjoyments; and the interesting, the touching, the dazzling, the fascinating, were terms substituted for the cold calculations of a benumbing philosophy. Glory, fame, public opinion, took place of selfishness and cautious distrust; and though she was not, even now, allowed to see a better prospect—for her governess was, perhaps through fear of detection, faithful in this part of her undertaking—she seemed carried along the road that led to no-

thing, on a much smoother surface, and in a far pleasanter vehicle.

Some of the persons admitted to this 'coterie' had accomplishments which they were not unwilling to make serviceable to the amusement of a young lady so situated, and recommended so forcibly to their attention. She was gratuitously improved in her knowledge of music and painting: her style of dress, and the management of her person, became the care of one or two females who had intercourse with Paris: new tastes were awakened, and a winter was passed most agreeably—Bellarmine confining himself to his wing of the chateau, and not at all aware of the personages whom his house occasionally harboured.

Rosanne became an adept in caution; but now it was difficult to her to endure detention in her father's study, if Mademoiselle Cossart's apartments lodged any one of her visiting friends. The irksomeness was perceptible; and when Bellarmine mentioned it as a new cause of disquiet, and as afflicting him, by the conviction that all his hopes from his labours would be disappointed if his daughter detached her affections from him, it became matter of exertion perpetually renewed, to prevail on Rosanne to submit with any sort of grace.

In vain Mademoiselle Cossart endeavoured to persuade her that the time of tuition was nearly at an end. Rosanne, weary of proceeding, for

no purpose, in that which now had not the charm of novelty, but was comparatively dull, and beginning to question her father's opinions, had converted her pleasures into tasks; and he with grief, and almost with tears, confessed his error, in imagining her abilities what he had thought them, or her disposition such as would do credit to his toil:—'I ought to have foreseen,' said he, 'that a girl with no higher a taste than for feminine amusements, could never answer my expectations: she wants a classic mind—what could distinguish her from the common characters of her sex, but the track of the few celebrated women in Europe? 'T is Latin and Greek she wants—I ought to have made her, even against her will, a classical scholar: she will now be nothing that I wished her; for, as to common attainments, I feel that they will not satisfy me. I hoped I might have seen her able to take a high station in society, like the Duchess de C——, influencing a ministry by her sound judgment and strong sense; or, like Madame ——, assembling all the wit and genius of the time at my house. I know the importance of women, in times of strong party in this country; and it would have been my pride, after showing her to foreign countries, to have had an English girl celebrated, as she might soon now be, in Paris, for her beauty, her accomplishments, her manners, and her power to lead in the arrangement of opinions. I have models before my eyes

which I wished her to resemble—she might have been any thing, and she would have been my pride and the consolation of my old age—if old age can be consoled; but now what is she? a lovely creature, I confess, and so adorned by nature, that the mortification comes much heavier: she has learnt what we have taught her, with rapidity and alacrity; but she already seems at a stand: her temper, though generous, is unmanageable, and I fear that very soon she will strike out some eccentric path for herself, which may overthrow all I have done, and at last break my heart by showing her undeserving and ungrateful. She will marry herself, sink into an ordinary routine of life, and I shall be wretched. Are you sure, Mademoiselle Cossart, that none of the servants ever speak to her, and put ideas into her mind, such as you know I most detest? This servant whom you have recommended to me, to take care of the expenditure, seems, I think, by my accounts, not quite so thrifty as the one you advised me to discharge. This, you know, I do not greatly regard, if my table is well kept; but are you certain there is no understanding between my daughter and these people? I fear every thing.'

The positive assurances returned to these queries were very satisfactory; and poor Bellarmine went still 'farther a-field' in quest of the origin of that, which, if he had known the voice of

common sense, was very easily to be traced up to its cause.

Mademoiselle Cossart's integrity in representing to Rosanne the uneasiness of her father, was unimpeachable; and her pupil had only to hear his countenance described, and his words repeated, to feel the cruelty of afflicting him. Natural tenderness on one hand, and bribes and hopes on the other, did much, for another short period; and Bellarmine was surprised at his daughter's amendment in docility, and improvement in various pursuits in which he supposed her governess and himself her sole teachers; yet there were circumstances which puzzled him; he seemed to have a blind notion that somebody cheated him; but the fear of disturbing himself still farther, made him passive in the developement of a mystery that might be fanciful.

The little 'coterie,' at first so productive of pleasure to Rosanne, after a time began to offend her. She heard rejoicing over bloodshed, and hints of schemes that led to it: massacres and assassinations were the news of the meeting, and their conversations expressed approbation of rapine and treachery. 'If,' said she, 'I was wrong in taking the lory, and so much was said to me about it, why does Mademoiselle Cossart seem so pleased with the effects of war, which, as far as I can understand, has no other purpose, but to kill people, or take

away what belongs to them?' She had an inclination to ask questions on this subject; but the fear of affronting those who formed her new pleasure, kept her silent.

Completely disgusted, and finding that every thing proposed by herself as an enjoyment, ended in doubt and misery, she determined to avoid, as often as she could, these 'soirées du chateau,' which at first had so delighted her. Mademoiselle Cossart, who might reasonably fear her betraying her, as soon as she was displeased, tried to bring her back, but in vain; and the matter might have produced some inconvenience to one or the other, but for a catastrophe that taught Rosanne the danger she had run. Her preceptress, excessively agitated, one day, replied to her anxious inquiry, by informing her that the existing government had laid hold on her friends, that some had paid the forfeit of their lives for their endeavours to promote the cause of general utility, and the rest, and those dependent on them, were dispersed. If Rosanne felt any regret, it was counterbalanced by some repose of mind from feelings hardly to be defined; and she began to experience comfort in the security of her mode of life, even if its monotony wearied her still more, after this taste of society.

CHAPTER XVII.

The space of time which brought Rosanne near the age of fourteen, was productive of little change, though somewhat varied by her father's seeking relief from the 'ennui' that devoured him in occasional excursions, which the state of the country did not now render unsafe to private individuals. In these absences from home, Miss Bellarmine was as closely guarded as ever; and a character of importance was given to her, by the sedulity with which she was attended to. Mr. Bellarmine had friends remaining in distant parts of France; these he had at intervals received, and these in his journeys he visited. There could be no danger in admitting his daughter to this society; for they were all of the enlightened school; and though their *religious politics* were now ostensibly out of fashion, or perhaps too general to require discussion, there was, in these old members of the Pandæmonium, a relish for past distinctions, which made them bring forward the recollection of opinions, defend the promulgation of them, and deliver their sentiments on consequent events. In the presence of her father and their host for the time being, Rosanne heard much that she had never before heard, of the

history co-eval with her younger years; and when Bellarmine would turn to her, and point out such and such deeds as entitled to admiration, she, with seeming perverseness, disappointed him, if the achievement went at all beyond what she termed defence; and by her use of the argumentative powers, she maintained her opinions as long as she dared, and occasionally, as she was told, against proof. When silenced by a tone or look which she understood, she withdrew into the fastnesses of that which she had been taught to call 'her obstinacy;' and sometimes muttering to herself, that such proceedings and such effects were not at all better than 'the lory,' she, though defeated, never gave ground. All but those who had taught her, were delighted with her uncommonly formed mind, which yet retained a childish simplicity; and her father received his tribute of applause for the wonderful effects of 'his rational plan.'

But if, withdrawn from the male society of these families, any female dared so far transgress against the habit of the day, as to describe with horror, proscriptions, conscriptions, 'noyades,' the miseries of exiles, or the sorrows of widows and orphans, then Rosanne's eloquence was dumb; she listened—she devoured—she believed;—and if the story was detailed, rivers of sympathy poured down her lovely cheeks. —Mademoiselle Cossart then gave a hint, that Monsieur did not wish his amiable daughter to

be too tender for a great character:—the hint was the drum of Santerre—and she was called on to think of the rising glory of France, its probable universality of empire, and the 'perfectibility of the human species.'

Notwithstanding it was Bellarmine's intention to rear his daughter as free from vice as from religion, it was not to be supposed that he should, if he introduced her at all into such society as accorded with his principles, present her only to the correct in morals, though his nice sense still required decency of appearances. Hence it sometimes, in their progress, occurred to her, to be the guest of a lady who had set out in life with one husband, and proceeded with another, without the melancholy interposition of the sexton's good offices; and families were 'mixt medleys' that surprised and puzzled her. Sometimes these enlightened patriots had used the liberty they had purchased for themselves and others, in a way which it was 'as well' she should not hear commended; and when the length of time during which Bellarmine had withdrawn himself from the busy world, had kept him ignorant of arrangements and connexions, into which he would not have initiated his daughter, but on which he stumbled, it cost him a lecture to set her head right. On the subject of caprice in marriage, however, he was very liberal.—'If a woman at all consulted her happiness, she would remain single—men

had a right to do as they liked—many causes existed that justified separation—if a woman dreaded it, she must look well to the regulation of her conduct and the government of her temper, and even then, it was her duty to submit to it, if it was her husband's choice.—As for modes of life that appeared worse, the heinousness of, at least, that want of publicity which had entrapped him into a visit to a man thus circumstanced, would have exasperated him beyond all bearing. After one experiment, which induced him to depart on a sudden, he was wary.

Yet it was very observable, had there been any body at hand to observe, that in such society as that to which he did not scruple to introduce Rosanne, he was not quite at ease. While conversing on one set of topics, he was listening to those which engaged her attention at a little distance from him: if absent from him, she was recalled. His visits were often shorter than the period he had assigned for them; and it seemed his first care, on quitting houses which she had thought very delightful, and the ladies in which had appeared to her very amiable, to convince her of her want of discernment.

From visits of this description, paid in the autumn of her fourteenth year, she returned to Chateau-Vicq, to celebrate that birthday which was, as Mademoiselle Cossart assured her, to invest her with increased privileges, and to call

her out to new duties.—The former originated in her governess's disposition to relax in her attentions, in order to gain more leisure for the labours of her pen—now decidedly employed in inculcating and promoting that grand scheme of aërial philosophers, 'the perfectibility of the human species.' To increase her opportunities of advancing this useful and sensible doctrine, one of the privileges conferred on her pupil was, the removal of that authority which regulated their hours of study. To comply with this relaxation, Bellarmine was easily induced by a little of Mademoiselle Cossart's rhetoric, or his impatience of it; only conditioning for a regular return, under his daughter's hand, of the manner in which she employed those hours not spent with him.

The specimen of new duties which Rosanne was to assume, had no less its origin in her governess's convenience. The management of the family was no enviable concern; and, in the hands of Rosanne, Mademoiselle Cossart flattered herself it would be quite as advantageous to her, without involving her in what was disagreeable. It was very easy to make Bellarmine even admire and commend such a proposition as this; and Rosanne was to keep two accounts—one, of her time—the other, of her father's money.

It would have been hard indeed if poor Rosanne had been denied *her* views, when those

about her were thus catering for themselves out of her. She did not shrink from duties, nor was she deaf to privileges: to those now offered her, she added the demands of her own inclination; and rose on the morning after her birthday, determined not to forego them.

Nothing, in the discipline hitherto endured, had been so grievous to her, as the inconsistency of her father's inundating her mind with knowledge, on every point that he chose to make part of his information to her, and checking her whenever she wished for the least satisfaction on, what she called, her 'own things.' She had, in her very earliest years, remarked the peculiarly deterring countenance and manner with which he stopt her inquiries; and she had felt equally the hardship and the necessity of yielding; but now arrived, as she was told, at an age of liberty, she was resolved that she would not be frowned down by any one; she would recollect all the questions she had so often in vain asked; and she would not be content with such answers as had heretofore put her off. In another particular she would relieve herself. She would fearlessly tell the truth in all things; for, though she had seldom been detected in her frequent contradiction to it, the practice of deceiving was so troublesome, that she was convinced 'the other way' was best, and she would abide by it.

But in this resolution it was impossible to

maintain her ground. A novice in the affairs of a family, she had to hide her own errors: and not knowing how to control the domestics, she had also to veil their delinquencies, for her own sake and that of her father's quiet. Her governess's increasing spirit of self-indulgence required, at times, a little management of accounts; and the interrogatories as to the disposal of her hours were nearly as much a claim on her ingenuity; for every day she felt more inclined to give way to idle meditation, which left no trace of employment: and, however occupied, it was seldom entirely to the exclusion of a set of wandering speculative ideas, such as it had been her father's care to repress while she was immediately under control.

Mademoiselle Cossart had, in private, a few books, not at all dangerous to the disciple of Bellarmine's school, yet still such as he did not permit her to see, lest they might lead farther: and while the owner, whose versatile pen was again at work, was absorbed in the 'perfectibility of human nature,' Rosanne was, in every possible way, adding to the bewildering of her ideas; and every thing was fuel to a fire in her mind, which waited only opportunity of bursting out to blaze.

Few such anomalies, it is to be hoped, appear in civilized society as Rosanne Bellarmine. She was, on the report of her preceptress, 'emi-

nently gifted,' 'highly accomplished,' 'wonderfully informed;' and, 'at little more than fourteen, a companion for any one whom feminine graces, extensive reading, a knowledge of European languages, talents for music and painting, promptitude of diction in writing and conversation, and an insight into every art and science that could be explained to her, and the most recommending manners, could induce to attention.'

But, with all this, Miss Bellarmine was not only ignorant of the world, but of Him who made it—of her own destination—of her duties—of her interests. That her ignorance was involuntary, was her excuse—that she struggled under it, was commendable—that she was disposed to end it, was rational—that she despaired of success, was pitiable—and that her despair was precipitate, remains to be shown.

The necessitous will make something out of any thing:—Rosanne made arguments and deductions out of circumstances in which, as they were barren and she was insulated, she was thought safe. Fond of her garden, for which a chosen spot was allotted her, and disposed to owe its pleasures as much as possible to herself, she indulged her curiosity in watching every process of vegetation. She remembered, in her first attempts in horticulture, her father's having told her 'to bury' that which was to produce a new plant—and how

deep was she ‘ to bury’ seeds, stones, or bulbs? had been her frequent question :—in the present disposition of her mind to cast off its acquiescence, she recollected having heard of ‘ burying’ a dead body, and remembered the peevish negative she had received, when she said to her father, ‘ Will the man come up again, like the seeds in my garden?’—It struck her like an almost forgotten grudge, and she was determined to bring it forward again, now that she was ‘ more than fourteen.’

Consistently with Bellarmine’s scheme of excluding from her mind not only Christianity, but the knowledge of any mode of worship, it was a secret not revealed to Rosanne, that she was, even by baptism, a member of the Christian church; but she was so. The christening-robe and cap had been sent down from the London warehouse with her infant-wardrobe, and their beauty would have been unreported, had they not been worn. Poor ‘ Spintext,’ therefore, and his ‘ pattern-wife,’—the eldest ‘ Miss Spintext,’—‘ Doctor Coddle’ and his ‘ poodle of a daughter,’ were all invited to the christening at the hall—made particularly useful by standing *as proxies* for absentees, dubbed without their own privity, by the parents—and repaid by a supper that distanced all pretensions of the sort, and risqued the neck of the doctor by the variety of wines, and the bones of the rest

of the party by the darkness of the night.—The remembrance of Miss Bellarmine's christening was thus 'burnt in' on the minds of some of those invited to it; and the superb robe and cap were equally strong circumstances of recollection to the others.

No harm could be done by the mere passive sufferance of a ceremony; and, to the perfect neglect of Mrs. Bellarmine, who never went to church herself, but, as she said to her maid, 'to quiz the natives' now and then, was, in time to prevent all mischief, added the decided estrangement of Bellarmine himself. Rosanne, therefore, had never been in a place of divine worship, nor perhaps heard the name of 'GOD,' but in Mademoiselle Cossart's exclamation; and whenever, in her reading, any expression bearing a construction that might lead to the recognition of a Deity, or a general or particular Providence, caught her attention and called up her curiosity, she was taught to consider it as an embellishment of style.

In her occupations she toiled or she relaxed, without any consciousness that the world, by the fiat of its Creator, was entitled to one part of the time in seven, for repose from labour and adoration of Him. Sunday was 'Dimanche' with her as with native French girls, though attended by no ceremonies; and it was named in her 'bijou' almanac, which her father

yearly gave her, and in which the names of saints whose feasts were to be observed, had amused her, by the legends which they had called up to her father's recollection. She had laughed at St. Denys, walking, after his decapitation, with his head under his arm, and, as is jocularly added, kissing it in his way. The eleven thousand virgins, the House of Loretto, and many other of Father Ribadeneyra's amusing stories, had been trusted to her judgment without producing any resemblance of superstition; and every thing more dangerous had been, by assiduous care and a perfect system of 'espionnage,' withheld from her.

She had remarked the gayer dresses of some of the villagers whom she chanced to see on Sundays; and her little troop of dancing companions had appeared always with most pride on that day. She knew too, that the lower classes had some sort of 'slavery' to endure at times—she had heard of priests and mass—of the suspension and intended restoration of both—of the once enormous power of the Pope, his tyranny over tyrants—and of ceremonies 'not at all more reasonable than the sacrifices of the Peruvians and Mexicans.' But of the object towards which all these errors tended, she was effectually kept ignorant by the jargon in which she had been reared.—'How odd it is,' said she, 'that people should be at the trouble of saying things only to be contradicted!'

Naturally adopting her father's opinions where her reason and judgment could not contradict them, she had never felt any sentiment towards these 'weaknesses of human nature' but contempt; and if ever she could ask a question of any of the children, by which she hoped for information as to their 'imposed belief,' the answer never raised in her any feeling more allied to credulity than pity for the low scale of being allotted by—she knew not what, but she supposed it Necessity—to those so governed and mis-led. Once, when Mademoiselle Cossart had a little relaxed in her vigilance, by quitting for a few minutes the lawn on which her dominical exercise in summer evenings was practised, she attempted to lead 'le jeune berger,' who was dextrously to crown her with flowers as she passed, into a very different train of thought, by inquiring into the claim he made on the day as his 'jour de fête;' but his account only confirmed her in 'her contempt.'

Yet, however inclined to value herself on the superior light of reason in which she had been reared—however bound to give credit to what her father had avouched;—and however new hopes of undefined gratifications were buoyed up by promises as indefinite, and predictions that bore in them an alluring species of mystery, she was still, but she knew not why, dissatisfied.

The natural tendency of her temper of mind to a restless discontent, even when a child, her father had never ceased to remark; and Mademoiselle Cossart had made use of it as a mode of complimenting him through his daughter, by tracing it to her inherited eagerness of attainment. To the operation of this discontent, she ascribed all her pupil's exertions; and she endeavoured to make Bellarmine, as she professed herself to be, 'enchanted with it,' because it would, in time, produce miracles. She reasoned, she argued, she quoted; she talked well, and he was inclined to listen to whatever offered to soothe anxiety. His imagination indeed was dazzled—he thought himself convinced—but, when his adviser left him, he had the whole subject to go over again in his meditations; and he had not the power of deceiving himself that she had of deceiving him: he was suspicious.

With her mind in this fermenting state, and feeling, without knowing it, that the boundary prescribed to its energies inclosed less than the space to which they were disposed to expand, Rosanne passed through another winter, taking the shortest methods of avoiding her father's displeasure when a knowledge of the truth would have risked incurring it, and doing ungraciously just as much of what was the then object of her employment, as would acquit her

with him; but without interest or pleasure. He had prepared her garden for the reception of a regular system of botanical experiments—he had procured for her a choice cabinet of minerals—she had casts and sulphurs, and a fine collection of engravings—he had purchased for her the best musical instruments—he still joined in their domestic 'trio:' she had modelled his head, and produced a likeness—she had painted Mademoiselle Cossart in the character of the Sibyl—she had succeeded in attempts of poetry:—in short, she had done all that such a father could reasonably ask; and she had the power of ruling the most indulgent father possible; yet neither the father nor the daughter was happy individually, nor were they consoled in each other. When he flattered himself most, it was because he had bribed with most judgment—when he fancied his daughter improving, she was in fact only growing more cunning.

If a recognition of obsolete superstitions was inevitable, her father overwhelmed her with a crushing variety; and, by parallelisms and analogies, which have the multifold advantages of gaining time, distracting attention, confounding things in themselves dissimilar, and at last making the inquirer answer the inquiry, he taught her to teach herself, that, if one set of absurdities had outlived its credit, all opinions of this kind were absurd, and would meet the same fate. If 'the Divine Being' must be

mentioned, and if her questions grew too pointed to be shunned, she was treated with a reference to the equal authority of Jupiter Tonans, Stator, Feretrius, Victor, Capitolinus, Optimus Maximus, to the 'great Pelasgic Dodonean Jove,' to the bull that bore away Europa, and to the golden shower that addressed itself to the covetousness of Danaë. If she heard of 'worship,' and would know what worship was, she was now referred to the representations of 'Bramah and his suite,' and to the corruptions of the Egyptians. Did Miss Bellarmine, after the education she had received, wish to become a disciple of any of these personages? She might be assured, that the machinery of literature was the natural abode of these beings, and she might have her choice between them and the harder-named deities of the north and south poles.

Mahomet had offered himself, most conveniently, to choke notions that might arise, should any carelessness bring to her knowledge the most important mission ever vouchsafed to the world.—Inspiration was to be found in company with the oracles;—and Deucalion and Pyrrha seized on the ground allotted to Noah. In short, there was little more necessary, in any of these or the like cases, than to take the shadow for the substance. The inquirer was silenced or made merry, and no greater harm ensued

than robbing a fellow-creature of its birthright. Bellarmine grew encouraged by the success of his own adroitness.

The toughest questions that Rosanne put,—and which she repeated as long as she dared,—began with, Who? What? and Why? She had, very early in her little life, discovered, that nothing about the house was destitute of an origin easy to get at; every thing had a maker and a use, excepting all the things that prompted her inquiry. She could even now, as to these, get no answer but 'Nature' and 'Necessity;' and when she asked, Who is Nature? and What is Necessity? both her father and Mademoiselle Cossart seemed teased by her inquisitiveness. She was intimidated from repeating that which she was weary of hearing so imperfectly answered; but she felt that the curiosity and observation formerly demanded of her were now discouraged.

But no power brought to bear upon her mind, however silencing, could obtain what might be called adoption or admission: she only postponed, and the work of her mind proceeded as before. Her inquisitiveness now ramifying, required to know the origin and the framer of more than the world she stood on—and then contracting to a single point, wondered how she came into the world—for what end—and why she was so much an object of care and at-

tention. 'I suppose,' said she, in concluding, 'it is all the work of Nature and Necessity. But who is this Nature? and what is this Necessity?—How do I move?—How do I choose?—What makes me think?—Why does not the dog speak?'

CHAPTER XVIII.

Between two persons so situated, there could be none of that frank explanation, that mutual receding from points of right, which tends to the conciliation of estranged friends. Bellarmine grew too proud to seek the affection of his daughter, and she too shy to offer it. Alienation produced alienation; and all Rosanne's intentions of enforcing the claims of her curiosity respecting those which she considered as her peculiar subjects, sunk in silence. Mademoiselle Cossart saw that there must soon be an option offered her as to party: and her prudence would have led her to that which she could most influence; but the power rested with the other side, and she dared proceed no farther in encouraging Miss Bellarmine's complaints, than joining in her general dissatisfaction with her father's conduct towards her. But when Rosanne, mis-led by these expressions of sympathy, entered more into the detail of her grievances, and stated the difficulty which she found to get any of *her* questions answered, Mademoiselle Cossart, aware that the next step would cross the Rubicon, retracted her censure, and took part with her employer.—What she could say on this new tack, could not gain credit with

any one—it diminished her pupil's little confidence.

The injury which Rosanne was in silence sustaining, made itself visible in her person: she lost her colour, her flesh, her vivacity—and with them all that could depart of her beauty. Bellarmine, imputing this to perverseness of temper, felt hurt in his pride still more than in his love, when he told himself that his daughter, thus early, was passing the meridian of her beauty.—He pitied himself sincerely—he told himself how much he had done, and how ill he had sped:—he did not recollect, when he looked for figs, that he had been planting thistles, nor that, probably, his daughter was more than himself pitiable.

Her walks were become dejected: her rides had now seldom the addition of her father's company: he prescribed daily the route the ladies should take, and minuted them by his watch: a servant, whom there was reason to believe he questioned, attended them; and Mademoiselle Cossart did not fail to remark this to Rosanne. Every thing served to make the breach, though not yet visible, something wider.

The attention which her father demanded from her to the subjects on which he had taken pains to instruct her, made her day still a system of occupation; and the care that her health began to require, drove her from them to relax-

ations as insipid as themselves: she visited her garden, as she would have done a 'hortus siccus,' only that the unvegetative character of the plants seemed transferred to her mind: the most blooming flowers were all, she felt, a 'hortus siccus' to her; for she sought in them what she could not obtain, the satisfaction of a hungry appetite for the only species of knowledge that seemed denied her. Her father, she remembered, had pressed on her, some branches of study that she had rejected, but she did not yet repent her rejection.—'Why should I,' said she, 'labour through a dead language, to learn that which I know is vague and changeable?'—She had turned sick when he wished her to make herself acquainted with that 'mere piece of ingenious mechanism,' the human frame.—'What can I ever gain,' said she, 'by studying a thing that has been put together only to struggle through life, and then to be pulverized?'—Heraldry had appeared to her the idle distinction of a set of beings, whose fancied pre-eminence were but means of oppression. All these, she knew, he had considered as part of the mind's proper furniture and conducive to her accomplishments, and had urged them on her attention: but what she wanted most, the mere simple information connected with the existence of sensible objects—the resolution of questions which every moment and every use of her eyes suggested—these she could not obtain; and

the subject seemed to be mysteriously guarded; —perhaps there was no answer to such questions —perhaps it was really, as she had been told, very absurd to inquire into things that exist in any way, every way, and in the way in which they present themselves to our eyes, only by the laws of nature and necessity—yet nature seemed to afford the greatest stimulus to inquiry.

From her garden she went to her cabinet of minerals—still all arid!—her aviary—a little 'menagerie'—the 'basse cour,' where she had domestic and foreign fowls for interest and observation—all were dumb, or loquacious to irritation! She turned homewards in deep dull musing, and felt something so like despondency, and so painful, that the company of Mademoiselle Cossart, or the hour for attending her father, was a welcome interruption of her thoughts.

In these musing retrogradations, she was one morning disturbed by the voices of two men at a little distance, but out of her sight. The one she recognised as that of the man who superintended the concerns of the farm which supplied the family: the other she knew not; but it soon appeared to be that of some servant employed under him. It was Sunday. The vicegerent was demanding of the subaltern some immediate exercise of labour, which, in gentle but firm,—in humble but yet manly terms, was refused.

The refusal drew on reproofs and threats mixed with taunt and sarcasm. The inferior had to defend himself against a charge of that which Rosanne had so often heard treated with ridicule—SUPERSTITION; and she eagerly listened, in hopes it might be defined.—He denied the justice of the reproach, and adverted to a time when his accuser had been more open to it. Intemperance increasing on one side, diminished forbearance on the other; and unsparing language ensuing, Rosanne learnt from it that the man in power had been 'of the Church of Rome,'—that he had, as a member of it, 'worshipped images and idols—stocks and stones,'—that he had 'trusted to the back of a saint to carry him to Heaven,'—that he 'prayed to St. Peter to open the door for him,'—that he and all of his church 'might be as wicked as they pleased, if they had but money to pay for indulgences;'—and, in short, she heard much of the scurrility that is usually bestowed, right or wrong, on Catholics. To this was added a personal postscript, accusing him of having cast off even this obedience, and now 'fearing neither God, nor man, nor devil;' and the comfortable prophecy, that he would, after all, 'come to some bad end, like old Antoine, who hanged himself because he was afraid to face his Maker, and that wicked Pierrot, who was struck all down one side, when he was taking God's name in vain,'—with half a dozen other such flattering resemblances

of himself—for that, as the uncontradicted orator asserted, ' God Almighty always brought it home, at last, to those who fancied they could do without him ;—and the day of judgment, when every body was to give an account of his words and works, would prove all this.'

The man thus attacked, though stunned at first, recovered the power of reply; but he was not so fluent of speech as his adversary: he could only repeat his orders, and assert his authority, and threaten the displeasure of ' Monsieur:' the orders met with no promptitude of obedience—the authority was set at nought—the displeasure of Monsieur was not defied—but the terms in which it was recognised were peculiar:—' I,' said the labourer, ' eat my bread under the goodness of Monsieur, therefore I say nothing—I only wish Monsieur thought as I do—it would be happier for him and for that pretty creature, his daughter ;—but that is nothing to you or me.'

The bailiff was probably afraid any thing might be said which Monsieur or his daughter might overhear, or which might be reported to them ; for when the defendant proceeded, he endeavoured to stop and to soothe him: but it was too late—the sluice was open, and the stream was brisk—and he was forced to listen, or proceed to extremities, which, as the man seemed worth courting, he might not be warranted in doing, especially when open himself to re-

proach in various ways;—his discarding superstition could not indeed risk his favour with his employer; but with his superstition he had, in truth, dismissed what would have been deemed of more importance by those who confided in him: and he had now no means so ready of allaying the torrent he had let loose, as awaiting the discharge of its fury in silence.

The defendant, not inclined to forego his advantage, proceeded to clear himself, at least to his own satisfaction, by a statement of his consistent practice.—'He was now,' he said, 'near seventy; he had served God all the days of his life, and had thriven under his favour and his blessing: he had buried his wife the week before, in the certainty that they should meet in a better world than this, which, though a very good world, when it came out of the hand of God, was made by wicked men a very bad one:—he had a large family of children, who were the comfort of his age—all good, all dutiful, because they feared God—and Lord have mercy on parents now! when children were set free from their obedience which God had ordained. And though he was a labouring man, he was as happy as a prince—and happier too than they now-a-days—and though he was called one of the *pretended* reformed, he called himself one of the real reformed, and he would never give up his religion for the liberty to cut throats and do murder, to get people's power and property,'

nor ' would he exchange his pretended reformed religion for all the fooleries of the papists:—they might go to their dancing, and their theatres, and their plays, and their cards and revellings, on Sundays; but, for his part, he thought nothing so comfortable as a well-spent Sabbath; and his father and mother, he had often heard them say, always spent it so, before they were enticed from their native place in Scotland, and he would, to his dying day, spend it as it was intended to be spent, in serving his Creator, and in resting from daily labour, as God had commanded all his creatures; and if they could worship him no better, they could say their prayers, read their Bible, and sing a psalm.—How, otherwise, were they to expect God Almighty to continue his care of them (1)?' —He ' had told master bailiff so, when he hired him, and then he did not object;'—so, in short, ' he would not work on a Sunday;' and, as for being turned off, he was still a hearty man, and he was sure God Almighty would find another place for him, or take him to a better world—for, had he not told us that the hairs of our head were all numbered?'

Either the natural eloquence or the incontrovertible conviction of the old man's reply, had made Rosanne, very early in the debate, his decided adherent, and she was well inclined to take his part; but considering that she had already listened longer than she could excuse, she

returned to the house, repeating, as she went, the most prominent of the strange things she had heard.

They sunk with unresisted force, and very deeply, into her mind, though they were not all intelligible to her. She had now, for the first time, heard who made the world and its inhabitants—she had learnt that protection was afforded and duty demanded—that there were helps ordained for the performance of duty, an account to be rendered, and punishments and rewards to be looked to; and having neither prejudice against what she had heard, nor any interest in contesting its truth, she was disposed to admit it, and to extract from it, the necessary result, both as matter of opinion and of practice.

NOTES.

(1) However general the corruption of manners, the inhabitants of Scotland still preserve a spirit of moral and religious decency, which, though greatly diminished when compared with what it was, is still worthy of our imitation. We quote their practice in our endeavours to diffuse some degree of learning among the lower classes; and, if not counteracted by the evil of home, and the relaxations of play-hours, it is to be hoped, good effects may be produced; but it is very much to be wished, that, instead of exciting the vanity of children publicly educated, by popular exhibitions and crowded examinations, their progress were stimulated on better motives, and their behaviour, when not under immediate control, so far attended to, as to impress them with the idea that they can never be safe in doing

wrong.—A very sensible observer of human nature used to say, that he always knew a boy belonging to a charity-school, when at play, by his frequent use of the name of our Saviour; and it is melancholy to perceive that the offensive practice is not corrected by any part of the infinite and most laudable pains bestowed now on parish-children. That such children 'cannot know they are wrong,' might be pleaded with some probability when they were worse instructed; but a very little girl, when reproved severely for using the name of Christ, showed at least that *her* information was better than her practice, by the childish subterfuge of saying that the words she used were only 'O cry.'—Of what is necessary still to be done to further the good attempted, the following dialogue, *verbatim*, may give a hint.—Scene, a churchyard.—The interlocutors were boys educating in a national school.

A.—What do *you* think of the day of judgment?

B.—Why, I think we shall all be called up at the world's end: don't the Bible say so?—We shall all be called up with our bodies, to give an account of our works.

A.—I don't think any such thing—It 's a lie—and be —— to you.

C.—Why, *I* 've seen the World's-end.

B.—Not you indeed—it was the sign of the World's-end in Cornwall that you saw!

The *strong* expressions must be supplied—they must not be written.

Would not the presence of something like a monitor in the play-ground be of use in checking such discussions?

Deviations from right, still worse in their tendency, occur where boys and girls are allowed to pursue their pastimes together; and there subsists in some places a custom, which even those who benefit by it, wish to see abolished; as they trace back to it much of that disregard for the Sabbath, which is the foundation of the most abandoned contempt of laws. This custom originates with parents, who make it a practice to give their children pence and halfpence on Sa-

turday evening, to lay out on Sunday; and duly as Sunday comes, the village toyshop or pastry-cook's shop is thronged for marbles and stale tarts. Were it made a condition of a child's being educated free of expense, that this weekly allowance should be withheld till Monday morning, or even Sunday night, it would teach both parents and children the pause of traffic that is due to the Sabbath. The idea was suggested by a little country shopkeeper, who perhaps took more money from this source, than she received all the week beside.

CHAPTER XIX.

Rosanne reached the house in a state little short of nervous fever. Her father was indisposed, and Mademoiselle Cossart was winding up the perfectibility of human nature.—Bellarmine's indispositions were too frequent to be surprises, and too easily removed by any occurrence that gave him pleasure, to call out anxiety; and Rosanne rejoiced in the liberty of pacing a long gallery, without control or observation.

She could not rest. Nothing that she had ever heard, had been so awakening to her attention, as the old man's words. She had lent a willing ear to the many lectures in which her father had unfolded to her the theories of things delightful to know; but all, all seemed to fade into uninteresting flatness, compared with the illimitable subject she had thus imperfectly heard argued. How could she get farther information about this system? What could be her father's motive for keeping her in ignorance of it?—Was it possible that a man of such learning, and so much thought, could resemble in principles and opinions that cruel creature the bailiff?—Who was there in the world that she could ask?—She wished she could talk to the old man a little; for, in speaking to her father, or Mademoiselle

Cossart, she was persuaded she should gain nothing.

Equally unable to resolve the perplexing questions she was putting to herself, and to dismiss the doubts, the fears, the almost conscientious terrors that were rising to distress her, her mind began, through the force of the oppression, to exert again its elastic force. Its external commotion, and its power of internal resistance, made a violent struggle: the wish to do right—the fear of being mis-led—the forlorn feeling of a creature conscious of what seemed culpable ignorance, yet committed to its own guidance—the awful responsibility in which she fancied, and perhaps only fancied, herself placed, to something unseen, unknown—the suspicion, that to attempt hushing the throbbing of her bosom was scarcely innocent—that it was base—that it was acting like the persons whom she had heard described—the conflicting recollection of her father's uniform opposition—the fear that he might have good reasons which she could not penetrate—combined to distress her, and almost to stop the power of breathing:—choked—strangling—in an universal tremor—her teeth chattering—at one moment frozen—at the next parched—she rushed into the middle of her sitting-room, on which the noon-day sun, in all its radiance, was pouring its rays of liquid gold:—she advanced to the large window which overlooked a terrace, and thence the park—a great piece of water—the forest

—and a sparkling distance:—she cast her eyes to Heaven—she gazed for the thousandth part of a moment on the sun—it seemed to claim her adoration:—she was going to drop on her knees, when recollecting 'This too might have a maker'—she reeled away in agony, and falling on her face on a sofa, there poured out her overflowing mind in tears.

Her spirits thus relieved, she felt better able to think and to resolve: her father's instructions to her on other points, were now of use to her. 'Consider what you are going to do,' he had often said to her, when she was suffering the liveliness of her imagination to lead her into error.—'Ascertain the thing you want,' was a precept that had often made her more precise in her exertions—and 'remember, a straight path is the shortest,' was an injunction that applied equally to moral conduct and to labours of industry. She 'considered what she was going to do;' and her mind would bear the consideration; for it had no feeling that could make it difficult to retract, if she were wrong:—she 'wanted' instruction to guide her, and 'the straight path' was to declare to those who governed her, what she had heard, and the crisis to which it had brought the previous disorder of her mind.

She was alone two hours. Mademoiselle Cossart was in a room separated from hers only by that in which she slept; but the perfectibility of human nature—the mechanism of intellect

—the classification of various relations—things considered as they bore on other things, and those other things considered again as they bore on other other things, and then both together considered as they regarded another set of other things, all tending to show that the *ares* are better than the *have beens;* and that the *will be's* must be better than both, in the progress of this world's infinite eternity, had so occupied her pen and her thoughts this morning, that she had sat down nearly as she quitted her bed, and, with the consolation of her snuff-box, had requested Miss Bellarmine to indulge her by sending her coffee to her, as Mr. Bellarmine, she understood, would not rise to take breakfast. This complied with, she had remained alone writing, and spouting her sonorous sentences as they were produced from her brain;—and if she had a stray thought to bestow on her pupil, she concluded that, on her return from her round of inspections, she had betaken herself to her esel, on which she had employment as friendly to Mademoiselle Cossart's quiet, as a cradle to that of a 'care-crazed mother.'

At the expiration of this period, Rosanne was herself; and as the traces of tears soon leave the young countenance when their cause is removed, she was not alarmed for her appearance, when a message was brought to her from her father, desiring her to come to him.

The distance afforded time to ask herself what should alarm her?—what should embarrass her?—of what should she be afraid?—she would herself speak to her father—*that* she was resolved on—she would know what all this meant—Mademoiselle Cossart would only puzzle her, and stop her to hear another chapter of her tiresome 'perfectibility of human nature,'—and this always made her glad to give up. She would, however, try to put her father into good humour with her, and then she certainly would speak.

There are circumstances and situations in which Flattery loses little of her power, even when she comes with her name written on her forehead—it is something gained if others will take the trouble to flatter us; and if we have been a little slighted, it is a victory. Rosanne had not, for many months, been so agreeable as she was in this interview with her father: he was very much an invalid when she entered his study; but all his ailments soon vanished when she showed herself disposed to entertain him:—he listened with revived attention to all she said, and felt a new interest in informing her. He thought, though she was thin, and had too delicate an aspect for confirmed health, yet that she was never so lovely; and he turned, almost in tears, from remarking the transparency of her complexion, and the faint breathing glow

on her cheek, when he recollected that such excess of beauty was sometimes a fatal indication.

She had asked many questions, and he was gratified by her asking them—he courted her to ask more: he began to think he had been unkind and unjust to her: he renewed large vague promises: he even proceeded so far as to lose sight of his systematic caution, and almost of his plans of insulated comfort;—for he told her that a short time would now complete the foundation of his pride, and introduce her to a world which she must adorn:—he hinted at a probable visit to England;—he spoke highly of English women, whom he had known educated under fathers, and seemed to demand of her, that her superiority to them should be proportioned to the unbounded care bestowed on her education.

Rosanne, impatient to seize the most favourable moment ever presented to her by the hand of opportunity, tried, by grateful expressions, to stop this current of bounty; for what she had on her heart and tongue, interested her impatience more than any prospect of indulgence; and she was too wary to admit as offers of pleasure, intentions which she herself might frustrate. To visit what she had been, with all possible regard to her grandmother's injunction, taught to call her native country, was her habitual wish; but if what she had to say offended, adieu to all such prospects.

Too timorous to venture to the utmost at once, she determined to try the effect of a weaker attack than that she meditated: she therefore selected from her reading, some point on which she could ask, in a varied form, one of those questions which, often replied to, were never resolved; and her father, unwilling to frown when she smiled so sweetly, proceeded, with more patient temper than usual, through the maze of parallelisms, analogies, and subterfuges.

But parallelisms, analogies, and subterfuges, had lost their power, when Rosanne, flushing with tremulous anxiety, asked him *inevitably*, on what principle some people refused to work on a Sunday. He was startled; and before he could reply, he inquired whence arose her curiosity. Not even yet was he angry; for he still looked with longing for the beaming eye, the evaporating blush, and the graces that played round Rosanne's angel-mouth when she spoke with a wish that he might approve her speaking.

An intention to deceive formed no part of her purpose. She told what she had overheard, and did not conceal the part her reason had taken in the strife; but cautious of vexing, she confined her report to the simple question of working on Sunday, and her censure to the cruelty of the bailiff in insisting that an old man should work every day.

Bellarmine, too well acquainted with human nature, and with his daughter, to risk a decided counteraction of her feelings, proceeded with caution equal to hers, and, not suffering his countenance to alarm her, he took her pretty hand in his, as she stood, apparently in her way to quit the room; and looking up at her with tenderness, and some little alarm, he spoke with eloquence on the text, 'Ars longa, vita brevis;' and while she listened, and he looked indulgent, she thought she was convinced—and she wondered she could ever have doubted on the subject,—that if the seventh part of our time was to be wasted in inaction, Nature would have withheld that portion, or Necessity, with her adjusting hand, would have corrected the faulty system.—She was bewildering herself.

For a moment she forgot how very small a part of what she had heard in the strife, was comprised in this one point; but the suspension of recollection soon ended, and she might have proceeded to be troublesome and irritating, but—it was a lovely day—and her father felt himself better than he had been for a long time—he would order her horse, and his:—she might go and prepare her dress: he had a little business to transact with one of his men—he would meet her in the saloon, as soon as their horses were ready.

The state of Rosanne's spirits made every thing agreeable that increased her opportunities

of coaxing her father; and she acquiesced cheerfully.

He had not feigned, nor was it a mere contrivance to get rid of her, when he said 'he had business to transact with one of his men'—the man was the bailiff, and the business was the dismission of 'the old refractory protestant;' but there was no occasion to tell this to Rosanne—so she knew it not.

It was a stroke of diplomatic policy in Bellarmine to convince his daughter of the strength of the fortress, by courting an attack on it. He resumed the subject on which she had questioned him, as soon as they were settled on their horses and in the road. He spoke with some doubt of the perfect victory reason might now hope to gain over prejudice, since, in the present state of things, and, indeed, in every state, what was 'expedient' would be preferred to what is 'right:'—still, however, truth remained the same immovable principle; and whether those at the helm succeeded in their ambitious attempts, and found their interest in cajoling mankind, or were hurled again to their deserved nothingness, yet he should ever congratulate himself on having been born in an age that had made such glorious struggles against 'the tyranny of thrones and altars.' He then, complimenting her on having reached a time of life and a perfection of understanding, which admitted of superior information, described as one and the same thing, the

slavish idea of a creating and superintending Providence, and that of a plurality of gods, each one, more or less, a fool or a knave:—he called it all nonsense, and got her explicit assent to the axiom, that 'of nonsense nothing can be predicated,' drawing his own conclusion from the conceded premises, that, therefore, nothing could be predicated of religious systems: he assured her, that, in what she had heard, even if it were infinitely more than she had related, there was nothing but folly and craft, which there was no way to avoid—at least none that he knew of—but the path in which he had trained her: it was the privilege of a birth above that of the vulgar, to have no need of all this sinister domination: the lower classes, at present, perhaps, must be governed by a system of terror; for, indeed, that which ruled them was nothing less—whether it were the tyranny of the church of Rome, or any other church. He amused her with narrating the paltry strifes and controversies of monastic bigotry and ignorance — he informed her that mankind had never yet agreed in their systems of superstition; and he jocularly advised her 'to wait till the fashion was settled, before she purchased.' In the hilarity of his promised success—for Rosanne's attention, and her forbearance of contradiction, flattered him—he was on the verge of quoting an author of great name, whose wit was on his side; but he checked himself—per-

haps fearing that the caricature might point to the true portrait; or that, as in the mention of a *half*-guinea or a *half*-crown, his terms might imply something which he had not brought forward.

Rosanne, still determined to soothe and to propitiate, tried to admit all her father so agreeably and so spiritedly, with so much easy elegance and concluding point, represented to her; but something opposed her endeavour; and she was vexed at the intractability of her feelings. Desirous not to withstand, yet now not daring to yield, she was irritated almost to the peevishness of tears. She had no power of resistance to the overcoming commotion: she could only parry it by the great effort of snatching her thoughts from the subject that engrossed them: she made one convulsive struggle, and was so far successful, as to appear interested in objects now very sagaciously pointed out to her attention, with every remark that could give them importance. Bellarmine had great powers of filling up his own purposes; and if his daughter was not, in their agreeable airing, all she wished to be, she did not greatly betray her failure; an imperfect recollection of the old man's words respecting the duty to parents, encouraging, or at least justifying her, even by her misty remembrance of them.

It was an undefinable sensation that was produced in her mind, before they reached home,

by her father's endeavouring to divert her, or her thoughts, at the expense of her governess, who had remained secluded, on the plea of full occupation; and whose system of perfectibility, together with her politics and criticism, he turned very fairly into ridicule. From this she conceived hopes—but she knew not why.

CHAPTER XX.

It had been one of Bellarmine's most judicious cares to render his daughter insensible to fear of personal danger; and he had never yet had cause to doubt his success: neither storms nor tempests, the accidents of the road, the common domestic apprehensions, or even those justified at times by the state of the country, had ever shaken her nerves. But in this branch of education, Mademoiselle Cossart had not been able to assist, any otherwise than by rendering cowardice ridiculous in her own person. A spider or a mouse, a high wind or the most harmless lightning, the report of a fever a mile off, or the most distant act of violence if she could fear its reaching Chateau-Vicq, incapacitated her for all exertions. In the presence of Mr. Bellarmine, she was forced to 'behave her best;' but with no greater restraint than her duty to her pupil, her terrors were carried to an excess that was fair subject of merriment, especially as Rosanne's natural generosity never allowed her to betray the secret.

But superadded to that which every one would have known for personal fear, alike common to weak nerves and strong selfishness, Rosanne had often noticed in her governess some peculiar feeling which she could not understand,

and for which Mademoiselle Cossart never seemed able, or at least inclined, to account. It was impossible to reveal it; for it was nothing more nor less than a belief in omens, and a firm confidence in the existence of supernatural agency, and in the occasional visits of ghosts, with all the attendant train of weak credulity and puerile observances. It was agony to her, when, dining at the table with Bellarmine in his English style, if by any accident the salt was spilt; —if alone with Rosanne, she could manage, by a little dexterity, to get a small quantity—enough for the purpose—over her left shoulder. A dinner of thirteen, had she been even as much in want of one as when Bellarmine engaged her, would have made it 'jour maigre' with her; she crossed herself slily when it thundered, consulted itinerant fortune-tellers, would not turn any article of her clothes that she had put on, in haste the wrong side outward, and would begin nothing on a Friday (1).

Rosanne had known from her childhood, that being for a moment in the dark was painful to her governess; but, for some years, it had been easy to persuade her that this arose from her extremely short sight. As Rosanne advanced in the knowledge of realities, she found this theory false; but resorting again to the owner of the infirmity for satisfaction, she was now taught to believe that it was 'an arbitrary variation from ordinary and concomitant effects,' by

which she suffered:—still it was referred to sight; and Rosanne inquired no farther about that which, if it could not be accounted for, was still not to be disputed: it never had occurred to her, nor would she have understood it, if it had, that she had terrors which the light dispelled.

But now, when Rosanne was near sixteen, the secret betrayed itself. The chateau had been unmolested during a short absence of Bellarmine and the ladies; but on the evening of their return, the fears of the servants got the better of their respect for their master, and a representation was made to him, that neither the cellar, the wood-house, nor, what was worse than all, the larder, could be approached without passing a horrible spectre.—Bellarmine made light of the matter; and having dismissed the complainants with no encouragement, he was obliged to attend to the questions of Rosanne on a subject that naturally awakened her curiosity. He supposed the story to have originated with one of the men who had travelled with them, and who, weary and sleepy, had either found an excuse for laziness, or, under the influence of some disease, fancied that he saw what could not exist; and of this he could quote many cases in point.

Another servant coming up to repeat the complaint, Rosanne proposed, as the shortest method of taking away all cause for it, to go herself into that part of the house in which this

terrific form was said to reside. Her father could not venture to dissuade her; but he did not offer to accompany her; he, however, desired her to take Mademoiselle Cossart with her. For this purpose, she went to seek her; and she found her, but not at all in a state to be made the companion of an adventure. She, to Rosanne's great surprise, owned her belief in the report, and confessed her terror. Rosanne, not at leisure to investigate it, but without betraying her, went alone to the haunted offices;—she saw nothing, she heard nothing, though her search was diligent, and her stay as long as even the affrighted deemed necessary. She desired she might be called again, if the object reappeared; but all was quiet—some doubted the intelligence of their eyes—others thought their young lady's innocence had chased the spirit into the Red Sea. Chateau-Vicq was again at peace, and 'by dint of association' the servants slept through the night.

But the next evening the terror was increased. Mademoiselle Cossart had been nearly convinced that the servants had imposed on themselves, or attempted imposition on their principals; till, before the usual hour for ghostly assignations, she had herself met the phantom in a narrow stone passage, which led from her apartment, rather circuitously, to the housekeeper's store-closets. Faintings, hysterics, shriekings, came on as soon as she had reached her room; and Rosanne,

who was a witness to them, seeing no reason for concealment in such a case, reported it to her father. Again she went to the haunted places alone, and to as little purpose; but she had scarcely returned to the saloon, when the alarm was renewed. Imagining that her authority was not sufficient to control the servants, she asked her father to go; and when he had thought a little, he quitted the room, forbidding her to follow him, but soon returned; and by his silence and his countenance it was evident that either he had not chosen to proceed, or that he had no cause for boasting. He dismissed her gently, and she betook herself to Mademoiselle Cossart, not at all alarmed, but so persuaded that there was something to be kept secret from her, that she would have encountered any thing to find it out. She laughed, in hopes, by irritating her, to put the half-fainting lady off her guard, and make her incautious; but Mademoiselle Cossart knew nothing of the state of Mr. Bellarmine's valour, and did not dare vindicate his cowardice. The servants came; and now, fearless on all points, save one, they justified their terrors by those which their master's precaution indicated: he had ordered lights all over the house, and two of his men to sit with him during the night.

'My father is afraid of some attack on the house,' said Rosanne, when the servants had withdrawn: 'he cannot be afraid merely of one

person going about to frighten the servants, I am sure.'

Mademoiselle Cossart now ingenuously entered on a history of visitations from the other world; and having arrested the ears of her pupil, it was necessary to answer her queries as to the connexion of Brutus, the oracles, dreams, the magic lantern, and optical deceptions, with this formidable disturber of repose, the doctrine of spirits.

As if it were daring impiety to connect any other idea with this, Mademoiselle Cossart could answer only—'I tell you 't is a spirit, certainly it is; I saw it myself; and if it is——'

'What then?' asked Rosanne; 'but do tell me what you mean by a spirit.'

'Why, a thing without a body, to be sure.'

'Well, but what is it? what do you call it in French?'

'Why, 'revenant,' to be sure—'un revenant.'

'But 'revenant' implies 'revenir'—it comes *back*; then whence does it come?'

'O God of Heaven! why, from the other world, to be sure—can you ask such questions?'

'God of Heaven!' repeated Rosanne, staring. 'But where has it been then till now?'

'O! in the grave—For the love of God! my dear Rosanne, do not ask such questions—did you never hear of people who were buried?'—

'From—the—grave!' said Rosanne, with a

tone of accomplished discovery and satisfaction : —' from—the—grave !'

Mademoiselle Cossart, looking round as if she feared punishment for what she had already said, would add no more. Rosanne, sitting down to the practice of music she had in her memory or in her ideas, was at leisure to contemplate her panic, but soon desisted from her employment, to indulge her mirth, which had, however, some meaning in it. She amused her fancy with the probability that there might be spirits and ' revenans' from the pastures and the poultry-yard ; and that, not only in the stables, and in the hen-house : in the ponds, the terrors that now disturbed the chateau might be excited by a ' revenant' carp, or the restless spirit of an eel. But so ill skilled was she in the science she was learning, that she talked of departed eggs coming back to earth in the form of cocks and hens, and of perch grown into larger fish, during their visits under ground. Her governess, shocked at her absurdity, and disturbed out of her own ideas by the duty of meeting with reprehension those of a lively girl, grew angry. Rosanne, whose mind and purpose were not to be shaken by reproof or discouragement, considered this adventure and its circumstances as an accident extremely in her favour, and, repelled in this quarter, betook herself gaily to her father.

It was the moonlight-evening of a fine au-

tumn-day, and she expected to find him on a long terrace-walk, to which the centre of the chateau opened; but missing him there, she proceeded to the apartment which he most used, and at last found him in a small breakfast-room, with candles—and his own man, who was his valet, secretary, and librarian, sitting with one of the footmen, by a most unseasonable fire of wood in the ante-room.

To her great astonishment, and much more to the increase of her perplexity, he was not merely thoughtful, as if considering how best to avert a danger, but evidently under the impression of nervous terror. She had gone to him, intending to urge him to explain the new idea received into her mind with the word 'revenant;' but taking hold on his fingers to coax him into ingenuousness, she perceived that he trembled and was cold. He bade her go again to her governess, and remain with her without quitting her apartment. 'I would not have *you* alarmed,' said he. 'Alarmed!' she repeated—'why? My dear father, do tell me, I entreat you, what should alarm *me*.'

She did not intend to speak with an offending accent; but it had that effect—he started from his chair, stamped on the floor, and more positively ordered her to go; then, in an instant, feeling he had been unkind, he more gently told her it was near her hour of rest.

She made no opposition: she withdrew; but

not by the shortest path: she dared not stop in the ante-room to interrogate the servants; but she went round by the housekeeper's apartments to her own, that she might listen to the voices of those near it. The light she carried blew out; but she cared not: she stopped and listened; she learnt that the female servants were with Mademoiselle Cossart, on whom and her father some reflections were cast, not very much differing from those which the old man had bestowed on the bailiff; and she continued listening, forgetting every thing, in the hope of hearing something that nobody would tell her.

She had retreated into a very convenient niche, when a little motion in the air, and the discolouration of the pavement by a gray shadow, made her turn her head, and she saw coming towards her retreat, the object of terror to others, and of curiosity to her:—it was a human form, of more than common height, wrapped in a garment of a dusky colour, and marching with silent step and solemn pace—a strong light on the summit of its figure, made her look to the top of it, as it approached to pass her niche; and she then saw the appalling circumstance, which was the face of a skull, illuminated by internal flame, and muffled in black.

She started and turned cold, but it was only for a moment; for, having no choice of ideas, she had no ingenuity to torment her. She suf-

fered the spectre to pass, while she considered it.—'T is a man,' said she; 'he has got such a skull as that my father wanted me to study—it is on his head—this makes him tall; and a light put within it, would make just what he is.'

She advanced from her retreat, and with a long step laid hold on the dusky garment. The figure turned, and, seeing her, dropped on its knees in evident remorse and alarm. It made signs for silence—'Tell me truth,' said she in a whisper—'who are you—and why——'

'Yes, as God's my judge—dear lady—O! I am so sorry—but I am only Jaques Macniel: my poor father was turned off, you know, because he would not work on Sundays—it was only mischief—only to frighten—not to hurt.—God bless you! young lady, do not betray me; I have never meant to frighten *you*—I would not have come near *you*—we are all quite ruined, if you tell.'

'I will not,' said she, in a low voice, 'if you will go: if you come again, I must—here 's some money—when you want, contrive to let me know, but do not frighten the servants.'

Jaques promised obedience; he stripped off his wrappings, blew out his light, and Rosanne, before she reached her room, had resolved to be silent, and to let the affair proceed or be forgotten, as might betide it.—She felt disappointed, that the newly-discovered corps of 'reve-

nans' had so soon resolved themselves into persons of so uninforming a description; but still she gained, by discovering symptoms of the real notions of those around her; and she hoped, by not abridging their fright, she might learn more. It was painful to her to forbear relieving her father's apprehension; but had she even given up her own intent to do this, she could not bring herself to expose poor Jaques.

The cause not again occurring, the terrors of the castle soon died away, and Mademoiselle Cossart found comfort in denying her ever having entertained the smallest apprehension; while Bellarmine, not supposing himself detected, had a far better consolation in the certainty that Rosanne was freer from superstition than he could, under such circumstances, have hoped.

The matter seemed to have no consequences: but some it had, though of no visible importance; for Rosanne treasured up in her mind all she heard; and she could not forget that her father and Mademoiselle Cossart had been thoroughly frightened by they scarce knew what, or else by something with which she was not to be acquainted.

NOTE.

(1) See in Thiébault's 'Memoirs of his twenty Years' Residence in the Court of Berlin,' many instances of the thorough superstition of those on whose outward example

atheists have formed themselves. Not only Madame de Troussell whose flagitious conduct drove her noble husband to the desperate catastrophe of suicide, but Lamethrie, the Marquis d'Argens, and the favourite sister of Frederic, had their superstitions, and such as would have disgraced a child brought up on any thing less than the hobgoblin system.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEW ideas, new occupations, new cares, were, early in the following spring, introduced at Chateau-Vicq. No more was thought of unreal terrors; for a fever sudden, alarming, and contagious, seized on poor Rosanne; and her life was in danger. The physician called in, Monsieur Laborde, had explained to the family the nature of the disease, and its disposition to seize on new victims; and from that instant might be contemplated, to great advantage, the emancipated charities of an enlightened people. Bellarmine, the early professor of fine feelings, the votary of the fair, a father loving, almost to peevish dotage, his only interest on earth, his daughter—possessing no principle that could reconcile him to the loss of her, and not able to suppose her released from 'evil to come,' and called to partake of an eternity of joy, was restrained from the bitterest execrations, only by the want of some object of execration: no one could feel indeed, more acutely, the threatened injury—his mind remonstrated as against the most arbitrary species of robbery; and, only that it would have acknowledged a Power whom he systematically denied, he might have used the blasphemous words of a minister of the coun-

try he inhabited, when a like danger threatened his domestic comforts.

Whatever the inward operation of his mind, its outward character was of the passive description: he had neither fortitude to await, nor energy to meet the blow. Fear of contracting the disease, kept him aloof from his daughter, and almost deprived her of the services of those whose cares would have been most useful to her. None, whose business ever brought them into his apartment, must enter hers;—he consulted the physician instantly on the possibility of removing her to a house, answering in description to the best cottages or lowest farm-houses of England; and when this was, with some surprise, prohibited, he began to plan his own flight—not from want of love to his child, but influenced by superior apprehension for himself.

The assurance of the physician, that a house surrounding on three sides a spacious triangle, would suffice to prevent mischief, relieved his mind, as far as was necessary to his standing his ground; and shutting himself up almost in total darkness, lest the light might bring infection, he paced his apartments in what might be termed unfeeling agony, receiving from time to time, during the first twelve hours, and with every precaution, accounts of the progress of her disease and the succession of symptoms, each in its nature more alarming than that it displaced.

Mademoiselle Cossart, neither more brave nor more able to counteract her fears, but persuaded that she must have caught the disorder, had, on philosophical principles, retreated immediately to a part of the chateau near the housekeeper's store-closets, and below Rosanne's apartments; and remained there, taking what care was in her power, to resist the disease, by fortifying her stomach. She would have paid attention in the evening to Mr. Bellarmine, but he begged to be excused—he admitted that *she* ran no risk; but she had been too recently with his daughter to allow him to feel secure.

The servants, perhaps not hard-hearted, were nearly as cowardly as their principals; and not one would, after the first day, approach that wing of the house in which Rosanne lay. That she was thus deserted, was not known to Bellarmine: he was excusable if he concluded that Mademoiselle Cossart took 'proper care;' and Mademoiselle Cossart satisfied herself with recollecting, that 'there were servants enough,' and that 'it was their business to run risks.'

The physician in the morning found the patient alone, neglected, and in increasing danger; and wished to apprise her father of her situation; but in vain he endeavoured to gain admission—there was infection in his clothes. Mademoiselle Cossart was not to be found; and it seemed the medical man's business to be the nurse, or to find one.

With precautions suited to the fear of the plague and the valour of an infidel, Bellarmine entered on a correspondence of fumigated billets;—and Monsieur Laborde had authority to do whatever he thought necessary. He sent in a stout 'paysanne,' who, having experienced Rosanne's kindness, willingly offered her service, defied all danger, and laughed at the cowardice of those who could brave their Maker. She took her post by the bedside, with compassion and assiduity, and, accustomed to sickness, had the physician's confidence. But, even now, there was a difficulty; the servants ran like mice before a cat, when she made her appearance; and she was obliged to request to have her daughter to assist her, lest she and the patient might be starved together.

All was, at length, arranged into system; and Rosanne was in no other danger than from the disease; but this afforded little hope. She had few intervals of recollection, and they were not clear; but in one of them her ear caught the name of 'God;' and once, by the light of a lamp, she saw her attendant kneeling with something, she knew not what, in her hand, which she embraced and kissed.

Rosanne, not yet dead to the operation of curiosity, murmured as articulately as her parched tongue would admit, the question so familiar to her, 'What is that?'—The woman rose hastily, and hid the crucifix; but when next doing

something to ease poor Rosanne, she again betrayed herself: she could not forbear expressing her trust in the mercy of God, and her confidence in his power. When Rosanne, feeling very, very ill, put by medicine, and sighed out, 'It is of no use—I must die!' the woman bade her 'trust in Heaven, and remember that He who had raised the dead, and risen himself from the grave, could raise her from her bed of sickness.' The sufferer heard the voice; but the ideas were too foreign to her to reach her clouded understanding; yet her inquisitiveness, in its feeblest state, could put out the quick 'What, what?' of intermitting delirium.

When the physician arrived, there was no increase of hope; blisters had not risen; cataplasms had been unfelt: she was in a torpor resembling sleep, but it was a deception and cruel mockery: it produced no rest, no good; it rather seemed the evaporation of strength. She had no power of swallowing, but lay without motion, and to all appearance without consciousness. 'It is pity,' said Laborde, as he looked at her, 'that any thing so pretty and so promising should die; but nothing less than the immediate act of Providence, and that little short of a miracle, can save the poor young creature.' He was incautious in speaking, and mistaken in his judgment, if he thought her past the sense of hearing:—she opened her eyes;

and the character of anxiety was legible in her countenance.

A report was made to Bellarmine after every medical visit: and the physician's 'bulletin' of this date, expressed in substance what he had said at Rosanne's bedside, but not in the same terms. To the philosopher he wrote 'en philosophe.'

Being called away to a distance, he could, in the state she was in, leave no other directions than to watch her, and if there was reason to suppose wholesome sleep coming on, on no account to disturb her.—'As to the event, she was in the hand of God; and human aid was vain; since nothing acted on the skin, or could gain access to the stomach.'—Rosanne again opened her eyes with a look of languid dissatisfaction, but this was unintelligible; and when the physician gave her his last look, her teeth were closed, and she was completely torpid. If in the course of the day she roused in any degree, it was to fancy herself in a very different situation from the reality. She knew not where she was, nor with whom: her only wish, as far as it could be understood, was to be suffered to sink into death undisturbed.

Nannette, her faithful attendant, sate at her pillow, sometimes softened to tears, at others consoled by the pious hope and ardent confidence of an honest Catholic. As if it were unbecoming in her, to obtrude her personal

opinions, where she knew there was no practice of religious forms, she said not a word that did not apply to every mode of faith; but yet, as if it were impossible that she could rest within this boundary, she indulged herself in whispered addresses to Him who, even *she* knew, was 'alone mighty to save.' If she named her favourite saint, and the Virgin Mary, it was not audibly.

The symptoms at length assumed the prophetic aspect of approaching death: and Nannette threw herself on her knees beside her afflicting charge, who again opened her eyes, and pronounced distinctly, the words, 'O happy! happy! O right! right!' Nannette's humanity, pleased with any expression that denoted satisfaction, prompted her to ask 'what was happy' and 'what was right;' but Rosanne was, again, by this time, too far sunk to give any sign: and Nannette once more seated herself in readiness to ease the last sigh.

But the last sigh was delayed so long; and the hand she tried, when Rosanne moved it, to replace under the bed-clothes, felt so much more inclined to perspiration, that Nannette's faint hopes returned.

She again watched: the torpor was not precisely of the same character as it had been hitherto: it was more like sweet sleep: Rosanne smiled as she slumbered, and woke, after a

peaceful repose of some hours, collected, cooled, and requesting drink. Nannette's tears of compassionate joy flowed, while she raised her interesting patient to swallow: she thanked God, when she perceived her endeavours not unsuccessful; and uttering her thanks in a voice of unrestrained ecstacy, Rosanne looked up, smiled, and said, 'Yes—better.—Thank—Tell my father.'

The prospect of her recovery now became more hopeful; and in a few days, Nannette's cares were repaid by seeing her out of danger, though in a state of extreme debility. She sent kind messages to her father, and was beginning to feel happy; when she was disconcerted by the change of her attendant, whom she felt inclined to love with the affection which she merited; and from whom, as soon as she was permitted to talk, she designed to hear much that was essential to her peace, and which never quitted her recollection, while she could, in any degree, recollect herself.

Her new nurse was the bailiff's wife, whom, on the subsiding of infection, her husband's orders and a very high bribe had tempted and compelled to risque herself. Neither her aspect nor her manners afforded any comfort. Having hated Nannette, and not much interested about Rosanne, of whose patience and kindness Nannette had said enough to rouse spleen and jealousy in an ill-regulated, vulgar mind, she replied to the first question as to the change,

by quibbles, but, after some days, by the plain, unvarnished, abrupt truth, which being nothing less than that Nannette had caught the disease, and had expired during that night, might have proved fatal to her whom she was to tend.

Rosanne's fever did not return; but the shock, to one so reduced, was severe; and the effect not having subsided when Monsieur Laborde made his visit, would have forced out the truth, did nervous affection usually presuppose a cause. The woman having done all in her power to prevent Miss Bellarmine's speaking, ascribed the concealment of her fault to her own dexterity; and, convinced that it would at last be betrayed, saw, not far off, her husband's severe resentment of a folly which might cost him a place, valuable in itself, and made more lucrative by the large circuit which his notions of honesty assumed to themselves. She, therefore, having tried in vain to represent Nannette as not yet dead, but in some danger, thought it expedient to do what was little short of threatening Rosanne, that, if she discovered to any one what she had heard, no creature would come near her.

The bailiff's lady was not aware of the temper to which she addressed her threat. Mademoiselle Bellarmine had not been so completely subjugated as to admit the usurped power of an inferior. Without giving herself time to recollect, that a few days would, in all proba-

bility, remove both her need of attendance and the scruples of those who had deserted her, she received as became her, this infringement of every law of decorum. The proper exertion of right feelings had its effect: the woman then condescended to entreat; and to her entreaties Rosanne listened, when they were enforced by a representation of the danger to which the exposing her insolence would subject her.

Still, though the delinquent was intimidated, she was not corrected. She indulged her ill-humour, by representing Nannette as not deserving of pity: 'Nannette was very weak, very ignorant, and very obstinate—and so superstitious!'

The fever of Rosanne's curiosity was not subjected to the languor of her person. With eagerness, no less quick than when in health, she asked the woman what she meant by superstitious?

'*I* don't know,' she replied—'I hear talk of some people still in these parts, that are superstitious—and there used to be a great many: but now, I believe, it is only among the lower sort—such as *I* don't keep company with.'

'But what were these people? Were they bad people?'

'No, no; not *bad*—only they would believe any thing you told them, and they were always talking about their church, and their priest, and their holidays; and their priests told them a

great deal about God and the devil, I believe, for I 've almost forgot; but I know poor Nannette was one of the most obstinate—but, as for that matter, I dare say, poor soul! she thought she was right—and, perhaps, if any body was to come and live here again, who was of that way of thinking, we should all be superstitious again; for what can people do that have their bread to get?'

Rosanne soon felt unequal to maintaining her part in this conversation; and Mrs. Bailiff, seeking apologies for herself when nothing but her selfishness asked for them, proceeded, without interruption, to prove that Nannette had all the faults an envious neighbour could wish her; —and when Rosanne seemed unwilling to hear censure of one to whom she owed, if not her recovery, the tenderest care of her in time of great need, Mrs. Bailiff replied to her request that Nannette might not again be mentioned, with, 'I am sure, Mademoiselle, if Monsieur had considered or known what sort of a person Nannette was, *he* would never have let her come into the chateau.'—'I am sorry for it,' *thought* Rosanne; but she would not, on any provocation, have said so.

She fell into a meditative humour as she sate at the window, looking, with feelings that wanted something of joy, over the unsunned landscape, but with the restoration of some degree of comfort in being made scrupulously

neat, according to her father's English rule of neatness, and her own unconscious preference of 'whatsoever things are pure.' In a pretty lace cap, not disadvantageous to her pallid beauty, a wrapping dress delicately white, and a shawl which Rosanne could not make even matter of convenience, without giving it a character of elegance, she, in a country not famed for *precisions*, read a lesson to some invalids in England; and would have told them, had they asked her opinion, that sickness is, at best, bad enough, but dirty sickness, intolerable.

She recovered slowly—more slowly than she would have recovered, had her spirits not been dejected, and her mind distressed; but that which had been withheld from her consolation in her sufferings, could not obtrude itself to embellish their alleviation. What she had felt in her moments of clear recollection, from the want of anchorage for her thoughts, none but herself could understand; and now the languor of her convalescence needed, and would have been cheered by, the permission to feel grateful for her wonderful recall from the grave, and the *knowledge*—for, at present, she felt little more than *suspicion*—of the Power to whom that feeling was due.—In her unavoidable waste of time, how ardently did she wish that she had been taught something that she could, in this weak, confused state of debilitated intellect, bear to think on! She was not prone to idleness:

she had known few suspensions of great powers of activity; for, though not robust, all that there was of her, was capable of comparatively great undertakings: her vivacity, her ardour, her habits of life, all added to her natural ability, and, like a body that makes up in velocity for what it wants in circumference, she had an impulse that carried her over much which might have been obstacle to many more powerful.

But, what was a poor girl, little more than sixteen, sitting all day in her chamber, which no one would yet venture to approach—save and except the physician and the vulgar wife of the bailiff—to make the occupation of her thoughts? She had no balls to recollect, either agreeably or disagreeably: she had seen no plays that her mind could re-act: she had neither 'lovers nor companions:' she had neither 'strifes, emulations, envyings,' nor friendships, to offer images: fashions were, with her, necessities embellished by taste—but as the taste was her own, and it seldom had any judges, dress was uninteresting to Rosanne, any more than as it pleased her father, or obtained the approbation of Mademoiselle Cossart. She had, indeed, the choice of two large windows to look from; the one commanded her flower-garden; the other, the grander part of the domain and the distant country: but when she had dragged from one window to the other, and sate down tired, she found she had only to gaze

on unprofitable vacuity. The natural suggestion of her busy mind—'I wonder what'—distracted her: she put her hand to her forehead, and told herself 'it was not for one so weak to wonder.'

If objects presented by nature were thus lifeless under restriction which she could not overcome, to what should she turn?—She could not read—her eyes could yet scarcely bear the light of the room, without its being moderated:—the very thought of music was painful—'it was wonderful how she ever could endure the noise of it'—not only her esel, but even her ready-sketching pencil, was out of favour—and 'if she ever sketched again, it must be on a dark paper'—'it was astonishing that white should be used for any thing'—if she had not her shawl to throw over the part of her dress that she looked on, she must give up wearing 'dear, neat white.'—All scents, but that of delightful sal ammoniac, were oppressive.—She was sure 'she never could again paint in oils of any kind.'

Pursuits and recollections of this species proscribed, she had yet her stores of memory—she had literature—she had arts and sciences to call up to her aid and comfort.—All miserable, barren products of an arid soil—'clouds without water'—fatiguing the attention, and with nothing to repay the fatigue—she tried them all:—passages from her father's favourite authors,

which he had made her get by heart, gems of poetry which he had translated from the lyric writers of antiquity into 'his own phrase,' and with 'his own views;'—some were eloquent—some were elegant—all had their merit, but not a merit that suited the forlorn listlessness of Rosanne Bellarmine.

She ceased recollecting and repeating—she counted her fingers and their joints—the various motions to which her hand accommodated itself struck her: she considered the compound action of 'the hinges' of her arm—'how wonderful the contrivance!' And 'that the hands should so assist each other! it is incomprehensible to me!—Nature—matter—but how?—There is but one spot about me, I find, in which I can place one hand without the other's being able to reach it; and that is only when I put it under the elbow of my other arm, where it never can want an assistant.—O! how confused my head grows!—I wish my nails would become of their natural colour. I will take another walk, and look at the garden now—No, I will look the other way: I wonder when I shall be well.'

Now, in this horrid unstrung state of every thing about us, which all of us, who have known the lassitude of recovery, have more or less endured, when nothing is palatable, nothing is right, nothing will amuse, nothing will please, how happy would Rosanne have been to have

possessed a comfort, a consolation, an employment which solicits, and, alas! sometimes in vain, our acceptance and our adoption. When she looked at the flower-garden, though not drest in all its beauty, or over the country, if she might have indulged in considering every thing she saw, as the work of an Almighty and All-merciful Creator, all would have had an interest perpetually new, and might have opened stores of knowledge to be acquired without fatigue. If, when the stars supplied the place of the withdrawn sun, she might have repeated the pious expression of our Christian poet,

> "For ever singing, as they shine,
> "The hand that made us is divine,"

she would have welcomed the vicissitudes of the hours. If the Scriptures had been familiar to her memory, the Psalms, the divine Sermon on the mount, the doctrine of Him who 'spake as never man spake,' the precepts of Him 'who taught as one having authority,' and the history of Him 'who was smitten for our transgressions,' and in the benefits of whose death she might have hoped to have a valuable share, would have found occupation for her thoughts that would, even in her stagnating existence, have given wings to the moments, and have made their quick flight her heaviest complaint. And with this knowledge would have come that, not of divine origin indeed, but so con-

nected as to relieve the mind without distracting it, and corroborating, by the testimony of ages, that which has been delivered to us from the very Heavens (1). Nay, had even the good Dr. Watts's pretty Hymns for children been allowed her, she would have repeated with thankfulness and piety those intended for the mouths of babes.

Having been made to feel, as long as cowardice and audacity, credulity and infidelity, thought fit to inflict it, the severe punishment of solitary quarantine, the physician's certificate restored Miss Bellarmine to the presence of her father, and then allowed her affectionate governess—who had always described herself as 'taking the place of a mother to Mr. Bellarmine's amiable daughter'—the ineffable delight—the rapturous ecstacy of returning—with camphor in her bosom and her vinaigrette in her hand—to the sight of her anxious charge.

'Ah, my angel!' cried she, on rushing into the apartment, and stumbling to the sofa,—'you know not what I have suffered for you.'

Rosanne's love of mischief amounted to what the French call '*malice*,' but not what we call 'malice.'—'I am sorry,' she replied, gravely, 'to have added to your troubles: but, indeed, I think you are still fatter than when I was taken ill.'

Education had been very ill bestowed on Rosanne, if she did not perceive, under the over-acted rapture of this visit, something like a meaning of atoning by the 'too much,' for what might have been thought the 'too little' of her governess's concern for her; but the good lady escaped hearing more, by that consummate self-possession with which aggressors, who ought to make every submission, pass over their own enormities in high silence.

In Rosanne's mind, no change had taken place; it was a mind that was always advancing; and though it might be hindered in its progress, it was never inclined to give ground. The abundant time allowed for thought to persons not ill enough to be employed by ailment, and not well enough to undertake a more independent employment, had been very hostile to that implicit obedience which was demanded from her, but very friendly to that qualified spirit of resistance which she meant, but by the gentlest means, to introduce in its stead. She was as firm as ever in her purpose; every consideration impressed more on her mind the value of that knowledge she was determined to attain, but, with her resolution, increased that disposition to caution, by which alone she could hope to be successful.

NOTE.

(1) As it is pity that the assiduity and ingenuity of good mothers should be vitiated by a defect in motive, or misapplied in the direction, it is very earnestly recommended to them to make the exercise of the young memory serviceable to the interests and comforts of advancing age. The evils of life are diminished to those who have minds well stored—weak health, lameness, blindness, deafness, are all rendered less grievous to those who, as it has been humourously said, 'live upon stock,' or, more seriously, 'draw from their own resources.' And, with regard to moral advantages, the use is great; and were we capable of writing our own juvenile biography, the root of many good 'habits of thinking and acting' might be traced to the half dozen books which formed our nursery-library, and which the happy necessity of frequent perusal has engraven on the memory by the insensible inculcation of frequent re-perusal. After all that it is the fashion to say against the absurdity of making foxes and asses our instructors, that 'wisdom of the wise,' the fable, is not to be despised—it is the concentration of elaborate thought; and, with the noiseless proceeding and accurate celerity of an arrow, may fatally wound some base passion, cripple for ever some odious vice, or implant some improving virtue: the advantages of a memory stored with higher things, become still more extensive as time matures our perceptions. In proportion as good acquisitions of this kind are valuable, bad ones are pernicious. The mischief of giving young persons a taste for the drama, is not to be calculated—that it furnishes the readiest language in which to embody that which it were better to evaporate, is one great objection; but that the benefits to be derived from the poetry which is the excellence of the drama, may be communicated without danger, and that it will assist them to embody that which ought *not* to evaporate, is one argument in favour of a mind thus stored. The grand virtuous sentiments of our best writers, form a ready com-

mentary on the Scriptures; and the corroboration furnished by the classics, should be deeply impressed where education is carried thus far. Hamlet's soliloquy well explained, will aid the warnings of the Gospel; and the

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede,'

and the

'Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere,'

of Horace, will wedge in the information that 'the rich and the poor meet together,' and enforce the liberating command to 'take no anxious thought for the morrow.' Such morsels given to the young mind to digest, when all its pores are open, will produce a healthy constitution: the precepts of religion will not be cavilled at, when it is recollected that they have been also the precepts of worldly wisdom; and the applause bestowed on good conduct in this life, will be, in some measure, an earnest of higher approbation, if sought on proportionate motives.—We cannot always run to books; and perhaps when their aid is most desirable, we are least able to seek it; but the lesson in the mind and heart is the preceptor at hand, and the consolations in our recollection will be the 'rod and the staff' of the Psalmist.

CHAPTER XXII.

Bellarmine, whose joy at his daughter's recovery could hardly yet overcome the miserable despairing anxiety to which he had yielded himself during her danger—and who, had he recognised a superintending Providence, might have been said unwillingly to forgive, on any terms of compensation, the fright he had been made to undergo, offered to be her companion in the first exercise she could take, beyond the apartments of the chateau. Nothing could exceed the tenderness of his politeness, nor the accuracy of his judgment, as to what would contribute to her comfort, or which might, by negligence, defeat any part of the intention with which she was taken out. He assisted in lifting her into the carriage, and ordered the horses to be kept at a foot-pace.

The air was cordial to her spirits: she wished not to be a dull companion; and she had, even now, views which she did not mean to neglect. Her father, considerate to the extreme of indulgence, suffered her to lead the conversation, and to pursue or discontinue it, as her inclination prompted.

He spoke with the kindest satisfaction of the appearances of returning health in her countenance.

She had been hitherto meditating on the best opening she could make to introduce the subject at her heart.—This was a fair one.

'My recovery Sir, I believe, was, at one time, not to be expected.'

'At one time, indeed, my dear child, we had little hope of it.—We had tried every thing that could be thought on—our attention was incessant—and such anxiety! I am sure we must give the servants credit for their liberal sympathy—I never saw a freer offering of humble affection than in all our people—it convinces me how much better families will be ordered, when every servant is made to pride himself on his voluntary respect for those whom chance has made his temporary masters—so much better than the slavish hypocrisy I have so often seen practised; and this must be done by enlightening the mind.'

Rosanne did not inquire into the truth, or the meaning, of all this sound of sense. She proceeded on her plan, as her father did on his, by pursuing her own subject, and by asking him to what cause he ascribed her rescue from the danger of her illness.

He assigned it to the physician, his friend Monsieur Laborde's great skill and attention, and his never abandoning hope.

She gently controverted this, by alleging her perfect recollection of his embarrassment, his despair, and of his being called away when

she was in the greatest danger; and reasoning only in the way which she had been taught, she looked to her father for his concurrence in her opinion, that Monsieur Laborde's skill, attention, and disposition to hope, had no influence on her recovery.

He then named the probable, though not immediate, effect of the medicines he had ordered before the danger was at the utmost; and ran off to the prudence of 'meeting the coming disease.'

'No,' said Rosanne; 'he tells me—for I have inquired of him—that the powers of nature very soon had ceased to be capable of excitement: he declines all credit in the business.'

'Laborde is a modest man,—I never found him at all assuming:—I remember when once I consulted him——'

'He may be modest,' said Rosanne,—smiling, while she interrupted her father;—'but he must be modest to insincerity, if what I have heard him say of the state I was in, is true, and it was he who relieved me.'

Bellarmine's placidity was in danger.—'I wish, my dear Rose,' said he, 'though, indeed, I ought not to be strict with you, till you are stronger—but I wish you would, at least, not *lose* the habit of speaking correctly—you say, if it *is* true, and, if it *was* he.—Now, though I grant there are many cases in English, where *if* admits of the indicative—yet, wherever there is a

conditionality, or a contingency, it, beyond all question, must have the subjunctive after it—'if it *be* true—if it *were* he.'

'I will go on,' thought Rosanne: 'if we are come to the syntax, I am not far off an answer.'—She professed herself grateful for the correction, and proceeded: 'Monsieur Laborde says I was, to all appearance, dying, and that he shall never cease to wonder at my reviving—*he* can give no account of it.'

'The proximate symptoms of death,' said Bellarmine, 'are not agreed on—there is no rule on the subject: but, my dear child, can you suppose this a pleasant topic to *me?*—if it was not medicine, might it not be the regimen my friend ordered?—Regimen is, in the opinion of some medical men, far more efficacious than medicine—and it has——'

'No—it could not be that; for my teeth had been closed for hours.'

'Why, then, my dear child, we may congratulate ourselves on the strength of your constitution.—Though you are of a slight make, yet——'

'But I am not particularly strong.—Poor Nannette, who has died of the same fever, was far stronger.'

'Well, then, will you allow it to be an effort of Nature?—she is very powerful, when she is left to herself—and I should call you one of her prime favourites.'

'Yes; but still that does not quite satisfy me,—I can hardly describe what I feel:—I want something or somebody to thank:—Now I cannot thank Nature, I suppose. At least,' said she, with a languid archness, 'I do not know where to find her just now.'

'O! that 's silly, my dear Rosanne—that is not at all like you—I should rather have expected *you* to say, Where is she *not* to be found?'

'Well, but, dear father, only hear me for a moment, for you must not think me silly:—you know I am very conceited—I can't bear to be called silly.'

'You sha'n't be called silly then.—How lovely the country looks at this season! it is not, in autumn, equal to what I have seen in England—you will like to see England, I think; at least, you will like it for a short time.—The verdure of England no country can boast.'

Rosanne was not to be unhorsed by a surprise, or the repetition of surprises.—She begged permission to state clearly what she meant, that she might make good her defence—and as it would have been, not only to act unreasonably, but to avow the intention, if he stopped her, he reluctantly suffered her to proceed, cautioning her against the exhaustion of her spirits.

'I only want to know what I am to understand by Nature.'

'Why, what do *you* understand by it?'

'I have no clear idea—and I hate being per-

petually puzzled by a thing that recurs to my mind twenty times in a day.—My own notion is, according to the common sense I perceive given to the word,—that Nature is, as a person, at best but imaginary; but that, in reality, we mean by it some order or fashion of things—some mode of existing, or course of proceeding;—and then, when I have got thus far, I cannot help asking myself who was the contriver of this order—the founder of this fashion—the chooser of this mode of existing—the deviser of this course of proceeding:—I know I express myself very badly, but, indeed, I do not know where to find words to suit my meaning.'

'Your ideas want precision and arrangement—I wish you would not fatigue yourself. Consider, my poor little Rose, how near dying you have been—think what a tax your constitution has paid—you should have a little mercy on it—you are always very merciful to your horse—be merciful to yourself:—by the way, I will tell Michel to exercise your horse; we will petticoat him, and tell him to ride like a lady fair.—I think, in three or four days, you may venture to go a very little way—it will recover you faster than any thing:—I have always observed, that horse-exercise——'

Nothing but the importance of the subject to her, and an early training to despise difficulty and endure opposition, could have enabled Rosanne to get back again, after her father's vexa-

tious leading away from the point she had reached; but she persevered, in spite of weakness and discouragement; and he was again forced to listen.

She begged only one minute's farther patience, and said, 'I would not for the world be superstitious, after the pains you have taken to save me from being so—but still I should like to be right; and, to obtain this power, I must explain myself, which I can do no otherwise, than by supposing a case.—Now, supposing Ma'mselle Cossart gave me something that I was delighted to have, and I had reason to think somebody else had given it her to give it to me, I should, undoubtedly, be anxious to find out—nay, I could not rest till I had found out—the original giver; and this restlessness would proceed, I suppose, from my natural wish to be grateful. But if Ma'mselle Cossart, when I was convinced that this present had been given her to be given to me, took on herself the credit, and deceived me, I should be vexed, because this would defraud of my gratitude, the person entitled to it; and I should be still more anxious to discover the truth; and the person so defrauded would have a right to be angry. I confess—though I may be very wrong—that, I suppose, this is a mistake I am in about Nature; —I cannot find out that Nature is any body, or has any thing to give—yet every thing is given to us—I therefore suspect, that more is ascribed

to Nature than is fair; and I cannot be satisfied till I know this.—In short, if Nature is—I should say *be*, a person, I suspect she is only a servant, and I want to know her mistress.'

'Do you think then,' said Mr. Bellarmine, as much displeased as he dared be, with such a pretty thing as Rosanne, and so requiring consideration, 'that *I* am imposing on you?—am *I* setting *my*self forth as the giver, when I am only the conveyance?'

This was a little artifice to make her take to herself, that of which she was not guilty. If she had to defend her own cause, there was a chance that, in the mean time, that of 'superstition' might fall to the ground.—But Rosanne's corporal weakness was her greatest. She hinted that such a construction could not be applied to her words; and, in terms rather more explicit, repeated her wish to know to whom Nature was indebted for her powers to be bountiful and beneficent.

'My dear Rosanne,' he replied, 'I wish you would let such subjects sleep, till you have perfectly regained your strength.—In your weak state, it is impossible to satisfy you. You have such an irregular mode of putting your questions, and stating your difficulties—the mere effect of weakness—that it is impossible to reply to you. Do not, however, suppose, I mean to reprove you—I know what such a state of weakness is—I remember, when I was quite a lad——'

'I am satisfied, my dear Sir,' said Rosanne, 'that you mean nothing but kindness:—pray do not be too considerate of me—for I would much rather have my doubts removed, than my weakness indulged. When I tell you that I sometimes cannot sleep for the perplexity of my thoughts, I am sure you will have the goodness to assist me.'

'*Indeed!*'—replied Bellarmine, looking rather suspiciously at her.

'It is very true—and I am certain I shall be much happier when you have taken the trouble to remove my doubts.—I am sure I shall recover faster.'

'Well, then; what, pray, are they?'

'I have stated my dissatisfaction in being perpetually referred to Nature,—which I conceive not to be a person or a thing, but an order of things.—When I am seeking the origin of the good that I enjoy, and some one to whom I may reasonably feel obliged, I cannot thank the order of things:—that would be absurd—the stream is not the fountain—a rose may be borne upon the current of the river, and may reach me, and I may be pleased with receiving it; but the current that brings it, is neither the rose-bush, nor the donor of the rose. I can be obliged to it only for the carriage.—Do you understand me?'

'My dear Rosanne,' said Bellarmine, rather gravely, 'I understand you, and I certainly

would not have you ungrateful—for gratitude I have always looked on as an elegant virtue; but still less do I like this growing inquisitiveness. When I recommended to you, in your early childhood, observation, and a proper curiosity, I did not mean a prying, sceptical disposition. This sort of inquisitiveness will, some time or other, if you are not resolved to overcome it, lead you, I see clearly, into that low, vulgar, slavish adoption of ready-made opinions—that credulity which makes people afraid of putting out a finger. The present age, and this country in particular, deserve the thanks of mankind for the exertion they have made to overcome deep-rooted prejudice; but *you* absolutely are going back to the errors of the old school. Remember what I have always told you: it is the great recommendation of young women to be content to be taught to think, till they can think rightly. If, on coming out into life, they once set up for themselves, all the charm of their sex is gone: be satisfied then with what I tell you, and you feel.—You feel that you are recovered—you will not assert, that you would have recovered, if left to yourself and your fever.—Laborde, who is, in my opinion, one of the first physicians in this country, attended you, and I am certain that, if only for *my* sake, you had his best endeavours:—his skill, your own excellent constitution, the care taken of you in your infancy, your time of life, and an

effort of Nature, have, I am happy to say, restored you; and I cannot see that it matters to you or to me, which of all these things has had the greatest share in your restoration.'

Rosanne felt exhausted as soon as she was thus answered—she said no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A short time sufficed to complete Miss Bellarmine's restoration to health and vigour of body, when once she had tasted the refreshment of the open air; but her spirits did not return with her strength, and she needed reminding that she was unemployed. The idea which she had received, of some measure to be observed in contradicting her father, restrained her habit of objecting and opposing; and she felt that there was a character in the present object of her pursuit, that none before had ever possessed, a sort of refinement and delicacy which did not admit of violent means. It was an imperfect and unoutlined notion; but it existed in sufficient force to convince her that she would be turning her back on that which she was seeking, if she prosecuted this inquiry as she had done some others.

She became, though more silent and less animated than heretofore, an object of increasing attachment, since she seemed more to claim pity; and her father, when he rallied her for having sickened in the character of Terpsichore and recovered in that of Melpomene, confessed that, 'though she had put a trick on him, he had no cause to complain.' If he had called her Urania, he would have been more correct; for Rosanne was not the muse of tragedy—she was

seeking that happiness for which we almost instinctively look to the skies.

Within the first week of her liberty, as one day, without purpose or intent, she had been to inspect her collection, which, dumb in themselves, were doubly dumb to her, in returning through the kitchen-garden, she saw, at work, a man who, when employed in her flower-garden during her confinement, had been pointed out by the bailiff's wife as André, the son of Nannette. The strict injunction, under which she had been brought up, of never holding any conversation with a servant, was of no force when opposed to her feeling at this moment. Without even the precaution of looking round, she accosted him:

'Poor André! how grieved I am for your sad loss!—and that *I* should be the cause of it!'

'O! not *you*, Mademoiselle—it was the will of God.—Our poor mother bid me say, if ever I saw you, that you must not grieve, for she knew you had a tender heart, Mademoiselle; for it was better, as she said, for her to go just then, in waiting on you, and when she had been quiet, than when perhaps something wrong had vexed her. She was quite calm and happy, and she blessed God that she had lived to see you, as she hoped, out of danger.—Our good Curé said, he never saw a finer end.'

'Do you want for any thing at home?' said

Rosanne, pale, breathless, confused, and almost sobbing.

'Nothing, thank you, Mademoiselle,' said André. 'We shall all do very well again soon, by the blessing of God, as our good Curé tells us—as he says, it is our own fault if we are long afflicted for any thing in this world—we have only to bow our backs to God Almighty's rod, and we are sure he will be merciful. All will be well in the next world, if not in this. My father, to be sure, takes on just now mournfully, because our mother was so good, and did all she could to make him comfortable; but, as I tell him, he knows sister Susette will do the same; and, happy for us, she was not gone, for she is so useful and so sweet-tempered!—I hope we have all been tolerably good children, for I don't think any one of us ever knowingly grieved father or mother—we never did but just as they liked, because, as our Curé used to tell us, they knew best for us, till we should be grown to man's estate; and indeed so we found; and we should not have been so comfortable now, but mother brought us up to love and fear God and our parents:—she taught us, 'Honour thy father 'and mother,' betimes; and when she said, as God does, that our 'days should be long in the land,' she used to make us look round, and mark that, of all our neighbours, those throve best who honoured father and mother most;—so you know, Mademoiselle, when we were taught that, it

was not likely, unless we had been great block-heads indeed, that we should go and dishonour them; one might, as you may say, as well run one's hand into the fire, which we know, all of us, will burn, as be unmindful of our parents, when God himself, as our Curé says, came down from Heaven out of the clouds, to tell us what to do about them, and why. O! do not cry, dear Mademoiselle—I didn't mean it.—Father will be better soon. As I tell him, he cannot have long to mourn; for, happy for him, he is a good deal older than mother; and last night I almost made him merry, for he thought he was but sixty-two, and I showed him he was sixty-four—so, says he, 'André, why, I am two years 'better off than I thought for.'

'He must be miserable indeed,' said Rosanne, looking on the ground, 'if he is so impatient to die.'

'O no, Mademoiselle:—not *very* miserable —not at all;—but when folk come to be old and past their labour, and they have done no harm to any body, and believe in God, and have been obedient to the church—if I may be allowed so to say before *you*—then, as our good Curé says, is the time to look forward, in humble hope of our great reward; and it's almost natural to be impatient. As father has long said since the troubles, it would be very hard to bear what we have to bear in this world now, if it was not for the hope for another; yet the best of us can't be

sure we deserve to be happy there. I often say to myself, 'I wonder how these fine new people, 'and such as Monsieur's bailiff's children, when 'they grow up, will get through *their* troubles, 'if they are to be made to believe that there is 'no world to come'; and I am sure, what is to keep them from robbing and murdering, I do not know, if it is to be the fashion to have neither Heaven nor hell:—and what's to become of them hereafter, *you* know, Mademoiselle: for, as I often think, we might have a right to be wicked, if it were only, Will you be happy and blessed, or as you are? but we can't be as we are, that *you* know, Mademoiselle, as well as we; if we don't be blessed, we must be cursed—if we do not 'enter into the joy' of our Lord and Master, we must go into hell-fire, as I say, and how will they like that?—And if they fancy that it is enough to get their bread by what they call hard working and so, and, because they mayn't be idle, fancy they're honest—they're much mistaken, and so they will find in the long run.—We are to strive to enter in at the strait gate, that is, religion; and it must be by religion we come to God and Heaven; we must not take our own headlong way—so father always says—as he says, if we choose our path for ourselves, we may find ourselves where there is 'weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth;' and all this for ever. I wonder any body can bring up children so.'

Poor simple-minded André, who in his loquacious goodness forgot the philosophy of Monsieur Bellarmine, and supposed that, to accommodate himself to that of Mademoiselle, he had only to leave out purgatory and the Virgin and saints, had gone on, as he thought, consoling the young lady, when in reality every sentence was a fresh dagger to her bosom.—'How strange,' said she, as she turned gently from him, repeating her injunction to be informed if they were in any need—'how strange!' said she: 'I cannot now stir a step—I cannot look—I cannot speak—I cannot listen, without meeting something that, I am sure, my father would call superstition; and I am very much afraid I like superstition, and shall never be happy till I am thoroughly superstitious—I will know what it is.'

Recollecting that she had been longer out than at any time since her illness, and fearful that Mademoiselle Cossart might wake from her reveries of 'the present dignity and never-ending perfectibility of human nature,' she would have walked quickly towards the house; but she felt weak, and her steps were as heavy as her thoughts.

With all Bellarmine's care, his daughter was now making a progress in the knowledge of an existing religion; and the most ignorant and least probable persons had been her tutors. No

one had produced on her mind the effect that succeeded to André's unlettered oration—she had never till now been alarmed—but he had said enough to stimulate her, by more motives than ever, to seek knowledge, even if its disclosure were painful to her.

'If,' said she to herself, as she paced slowly home, 'my father had thought it best to keep me ignorant of that which every body but myself seems to know so well, he should never have said so much in favour of curiosity and observation. If he made me curious and observing on one sort of subjects, he might suppose I should be so on others—he might as well have said to me, 'Now I insist on your going to every 'place where there is a bad fever, and informing 'yourself of the disease, its causes, its symp- 'toms, and its remedies, accurately; but if you 'ever catch the infection, I shall be very angry.' And it seems to me impossible to avoid catching this—and it is what I should like to catch —it is more delightful to me than any thing I ever learnt; and it seems so right, and I feel as if it were so true!'

In passing a little hedge which sheltered some Cape plants, she saw a bird's nest—she stopt:—the mother-bird was feeding her unfledged children.—Rosanne looked, and was attentive: 'I am puzzling myself again, they will tell me,' said she; 'can it be supposed that this bird created itself, or was put together into its form

of a bird by Nature, Necessity, Chance, or any thing of that sort? It might—for matter takes capricious forms—have assumed something like its present shape; but who, what, gave it life and motion?

In deep melancholy musing, she reached her sitting-room, and, tired with her walk, sate down at the window that gave the distant view: some sheep were in sight—she tried to amuse herself by looking at the frisking lambs—the shepherd came, and each lamb hastened to its parent-ewe—each ewe directed her steps towards her own lamb. 'This,' said Rosanne, 'is still more wonderful: I can see no difference between one lamb or one ewe, and another lamb or ewe; but these creatures, I dare say, are never at a loss, and never mistaken. Who taught them this sagacity? It is Nature, I grant; but who made Nature?'

CHAPTER XXIV.

Since her father's repulse of her curiosity, Rosanne had not dared to renew the subject; and every day increased her aversion to encounter the inadmissible theories of her governess. Any question that could be perverted to the never-relinquished purpose of egotism was answered by a wearisome reference to her own work; and Rosanne's wish for information was choked by a deluge of rhapsody and declamation founded on a basis existing only in her own fancy, or the views of her party, and destitute of all connexion but that which a determination to think as she did, might supply. 'You will find it in my Perfectibility of Human Nature,' was the general reply to every question beyond 'What's o'clock', or 'Which way is the wind?'—then some chapter of the manuscript was found, which Rosanne was to read aloud, and which might be made, or understood, to say or prove any thing.

When half way through this task, the writer, in agony for her periods, and finding that neither beating time, nor her anticipations, nor stage-directions, nor 'notes scholastical and critical,' availed to give the right sense to nonsense, would snatch the Sibylline oracles out of the hand of the reader, and begin herself, 'da capo,' with proper emphasis and emphatic pauses.

If her hearer did not help her to make out her own meaning, and to prove her own proofs, she was offended; and if all was not implicitly admitted, it was against captiousness that Rosanne had to contend; and a melancholy recollection was brought forward of those who had, heretofore, listened in raptures to the productions of the same pen.

If Rosanne had the firmness to hint that what was given her as answer did not apply to her question, she was equally punished by a fatiguing and crafty circumlocution, against which, before her illness, she would have protested; but now, disarmed of anger and the power of resentment, by the weight on her spirits and the bias of her mind, she wished to avoid that which, if she excited it, she must endure; yet there was now in her manners, even when not pleased, a character of forbearing gentleness which, while it attracted the most approving attention from her father, and was by Mademoiselle Cossart claimed as the calculated product of her system, rendered her, more than ever, an object of anxiety to the affection of the one and the self-interest of the other. Bellarmine was not satisfied that she was happy, how desirous soever he was to make her so; yet he was almost afraid to raise her spirits, lest her softness should be injured. Mademoiselle Cossart was convinced, and endeavoured, without losing time in search of expressions, to convince Bel-

larmine that his daughter was fast going into a deep consumption, 'the natural disease of all the English, and the never-failing and seldom tardy consequence of such a fever as that from which she ought now to have been recovered.'

Consulting Monsieur Laborde on the languor and seriousness that marked her countenance and demeanour, the cause for which she dared not avow, even when closetted with him, change of scene was suggested, as likely to recall her cheerfulness, and restore the spring of her constitution. In giving his advice, Laborde cautiously hinted at the known effects of long-continued seclusion. Bellarmine, very willing to be assisted, but not prone to be advised, cut the matter short, by polite acquiescence and facile adoptions.

A temporary residence on the sea-coast was accordingly arranged, and carried into execution; and Rosanne's interest in what was done for her benefit gave earnest of its efficacy.

But this interest took its rise from that which had escaped observation—the increasing wish in Rosanne's mind to see England, and a vague hope that, near to it as she supposed the seashore, her father might be tempted to visit his own country.

No encomiums that Mademoiselle Cossart could have bestowed on the English would have stimulated this wish so powerfully as the censures which every mention of England, when Bellar-

mine was not present, drew from her. Not able, when pressed by Rosanne's inquisitiveness as to the cause of her dislike, to specify crimes and delinquencies, she resorted to the general charges of tyranny, pride, illiberality, and superstition, and summed up her opinion of the inhabitants of Great Britain by saying, what Rosanne was not inclined to contest, or competent to deny, that 'they were neither French nor Americans.'

'We are now opposite to England,' said Rosanne to herself, when settled in a pretty house that commanded a fine sea-view, 'and they tell me, that if the shortness of sight to which Nature dooms me, and the arbitrary form she has given the world, did not hinder me, I might see the southern coast of my own country—there is nothing between me and that, but this sea—and the people of England are all superstitious. O that I were that bird!—little fool! he flies *from* my country again.'

A sailing-boat was prepared for her: she grieved whenever her father's watch, held up, gave a signal to return. 'O that the wind would blow ever so hard!' said she to herself, 'would it but compel us to go to England!'—'Is there wind enough for the sail?' said she to her father, when, in a morning hopelessly calm, he proposed going on the sea.

'Not at present,' he replied; 'but I dare say, as soon as we are off the land, it will rise.'

And so it did, and to such a degree, that, when

they would have made for home, their little boat, now on the ridge of a wave, now lost in its cavity, now climbing, now descending almost perpendicularly, seemed at the mercy of an element that had every power but that of being merciful.

The boat had no retreat from the sight of what was terrific.—Bellarmine sate opposite to the ladies, and, for a time, kept up their spirits by his courage and experience. Rosanne, succinct and simple in her dress, was little discomposed in her appearance: Mademoiselle Cossart fluttered and flew in all the exuberance of Carlo Marat. The two men who had rowed, had laughed much at the alarm of Mr. Bellarmine's man-servant who sate in the stern; and Rosanne, too ignorant or too well educated to take fright, as yet only wished that the wind would be less troublesome.

But soon she saw her father's features assume a more serious character, which was not to be diverted by the almost ludicrous wailing of the servant, whom his master could not hinder from expressing alternately his regret at having ever left his home and his mother, his fear of spoiling some new articles of dress, and his certainty that the 'devil had raised the wind on purpose to fetch him to himself.'

Mademoiselle Cossart, hitherto employed in buffeting her petticoats and her draperies, with now and then a hint from the men, that 'twas

pity her sails would not reef,' could now no longer set an example of any thing fit to be copied; but still Rosanne was calm, and endeavoured to convince her, when she saw her growing pitiably terrified, that delay was the worst they had to apprehend in such a vessel—'a walnut-shell,' said she, 'will swim without any danger of oversetting, if left to itself: the sails are down; the mast is down; we have only to be quiet.'—'I wish I could say as much, Mademoiselle,' said the man who sate at the helm; 'but *I* believe we may as well recommend ourselves to Heaven and the saints; for we have little chance of any other port.'

The danger was not so positive as to put Bellarmine wholly off his guard. He looked at his daughter; and, perhaps fearful that she had listened to these words, he asked peevishly 'what Heaven or the saints had to do with a sailing-boat in a stiff gale?' concluding his contemptuous question with an authoritative recommendation to the man 'to mind his business.'

'That's soon minded, Monsieur,' replied the sailor insolently; 'for I may do what I please, but the wind *will* blow, and the devil *will* steer; for he won't let me——'

'Pierre!' said his companion, pointing with his foot to a spot in the bottom of the vessel, where it was evident that a plank had started, and the water was rushing through the leak.

They both set up a hideous cry, which per-

mitted nothing but its noise to be heard, till it ended in 'We shall be gone in five minutes.'

'T is too true,' said Bellarmine, raising his hands, fixing his eyes on the spot, and shrinking back as if he had seen a viper at his feet:—his lips quivered—he looked pale as he sunk into a posture of despair; then glancing towards Rosanne, he said mournfully, 'My child, how are you?—can you bear up in such a moment as this?'

'I could, my father,' said she, 'if I had confidence in any thing—if I knew what to trust to—what to think—what to rely on—O!—'

'Rely on! Mademoiselle,' said the sailor—'what is there for *us* to rely on? there 's the same for you—there 's nothing on earth, we all know, to rely on; and nothing but a miracle can save us.'

'*We* have no right to expect *that*,' said Bellarmine despondingly.

Mademoiselle Cossart, as if he had in these words signed a license for her sincerity or her superstition—however he might be disposed to call it at the present moment—now fell down on her knees by one of the men, who had set the example: he was crossing himself at a great rate: she was more rational; but still she offended Bellarmine, who, crying out, 'Fie! fie!' tried to stop her. He could not; and Rosanne, scarcely knowing why, was going to throw herself by her side:—he restrained her with a powerful arm: he seated her again on the

bench, and tried to speak, but his muscles moved without articulating.

'It is my father,' said Rosanne, in perfect obedience, and perhaps thinking of André.

'Now we go,' said the sailor, 'and the good God have——'

'Hold your tongue, speak at your peril,' said Bellarmine.

The water gurgled——

'Now we *are* sinking,' said Pierre.

'Give me your coat,' said Bellarmine to the servant — 'These poor helpless wretches! — There 's a stone there, give it me—I am sure we might stop the water.—What 's that piece of leather there?—give me that piece of cork—have you a nail?'

Rosanne seemed to herself as if she had closed her eyes only for a moment; but when she opened them, the weather was calm, and she was on the sea-beach. Her father was sitting by her—Mademoiselle was lying at a distance, and as if recovering from her fears.

Their carriage was in waiting, and they were soon at home. Bellarmine did every thing that politeness and kindness could do to cheer his companions, and tried to make light of their danger. Rosanne could say nothing; but she began to ask herself what could occasion such an incessant wakening of the same feeling in her? She did not know, poor girl! that, even were accident wanting, the natural course of

things, the daily occurrences of our lives, would, if we had her candour, and any the least degree of 'curiosity and observation,' produce the same sentiments, the same inquiry, the same sensation of painful craving—the same insatiable, unintelligible, but invincible thirst after an acquaintance with 'Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.' Her garbled extracts from our immortal poet did not tell her, poor girl! that those whose views are rightly turned may

> 'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

On retiring to rest, she would have spoken to Mademoiselle Cossart on their extraordinary escape, in hopes, as she had now betrayed feelings new to her, that she would confess something equally new; but the lady had recovered her prudence; and she attempted to persuade Rosanne that her senses had deceived her, when she imagined her alarmed: it would not avail, though stoutly urged, and without the smallest respect for truth. She next condescended to ridicule herself for the pitiful figure she must have made in the distraction of her fears, kneeling by the side of a dirty sailor.—She might impose on herself, but on Rosanne she could not. The attempt lost her all the remaining respect her pupil entertained for her, and which her habit of affection had made her cherish to the

last; and at this moment a wild thought, which never had intruded before, occurred to Rosanne —it amounted almost to a wish that she could get away from home, and resort to any one who would inform her: this, the recollection of her father instantly made her repress—she exchanged it for another as wild, but less reprehensible: she asked herself how much longer Mademoiselle would live with her.

The excursion to the sea-side proved beneficial to her health, and she returned to Chateau-Vicq to wonder and to doubt.

CHAPTER XXV.

THERE was indeed a leaven now in Rosanne's mind, which produced a visible fermentation. Without giving cause of offence, her spirits were irritable and weak: the least obstacle to what she wished, fretted her, but not in a way yet observed in her; and, contrary to what appeared her original temper, the failure of a first exertion set her down in despair. She fancied she was more closely watched than ever: she could never find André; and there was not a human being to whom she dared speak except her father, whose authority seemed to extend over her thoughts, and Mademoiselle Cossart, whom she looked on with a feeling of contempt.

In reading, she was equally restricted; her father had a very fine library, to which his study was the ante-room; but the books were in curtained cases, and she was never suffered to set her foot within the door of it, except he were with her: she herself had books; but not one of them contained what she wanted.

She now, rather than be left in this state of mind, was inclined to make herself fully mistress of those opinions on which were founded the claims of the heathen gods and goddesses; —and as these were somewhat considered in

the progress of perfectibility, Mademoiselle Cossart, as a great favour, lent her some of the books from which she was compiling her *original* work. From these she got knowledge of a certain kind, but no comfort—she was soon wearied with her research, and gave it up, but not till she had incurred some reprehension from her father, for wishing, with the waywardness of a mind weaker than hers, that 'she had learnt Latin and Greek.' She wished it, only in the hope that what she *had not learnt*, might by accident inform her of that which she *must not learn*; and she had flattered herself that her father would commend her for being inclined to do that which, in opposition to him, she had heretofore refused to do; but he seemed now to suspect some latent meaning in every thing she said; and he checked her rather harshly.

There was from this time, though it was not avowed, an end of all confidence between Bellarmine and his daughter: both had their view—their purpose; and each, before they replied to the other, looked round, as if to detect artifice. A thunder-storm destroyed the harvest for miles round them, and just at the season when its product was looked for. A gross breach of every law—an exertion of tyrannical power beyond the usual daring of men—had reached the lives of some of the most deserving of the community. Bellarmine took occasion to advance his own opinions in the respect of his

daughter; and, for the sake of degrading, he condescended to recognise the notion of a superintending Deity: 'Fools,' said he, 'set up an idol; they deck it, according to their foolish fancy, with the attributes of power, justice, wisdom, and mercy: what say you to the power, justice, wisdom, and mercy of a deity, who lets the best of his worshippers be ruined or murdered without one effort of his talents to help them? The thunder-storm on Thursday fell heaviest on the most useful; and those who have perished in this horrid massacre, are some of the worthiest of the people. If this be his government, those are wisest and happiest, in my opinion, who have the least reliance on him.'

Rosanne made no reply—she resolved to be silent:—'André, André,' she said to herself. But when she recollected how fair an occasion was afforded her, she began to hope it was held out on purpose to court a discussion:—she raised her eyes from her work, but her father's countenance did not encourage her—she knew not what to think:—again André occurred to her recollection, and she continued her employment in silence. Bellarmine, as if determined to bring on a crisis, repeated part of what he had said, addressing himself almost pointedly to her.

Rosanne did not know that her father had expressed to Mademoiselle Cossart, but a few hours before, his suspicion that some one had

put ' weak notions into his daughter's mind,' and had even hinted, that if she herself was subject to be as much off her guard as when in the sailing-boat, it might be from her that Rosanne imbibed them. Mademoiselle Cossart had pledged herself for the perfect freedom of Miss Bellarmine's mind from all vulgar prejudice; and knowing that religion was never a topic of conversation, she had gone so far as to say, that, whatever suspicion Miss Bellarmine's questions might excite, they were questions of ignorance, and asked with a perfect disposition to receive his opinions.

This had tempted him to make thus much of trial; and Rosanne, when he now spoke so directly to her, was on the point of making a reply that would have produced the crisis he seemed hastening. She was going to say, ' But is there not, Sir, another world for such sufferers?'—when Mademoiselle's smelling-bottle, the long-existing signal for her pupil to be silent, put a mute on her tongue. Rosanne seemed to have time to answer, but nothing to reply. Bellarmine seemed to congratulate himself. All appeared fair; and, as if to celebrate his own victory, he called on Rosanne to sing to him one of his care-defying songs, which told of flowers that perish and beauty that fades, which reprove thought and encourage heedless joy—' because man, when he dies, is the food of worms.'

It was difficult to obey; but Rosanne had, in her less mature years, often disobeyed when obedience was not difficult—she now obeyed when it was painful, and sung, but it was in a tremulous voice.

It was a pretty, light, tittuping French air to which these words were adapted; and the sounds came sweetly from the lips of Rosanne—lips which explained the expression of the poets, when they talk of the loves and graces ambushed in smiles and dimples.

Bellarmine was charmed: he did not perceive, or he wished to coax away, the latent character in her features—for, as she sung, she thought that the words and the air ill accorded—and still less were they in harmony with her feelings. The words spoke indeed of 'joys and pleasures,' but the motive on which they were to be pursued was no stimulus. 'Because,' thought she, 'we are to be deprived of all happiness, we are to behave as if we were delighted.' She pointed out this incongruity, and was surprised that a taste so correct as her father's, could hesitate in admitting her objections; but he contended stiffly, that it was all mirthful—an Anacreontic sentiment, and a cheerful air. She was still surprised—she did not yet know what an infidel 'on convenience' is.

'Let me sing to you, Sir,' said she, 'a little pensive sort of air I happened to think on yesterday.'

'I do not like pensive sorts of things,' said he.

'But do hear it,' said Mademoiselle; 'she sung it to me this morning; and I was charmed with it: it is really wonderful, considering how little practice she has had: though I certainly have taken great pains with her composition.'

Bellarmine acquiesced. She had taken those beautiful words, translated from the Arabic, which have lately attracted notice, but which her father had given her, in confidence that she would misunderstand them. It is pity some genius more practised does not set them. Their sublimity, their pathos, their narrative, would admit of the finest expressions which harmony can give, and 'sweet Echo' would here have fit employment.

'I betook myself to the repositories of the 'dead; and I exclaimed, in a plaintive tone, 'Alas! where are they? And Echo replied, in 'the same plaintive tone, Alas! where are 'they?'

There was nothing in these words that went much farther than those of the Anacreontic song; —the one exhorted to mirth, because the tomb closes human existence—the other inquires where those on whom the tomb has closed, are to be found. Why, then, did he, who had been accustomed to quote them in proof of his

own hypothesis, look discomposed when he heard them sung? and why did he, with very little comment or commendation, quit the room? Did he, now only, feel that to be, indeed, a momentous inquiry which the words of the Arabian poet suggest? or, did the temper of Rosanne's mind give some eloquence to her composition, some rhetoric to her voice, which cannot be despised, because it is the attendant on truth, and cannot be resisted, because it speaks truth itself, and is to speaker and hearer irrefragable conviction?

It was now growing unpleasant to Rosanne to be in company, or to submit to the restraints demanded by politeness; but she suffered nothing to appear that could give uneasiness to her father, except that which she could not disguise, and which made him at times fear, that, notwithstanding all his care and its good effects, her illness had laid a foundation of mischief to her constitution. She heard, without regret, that their summer plans would no longer include visits, and suffered Mademoiselle Cossart to rail.

When alone, she preferred to all that had formerly interested and employed her, those occupations which left her mind most at liberty; and heard herself exhorted in vain to finish a beautiful table she was inlaying with the wings of butterflies, caught for her in traps of her father's ingenious contrivance. She

could not look at any thing so wonderful as this variegated assemblage of exquisite material and perfect hues, without awakening that stimulus to her inquisitiveness, which she felt painful, and wished she could believe reprehensible. Her ideas would not be dismissed at her bidding, nor would they be satisfied with a reasonable indulgence; they intruded—they fixed themselves—and they demanded admission for their retinue of doubts:—new notions of right and wrong haunted her, till, not able to distinguish between them, she sate down in a miserable state of mental neutrality;—sometimes inclined to wish she could sleep out her period of lifeless existence, and then checked by recollecting that her dreams were, if possible, more disturbing than her waking thoughts.

An idea of the impropriety of applying butterflies' wings, obtained at the expense of life, to a frivolous purpose, seized her.—If they were so exquisite, Nature might intend them for some other purpose—nay, it was cruel to kill them —*that* she had always thought—perhaps it was cruel to kill sheep.—What could it be that made the real difference between right and wrong? —People must have wonderful sagacity in discovering it—and an astonishing memory to recollect it in every instance—it was pity it was not written somewhere, and then it could be referred to, and people would be agreed:—she supposed it was its not being written that

occasioned wars, and disputes, and battles, and murders; for, if every body had the same rule to resort to, there could be little disagreement—no more than between readers of the same book, or performers of the same music. The difference of sense and education might make one person give a meaning not quite similar to that of another in reading; and the taste of two performers, she knew, might make the same musical composition seem two different things; but still there would be points, and those the most important, on which they must agree. As to the butterflies, it could not perhaps be cruel to use them, because her father, she was sure, would not then have permitted it, or assisted her in collecting them; but now she considered them attentively, it seemed like waste of them—and, indeed, like want of respect for Nature—yet it was preserving them; and, if she could but satisfy herself about what they called Nature, she should look on them with pleasure.—She was very much inclined to think, that what the old man had said, and what André had said, was true, as far as she could understand it. She thought that this God, whom they appeared so to love, must be the maker of every thing; and that what she called Nature was only a sort of performance of his will, in a manner so regular, that it seemed as if the thing effected by this will was the will itself, and as if the will

was the person who willed.—'And what an admirable, what a perfect piece of mechanism, indeed,' thought she, 'must be this world and all it contains, if the hand that guides it is so concealed as to lead us to doubt whether there be any!—But this, I *must* say, we ought to be told—we should be instructed in this—it is not my fault, nor my father's fault, if we cannot discern this hand, since he has probably had no more opportunity of seeing it than I have—and, I must own, it would be a superstition beneath him, with his great and good sense, to *fancy* a thing must be—as I am afraid I do—and then to assert that it *is*.—But it is odd that some people should seem to know a great deal on this subject, and some people nothing. Perhaps superstition is confined to the lower classes—having no learning, they may want it—and, indeed, I have never seen any other persons at all infected with it. Certainly I never heard of any superstition-masters.—I suppose it will be thought very disgraceful to *me*, if ever I say I *will* learn it—just as if I wanted to learn to wash, or look after horses, or work in the fields—but I do not think I shall mind this, for I feel that I cannot do without it—I dare say, this is all the consequence of my not choosing a learned education; and, not living in the world, I cannot any way supply the want of it, as the few ladies do whom I have seen—for, as to knowledge, they do not appear to me

to know much more than I do—but then, as Mademoiselle Cossart says, they have 'the air of 'the world.'—Then, I dare say, after all, there are three things to choose out of—learning, the air of the world, and superstition. I think the superstition would suit me best—for, if they would only fairly tell me who made the butterflies, and who made Nature, and show me any book containing the true history of Nature, and rules for what we ought to do with butterflies and such things, I could perhaps find out the rest—but as to telling me that Nature makes butterflies, it is just as if they were to tell me that the laws of a country made the people in it, or that the person who brings a letter made the paper. As to atoms, and matter, and necessity that forms it, I do not believe a word of it:—I suspect the truth is, that this God of André's made the matter, the fine particles of every thing; and then somehow ordered them to be thus and thus: and if it is so, I wonder what can be the pleasure or advantage of keeping me in ignorance, or deceiving me: it may be 'common' and 'beneath 'me,' but we are all forced to do many things 'common' and 'beneath us:'—it is 'common' to eat and drink, and it may be 'beneath us' to be nourished by that which nourishes the lowest people; but I fancy, if we tried the experiment of rejecting meat and drink because it is 'common,' or would eat nothing but what

those 'beneath us' cannot get, we should soon be in danger of starving.

At length, weary of feeling perpetually wearied, and goaded with the now often repeated reproof of 'time wasted,' 'nothing achieved,' and the 'labour of others lost on her,' she resolved on overcoming the increasing weakness of her mind. Without divulging the real state of it, she candidly confessed, that, since her illness, she had felt an indescribable lassitude and inertness; and now, being sensible of it and its pernicious effects, she was as desirous to struggle from under it as those who blamed it.

Bellarmine, whose fondness as a father had by degrees matured into the affection due to a creature whose faults were his own work, and whose preponderating merits were every day more conspicuous, was delighted by her ingenuousness, and promised her every assistance on his part. He now affected a sort of confidential disclosure. He named to her some of the writings of our best deistical authors, not with a view to make her a deist, but to show her the absurdity of granting so much without granting more, and the greater absurdity of granting any thing. He gave her her choice of the two famous deluges of the world; it was immaterial which she preferred:—he made her laugh at a humorous description of the sprouting of Cadmus's army.—The drilling—the strutting—the

yawning—the staring of his new troops, well fancied, made her forget, in her wish to keep her mind quiet, that there were a few objections to be made to his analogical reasoning about deluges.

Sending to Paris for a fresh supply of books, he complimented her on the alteration she compelled him to make in his system. Every doubt, he said, should now be fairly met—she had only to propose her questions—she would not, he was sure, take up his time in discussing old women's tales, such as Mahomet and his pigeon, and other modes of revelation, equally an insult on human understanding—it was only his care to keep error out of her mind, that prevented his giving her the Koran and the Bible to read—she should have the Koran; and when she had digested all the impudent lies in it, if she wanted any farther confirmation of her faith, she should have the Bible, which she would find a succession of annals; and the first chapter of which, he flattered himself, would be quite sufficient for a mind on which he had bestowed such pains—if she could digest that, she might swallow any thing.

Rosanne, glowing, and unable to be as submissive as she had designed to be—said, precipitately, 'But I should like to read it—if you please, Sir!'

'O, certainly,' said he; 'it will be very good amusement for you some years hence—you

shall have a spinning-wheel and a snuff-box at the same time—and a pair of spectacles; and then my Rose will be quite set up.—Take my word for it, Rosey, at present, it would do you more harm than good.—You must have a litle more natural philosophy before you read it.—I have given you as much notion of astronomy, and the solar system, as I saw your little flimsy brain would bear at present.—I have told you how these bodies, which you seem so inclined to worship, conduct themselves; and have shown you, that it is as much matter of mechanism as your watch.—Do not interrupt me.—I was going to say, that, if you were to study the Bible, all this would be unhinged in your weak judgment; and you might not, without giving me trouble, see that nothing can be more contrary to the laws of Nature, than the unscientific systems of the poor ignorant compilers of traditions:—you may ask any body if I am not right—it is a well-known fact.'

When Rosanne would have interrupted her father, she had on her lips the unguarded reply to his mention of her watch—'But, Sir, who winds up these pieces of mechanism?'—His look, his manner, and her fears, all came in aid of her unstable prudence; and her credit remained good to the end.

His subsequent conversations with her were uniformly of a tendency to correct any effect

that he could not anticipate; but he did not perceive, that, while he was inveighing against 'prejudice' and 'superstition,' and of which he always talked a great deal too much, his history of their progress and inconsistencies only the more convinced his hearer of the natural, the general, and almost incorrigible disposition of mankind to seek an object of paramount regard. She heard all that he said with the deepest attention; but, taught by her ill success, she now seldom attempted to reply. To her own bosom she confined doubts which no one would satisfy, and objections which could only irritate her by contention, in which she gained nothing but reproof; yet, if nothing immediately diverted her train of thinking, what she had heard or read, or could imagine, uncorrected by her father's reasoning, dwelt in her thoughts through the day, and returned to her vivid recollection when she was supposed asleep.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Consistently with her conviction that she was wrong in indulging a habit of idleness, Rosanne had perforce counteracted it with mechanical industry, and she made it matter of obligation to be constantly employed; but there remained in her faculties none of that elastic spring which our living, almost unconsciously, in habits of religious obedience, gives to the well-ordered mind, and which converts labour into satisfaction. None of her endeavours would answer the chilling question, 'To what purpose this, beyond the rendering me insensible to the passing time? Such a fever as I have had—such a danger as that in the sailing-boat, may make all my amusements seem like playing with a doll, or building houses of cards, as I did when a child. I wonder how any body can be happy without being poor; for it is only the poor who can work to be useful; and nothing but its being useful can make work pleasant. I am sure the old man, and poor Nannette, and André, must all have had more enjoyment of life than I ever had—or even my father; for I begin to think, that, if my father were superstitious, he would not be subject to such fits of low spirits.—As for me, I am cer-

tain, that, with all my endeavours, I cannot much longer endure living day after day only to amuse myself. I might as well be asleep. My father laughs, and says he must take another house for my pictures, and my loads of music, and my writing; and when he said so, I could not, indeed, help asking myself, what is the use of it all?'

'Am I,' said she to herself, in her silent monologues, 'to spend the rest of my time as I do now? I hope not; for it is horrible—but my father has ceased to talk of England,—and what he has said lately, looks as if we were settled here for life. Something in England seems to have disappointed him. Perhaps he expected the English to be enlightened, as he calls it—I know nothing about that, but I am sure I could not have persevered so long as I have, in learning for nothing, and being busy to no purpose, if it had not been for this retirement in which we live—therefore, this cannot be the general mode of life with all girls, though I see that every lady where I visit with my father, affects to compliment me on my happiness; but I dare say Ma'mselle Cossart has tutored them. And at best, even if I live to the greatest age, I must at last die; for I cannot hear that, by any chance, any body has lived for ever, though they tell me that this world always was, and always will be. They talk of 'a Roman death.'—What, are we to be

our own executioners?—And this 'eternal sleep!' Who told them it was eternal?—Has any body ever seen these eternal sleepers?—I do not believe it. The old man's, and Nannette's, and André's belief shows something to aim at—it is much better than ours;—I do not believe Nannette was so anxious only for my sake—she seemed to me always as if she was trying to do right, and as if somebody watched her; and as for her husband and André, why did they feel so comforted?—Why did not they die 'Roman 'deaths,' and go at once to this 'eternal sleep?' —*we* should, I suppose, in their situation. But I am sure mankind succeed each other like tenants in a house—they cannot hinder my knowing that.—And then, of what use is it to live? Till I can obtain some satisfaction—till I can hear something I can believe about the world, and how and why I came into it, and what is to become of me after I quit it, I shall have no interest in any thing.—Perhaps, too, there is something I ought to do; and here I am living like a bird, hopping from bough to bough, and doing nothing. I am confident I am still kept on purpose in the dark—there is something I am not yet to be told. But, perhaps, it is the same kindness as that which makes my father keep from me the dreadful stories of the revolution—it may be something shocking: whatever it is, I should like to know it.'

Poor pitiable Rosanne! sighing for that, and disposed to take any trouble to learn that, which is close to every one of us, and neglected by most of us. What would have been her feelings of gratitude, had any one explained to her that the endeavour to do our best, be it ever so trifling an employment, if innocent, has a tendency towards fitting us for a more perfect world: had she been allowed to think that the intellect will survive the body, and that, therefore, it is worth our highest cultivation—that, as

'He who made us, and for us this ample world,'

does nothing in vain, we must suppose all his works deserving our care, and amongst the rest, ourselves and our faculties,—she would have wanted no other incentive—and once intrusted with the unlimited character of a heavenly eternity, the happiness of which we are bound to seek, she would have felt the profitable employment of one hour, a duty more pressing, than she had ever thought the improvement of a year. Reasoning in the manner to which she had been accustomed, she would have seen that the actions of mankind, as to this world, move in a circle ending in itself, but that, regarded in connexion with a future destination, they proceed in a spiral line, whose extreme no mortal calculation can ascertain.

The wretched inconsistencies with which she felt herself treated and cheated, on the subject nearest her heart, received now a considerable addition from the visit of a friend of Mr. Bellarmine—a man of talents, and desperate fortune, who had lately reached the aristocratic rank, after having lent all the aid in his power to destroy it. She was permitted to hear much of her father's conversation with him; for there could be no danger of her learning, from what he said, any thing militating against the opinions in which she had been trained; but now, on politics, she was as much puzzled as on the subject of superstition. She could not see the justice of that mode or those means of government, which her father's friend wished carried into effect; on the contrary, it appeared to her, that, in pursuing them, many persons must be stripped of rights possessed by them, and an order of things must be established, different from what she had read of, or could observe, in the little of the world with which she was acquainted; and above all, the systems proposed in these conversations, were precisely opposite to that by which she was controlled. At length, suspecting that she was very near the 'perfectibility of human nature,' of which she had long been weary, she lost all desire of being allowed to listen.

The uniformity of her disappointments acted on her mind like the cautious barring the avenues

of a house—it convinced her that there was something to guard, and some interest in guarding what she desired to possess. Again her temper suffered: and she now began to complain, in audible murmurs, of the fruitless monotony of her life. But Mademoiselle Cossart, shrewdly suspecting that with that monotony her office would cease, could not encourage her: she rather strove to magnify the great distinction which such an education as she had received, conferred; and Rosanne, provoked by the use of arguments that seemed founded only in the wish to perpetuate her subjugation, having listened till she was weary, began to turn into ridicule the jargon she was doomed to hear. 'Utility' and 'dignity' were now changed for terms of recommendation of a lower order; and if she would have listened, she might have been well initiated in the arts of female intrigue. It was no merit to reject the lore, for it was a system incomprehensible to Rosanne, and addressed to feelings with which she was not gifted—and Mademoiselle Cossart dared not explain herself intelligibly, as Mr. Bellarmine's orders were positive against the introduction into Rosanne's mind, of any wish or prospect that tended to supersede his authority.

We are not always the worst in heart and conscience, when we appear the least amiable. Rosanne, when she was coaxing her father, and trying all that innocent cunning could effect,

to induce him to satisfy her very laudable curiosity, appeared, indeed, almost angelic: she was the same meritorious creature now, but with a rather different aspect, when smothered resentment, suspicion, contempt, and indignant pride, disturbed her features, gave unpleasant tones to her voice, and, towards Mademoiselle Cossart, almost an ill-bred abruptness of manners.

She was suffering in every way under the struggle in her mind: and her ingenuity suggesting almost hourly some scheme which, on the first trial, failed, it was not without reason, though certainly without justice, that her inconsistencies, her resistance of advice, her restlessness, and various other deviations from right, were matter of reproof in the judgment of her advising friend, who, beginning to suspect that Rosanne was tired of her and wished for a release, suspended her literary labours, to win again this fugitive treasure.

But she gained not, even by her complaisance. Rosanne had her views and her purpose; and nothing could turn her aside from them. She did not presume to hope as much as she gave reason to suspect; but she thought it not impossible, by assuming a higher tone, to obtain a superiority over a mind which she saw given up to sloth and indulgence, with no other lucid intervals than such as were bestowed on the rhapsodies of her pen.

By various artifices, this advocate of perfectibility had now nearly freed herself from all trouble in the conduct of Rosanne; and, except as her attendant when she went beyond the limit of her own inclosure, she was seldom with her. 'How I could employ this leisure,' said Rosanne, 'if I had but somebody to teach me what I want to know!—I am determined to accustom Mademoiselle Cossart to a little more of my ill-humour, to tell her the truth, and make her screen me.—If I could but see André! but I am afraid he is turned off; and I dare not ask.'

She now began to use such replies as 'Excuse me, I do not choose to tell you how I have been employed'—'You will get nothing by complaining to my father'—'I am not quite a child'—'I must learn to think for myself;'—which, though at first they were met by anger, in a short time called forth an imitation of grief, at the conviction that 'her dear amiable pupil' was less affectionate than heretofore. Neither the one nor the other moved Rosanne. She knew enough to have ruined Mademoiselle Cossart in Mr. Bellarmine's estimation: she was certain she dared not betray her, and that she had only to persevere to make her supple—she therefore persevered.

But though she contemned this spy on her actions, and was displeased with her father, her instinctive and improving affection for him

was not subject to any thing that regarded herself; and Rosanne's deportment lost every harsh feature, when, just as she had completed her seventeenth year, a broken leg confined him, first to his bed, and then to his couch. The recovery was tedious; but as he was at no time in jeopardy, she lost the opportunity of observing the consolations of an infidel.

Bellarmine was an atheist for convenience; therefore, if he had been in danger, it is to be hoped, for his credit, he might have been a coward;—but as he was assured of his safety, he prepared his daughter for 'the probable event of his death.' He made false confidences, because he knew none were required; he exhorted her to fortitude, and was gratified by seeing, that, on such an occasion, she had none. He gave directions as to the disposal of his body, 'close to the tomb of his faithful dog, Hero—a creature,' as he observed, 'far more deserving the name of a rational being, than half the men whom he had ever known.' He strictly forbade all attempts at any sort of form of burial—he 'would be dragged off the bed on which he should happen to die,'—only he begged 'care might be taken not to spoil the setting of his poor shattered limb—ha! ha! ha!'—then 'put in the first horse-cloth at hand—the gardener should dig a hole—and any two of the men could take him neck and heels, ha! ha! ha! and put him in:'—they might 'give him a few

sous in his pocket, to pay Charon for ferrying him over Styx,' if Rosanne was 'inclined to mythological credulity, and would be unhappy in the fear that his ghost stood shivering by the water-side, this cold weather.'

All this was very good sport; but Rosanne could not laugh. She knew her father's predilection for that philosopher who had, in similar circumstances, made use of similar consolation; and she had heard him attempt to justify the publication of this scene, as very useful to mankind in general. But her feelings, though she did not understand them, made it appear shocking to her to be thus merry; and she was, even in her affliction, inclined to remark on the inconsistency of the 'reduction to original nothingness,'—the 'returning to dust,'—the 'eternal sleep;' with the notion of 'a shivering ghost,' and 'its transportation to another region.' The witty part of the contrast, however, appeared to her the more respectable, and the most consonant to her ideas. 'I would rather,' said she, 'think of the ferry-boat, than of the eternal sleep—but I suppose I am wrong.'

Bellarmine wished his daughter to infer from his jocularity, the courage with which a true philosopher of the modern school meets death; but the endeavour did not succeed: and when she dared to speak on the subject, she, with tolerable steadiness, expressed her wonder, that,

, unless life had been a scene of severe affliction, it should be thought right to quit it with indifference.' — She could not perceive the contemptible pusillanimity of ' the superstitious deaths' he described to her :—' it was natural,' she thought, ' to regret leaving those whom we loved, and that to which use had attached us; and if there was nothing to compensate for these renunciations,' she thought it ' more reasonable to be melancholy than gay in the hour of death.' He could only assure her, that this life was a life of certain, though changeable misery, and that she would find it so, unless she entered heartily into those principles on which he bade defiance to it.

His weariness of confinement, added to the pain which at times he had to endure, fell heavily on Rosanne, whom, with little consideration, he kept almost all day with him, subject to all the variety of a gloomy mind, rendered turbid by real and artificial suffering. She had never been so closely his companion: she had not before been so incessantly doomed to hear the repetition of metaphysical subtleties, and the sophistical soliloquies of a conversation, where there could be neither contradiction nor reply—and it wearied her. ' It is disentangling a skein of very fine silk,' said she, ' that can be of no use to more than a very few such

weavers as my poor father—and, after all the disentangling, this silk seems to me thrown away. My father is always so fond of argument! and it is arguing with himself that he appears to like. Now, in my opinion, if every thing was settled and written down, it would not be to be argued.—I declare I have no patience. If Nature and Necessity have so fixed every thing, how can there be more than one opinion? but if the old man's and André's God has the management of the world, I think we ought not to talk so.'

The decision of Bellarmine against Mademoiselle Cossart on a point of English verbal criticism, where, as she was wrong, she could not possibly yield, having estranged them more than usual, they now seldom conversed without disputing rather acrimoniously. She was, except in a daily visit of ceremony, nearly an exile from the sick chamber. Rosanne, consistently with her scheme of freeing her mind from one half of its fetters, reported to her her father's conversation, and said enough to have created a suspicion that she was a little out of the track they had wished her to pursue, even if she had not yet entered on another; but, to save herself trouble, Mademoiselle Cossart had so often pledged herself for the 'perfectibility' of her plans, and for Rosanne's entire exemption from 'prejudices,' that she dared not give the alarm;

and she could only combat by her own unsettled opinions—to which Rosanne would now scarcely listen—those, which, if she had been disposed to investigate them, were leading, with no snail's pace, to the very point interdicted by Bellarmine.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In conjunction with a surgeon, Monsieur Laborde, who had been Rosanne's physician, attended her father; and her chief amusement was derived from the news they occasionally brought. One of the most interesting particulars of these communications was the extraordinary circumstance of a new neighbour. A small estate on the nearest edge of the forest, with a pretty house on it, was become the temporary abode of an English lady, who, having married, in her own country, an 'emigré' French nobleman, had returned with him to France, and, after seeing him near the height of all that could gratify a vain presuming enthusiast, had, by a convulsion of government, been doomed to endure those heart-rending miseries which mark the progress of public commotion. She had been the dupe of weak passion, and, now become an object of pity to her reconciled family, she was availing herself of the interest of some relations of her husband, who was now recently dead, and preparing to return to her native country.

Bellarmine expressed a degree of satisfaction unusual with him, on hearing of this lady's vicinity. He had known her husband in early life, and when his genius had distinguished him in the world of politics and philosophy, 'falsely

so called;' and a recollection of the society in which he had met the Marquis D'Orsette, made him conclude that his wife must be distinguished for 'brilliancy of talent, and enlargement of opinion;' a predilection, which Monsieur Laborde's eulogium on her attractions corroborated.

Perhaps with the kind intention of increasing Rosanne's comforts, he was lavish of his praise, and it seemed to have its effect, when Mr. Bellarmine intimated the impatience he should feel to visit Madame D'Orsette.

He was, however, still on his couch, and had no prospect of soon quitting it; nor did he seem to recollect that his daughter had more ability than himself, till at length, tired of a confinement admitting only of her treading the uninteresting round of what she was taught to call her own inclosure, she, as the spring advanced, asked permission to resume her usual exercise of airing on horseback, or in the carriage. The latter was granted, the former postponed. Mademoiselle Cossart was called in to receive fresh orders for accompanying her; and Rosanne felt the suspension of her insipid pleasures an improvement of them.

She drove, the first day, within sight of Madame D'Orsette's abode, and at her return reported her tour. At Monsieur Laborde's next visit, they again talked of the new neighbour, and Mr. Bellarmine, having unintentionally af-

forded the physician an opportunity of speaking alone to Rosanne, by desiring him to prescribe for some slight ailment, she availed herself of it to ask him what she might expect to find Madame D'Orsette. 'I would not,' said he, 'say any thing that could prevent the intimacy, because I hoped you might, at least for a short time, find amusement in having a neighbour; but your father is much mistaken in fancying Madame D'Orsette the counterpart of his friend.—I believe she had great reason to repent of her marriage: the marquis's principles had involved her in so much calamity, that his death, though shocking, was almost necessary to her preservation, and that of her only child. She has now, I presume, no other desire than to get home, and I think you will find her a perfect Englishwoman, and, if I have any judgment, one whom you would admire more than your father will. Somebody or other, I dare say, will tell him, before he attempts to make a visit to her, that she is not what he expects her to be: she is of the reformed church, and by what I saw, I conclude, reads the Bible; therefore, you know how he will estimate her:—but every one has a right to his own opinion, and I never interfere in such questions. We, who live by all, must not presume to think for others.'

A new interest was now excited in Rosanne's bosom; her curiosity to see Madame D'Orsette

was changed into a persuasion that she was the treasure which she was seeking, and that seeing her was necessary to her comfort, and would be the means of leading her out of the maze of doubt which so distressed and embarrassed her. To make her a visit, without waiting the recovery of her father, was her immediate resolution; and to do it alone, was her wish: but as this seemed not possible, she determined to ask Mademoiselle Cossart to accompany her thither on foot, that she might not be under the necessity of including in her confidence her father's servants.

Mademoiselle Cossart had not indulged her love for delicacies and repose in vain: she was now grown, thanks to Mr. Bellarmine's English housekeeping and her own natural indolence, to a state of corpulency that made walking a painful exertion; and beyond an adjoining grove, and a very small circuit in the park, she never went on foot. The first proposal, therefore, that Rosanne made, for going beyond this tethered distance, and which she meant to follow up with the mention of her scheme, was received in a way that showed Mr. Bellarmine's injunctions were not sacred. She really thought 'her dear amiable Miss Bellarmine could take a little gentle exercise alone, and she would be more at liberty, and papa would never know it.'

Rosanne could almost have thanked her; but

recollecting the caution necessary, she only acquiesced.

Oppression is said to make wise men mad—it will make a very honest heart deceitful; and if Rosanne's had this quality, or any other, not perfectly according with a child-like simplicity, it was taught her. Her measures were now taken. She walked out this day by herself, and returning within the time expected, and reporting her circuit, which had been only in the park, and where she had seen no one, Mademoiselle Cossart seemed to feel herself right in consulting her own ease, and Rosanne to feel herself justified in the next use she should make of such an opportunity.

Every thing was propitious to her scheme for the next day: the weather was fine—the season favourable: her father urged her to go out, and on foot; and imagining she was to be accompanied as he had ordered, he had no anxiety about her. She took leave of him, intimating that she had projected a long walk. She set out alone, in a sauntering pace, having taken the keys of the gates in her path; but her heart failed her, before she had passed her allotted limits, and she returned disappointed, disconsolate, and angry at her own timidity. 'I did not know I could be such a coward,' said she.

Her self-reproaches through the day shamed her into courage; but some days again elapsed,

before her father would dismiss her in time for the accomplishment of her purpose. Again, however, she set out, and again her heart failed her, and she hesitated, till telling herself she would only go within sight of Madame D'Orsette's house, she acquired confidence sufficient to quit the park, where it opened on the forest. But, even there, she felt disposed to recede: she had never been alone on a high-road:—she knew not what she had to dread—she 'would only just gain the summit of the rising ground before her; and if she did not then see Madame D'Orsette's house she would return.

The ground rose slowly and tediously. Rosanne's steps might have been beguiled, could she have looked on either hand; but she saw only in the direct line before her: the ground dipt when she had attained the spot which she had stipulated with herself not to pass; but a very short sharp hill convinced her, by what she remembered of the road, that the next toil would be the last; and 'it was pity, when perhaps within a few yards of the utmost she wished for, to turn back:—nothing should tempt her that day to do more than look at the outside of the house;—she would then contrive, on a future day, to come in the carriage to the park-gate, which would save time, and shorten the distance; and Mademoiselle Cossart could wait for her, while she made a little excursion under pretence of botanizing.'

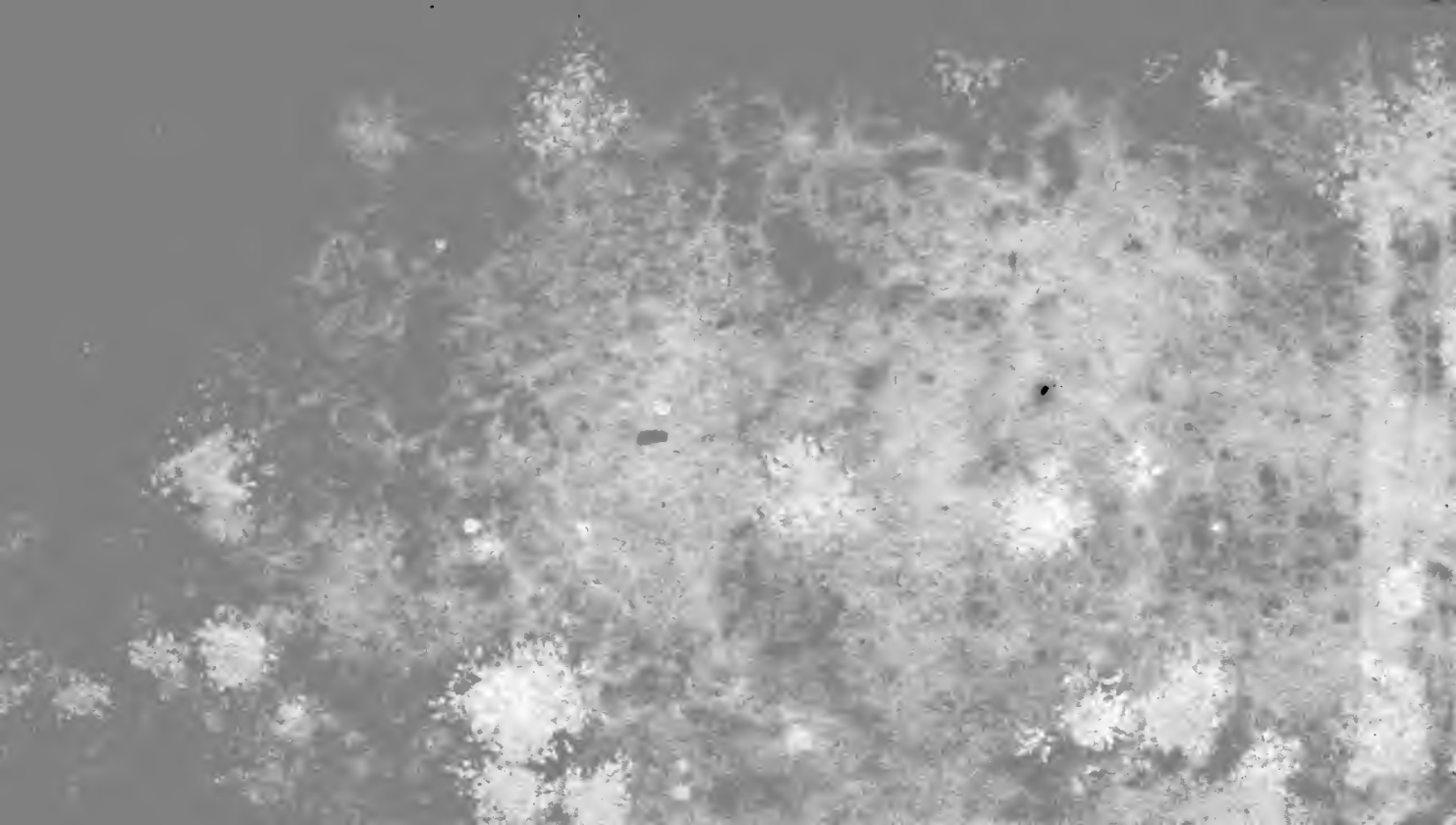
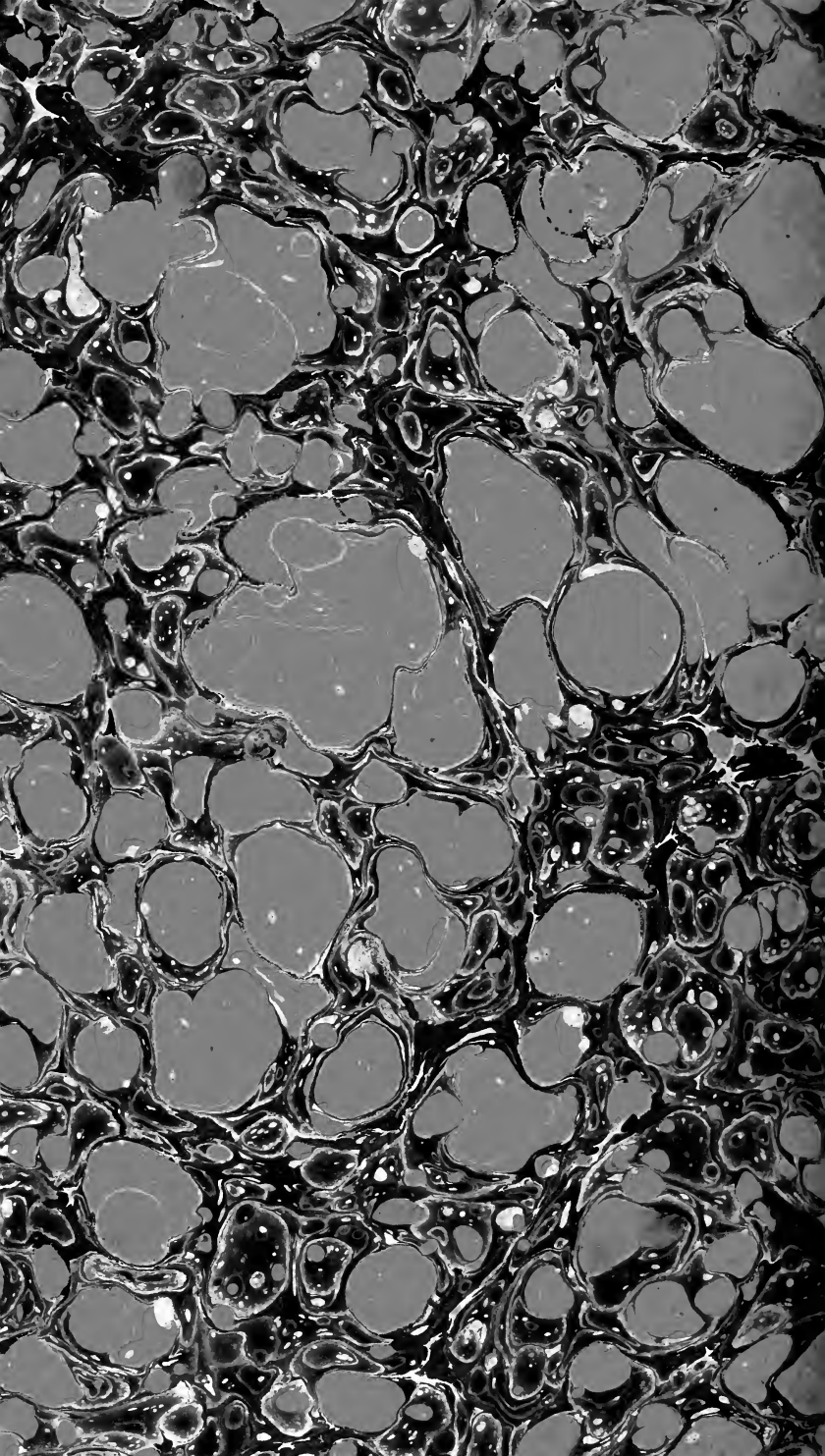
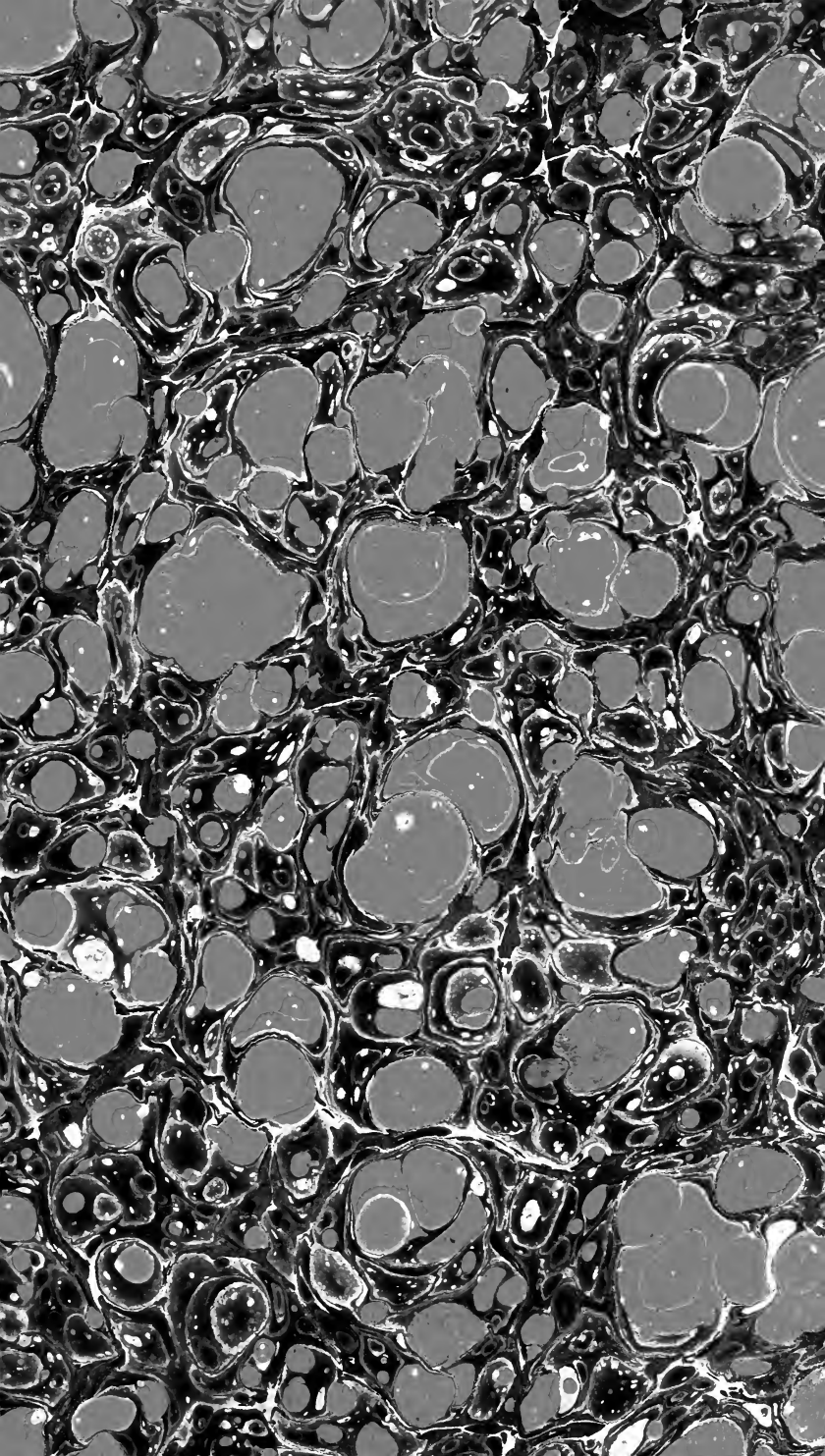
Inexperienced in the world and its attractions, Rosanne had to learn their power: she did not know that she should find it most difficult to resist, when her fears and her reason most forcibly recommended resistance. She saw the house; and she still continued to go forward, till perceiving a lady coming through a gate in the fence which divided a small field from the forest, she stopped willingly, in the hope that she should now be tempted to proceed.

But the lady retreated, and shut the gate; and now Rosanne, left in despair, to think of her return, sat down on the ground, sensible to a little fatigue from an anxious walk, which her watch told her had employed near an hour. She was rising to depart again, vexed and angry with herself, and forming fresh plans and fresh resolutions, when she heard the gate fall to, and, looking towards it, she saw advancing an old man, in appearance an upper servant, who came forward, and, in the name of Madame D'Orsette, requested to know if his lady's house could afford her any accommodation. He spoke French, but not very fluently, whence she concluded the man to be of the same country as his mistress; and making the experiment, by speaking English, she was confirmed in her supposition, and encouraged by the pleasure she seemed to have given the messenger.

The lady, as if impatient for the servant's re-

turn, again came out to the gate, and Rosanne, unhesitatingly, though not without palpitation, suffered herself to be drawn by civility and hospitable expressions, towards the house, the man, at every three steps, turning round to praise the country which he imagined the young lady must know, and to express his most poignant concern that his dear lady had ever left it: he hoped, however, they should now soon see it, though it was a sad job to get leave to get out of this France; but his lady's husband's relations had now great power—they were just now 'a-top of the wheel'—God only knew who would be at the top or the bottom next—for his part, he never saw such a country—and if it were not out of respect to his lady's family, and because he had carried her about when a baby, he would never have come to it; but he hoped now they should soon be out of it—they had very comfortable letters; and his lady's uncle, Mr. Grant,—perhaps, Mademoiselle might know Mr. Grant,—was so good as to have made interest with some ambassador-people to let him fetch Madame and the young lady home, that they might not travel all alone; and when once off, for his part, he should not care how few English people ever visited it again, or how few French ever came to visit them: in his mind, if God Almighty had meant them to be acquainted, he would have put a bridge—and the sea was a very good ditch, to keep off bad neigh-

bours:—for *his* part, he never knew any of this dare-devil set, that ever came to any good; and he was tired of living in a place, where one could not get to church if one would, and had ever so much time.'

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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